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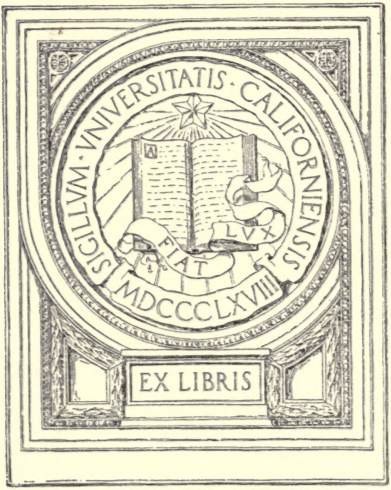

EDWARD.

VOL. II.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

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LIBRARY

John Taylor

EDWARD.

VARIOUS VIEWS

OF

HUMAN NATURE,

TAKEN

From LIFE and MANNERS,

Chiefly in ENGLAND.

——— Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ. JUV.

By the AUTHOR of *ZELUCO.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for A. STRAHAN, and T. CADELL jun. and W. DAVIES
(Successors to Mr. CADELL) in the Strand.
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EDWARD.

CHAP. L.

Virtutum enim amicitia adjutrix a natura data eſt, non vitiorum comes. CICERO.

IT is neceſſary to account for the unexpected appearance of Edward, as mentioned in the laſt Chapter. His ſuſpicions of Clifton's deſigns on Miſs Barnet had been in ſome meaſure lulled; but they had never been extinguiſhed: certain obſervations that he made about this time rouſed them with more ſtrength than ever, and prompted him to a meaſure which he had often thought of before, but hitherto had always ſhrunk from. His great anxiety for the young Lady at laſt overcame his reluctance, and he determined to ſpeak to her on this very delicate ſubject. He was actually on his way to Mrs. Eaſy's for that pur-

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poſe, when he met that Lady's butler, who informed him, "that his miſtreſs and her daughter had gone to the city, where they were to paſs all the forenoon; that Miſs Barnet, having letters to write, had ſtaid at home, and had given orders to admit no viſiters, until the Ladies ſhould return from the city:" but the butler added, "that probably he would be admitted notwithſtanding."

Edward rejoiced at the opportunity, and was proceeding to Mrs. Eaſy's houſe, when he was ſtopped by Mr. Carnaby Shadow. Edward tried to diſengage himſelf, ſaying, "He had preſſing buſineſs, and was in a hurry."

Carnaby. If your buſineſs is with Clifton, you will not find him at home.

Edward. You have juſt parted from him, perhaps?

Carnaby. No; but I know that he is at preſent at Mrs. Eaſy's.

Edward. Mrs. Eaſy's! impoſſible!

Carnaby. I ſhall not diſpute with you, whether it is poſſible or not: all I take upon me to affirm is, that it is true.

Edward.

Edward. That Mr. Clifton is now at Mrs. Eaſy's!

Carnaby. Preciſely; and what do you find wonderful in that?

Edward. The only thing wonderful is, that you ſhould be ſo poſitive in aſſerting what you have had no opportunity of knowing.

Carnaby. Why he is always there.

Edward. And on that general idea you aſſert, that he is there now; you ought to remember how dearly you paid for ſomething of the ſame kind lately.

Carnaby. I know not to what you allude.

Edward. Don't you remember your inſiſting upon it, that the ſeal ring which Mr. Shuffle wears weighed more than a guinea; and that he drew you on to bet fifty, in ſupport of your aſſertion, which you loſt?

Carnaby. Who the devil could have thought otherwiſe, it is ſo large and clumſy; but I have been aſſured ſince, that he cauſed it to be made ſo, on purpoſe to bet; and that he had previouſly weighed the

ring; but what has this to do with Clifton's being at Mrs. Eaſy's?

Edward. He is not there at preſent, ſurely!

Carnaby. Then he has made a ſhorter ſtay than uſual; for a very few minutes ago, as I turned the corner into the ſquare, I ſaw him go in; and what is a little ſingular, the door was opened by a woman, who, from the glance I had of her, had much the appearance of that knowing jade, who formerly attended Lady Hornbury.

Edward. Who! Mrs. Commode?

Carnaby. The ſame—ſhe is a deep one.

Edward. But, if it was really Clifton you ſaw—

Carnaby. If! I am *certain* it was him.

Edward. Very well; he has ſtepped in for a moment to ſpeak to his old acquaintance Mrs. Commode, and finding the Ladies were abroad, he has afterwards retired; for, depend upon it, he is not there now.

Carnaby. I can only ſay that I ſaw him go in, and the door was ſhut after him; he may have gone out ſince, undoubtedly; though, if you have not juſt parted with him,

him, I will bet you fifty pounds he is there ſtill.

Edward. I do not wiſh to win your money, like Mr. Shuffle.

Carnaby. I'll bet you fifty to twenty he is there now.

Although the poſitive manner in which Carnaby continued his aſſertion, made Edward afraid that it was not without foundation, he wiſhed to conceal from him the impreſſion he had made; and therefore, aſſuming an air of pleaſantry, he laid hold of a cane which Carnaby had in his hand, and ſaid, "By the way, what do you mean by carrying a ſtick of this length? no man of high *ton* carries one longer than a drum-ſtick; but with this you may actually touch the ground without ſtooping."

Carnaby. I acknowlege this does look a little quizical; what I uſually carry, you know, is a twiſted cane juſt a foot and a half long, with a ball of lead at each end; but Tom Trinket took it from me yeſterday, and I was juſt going to purchaſe another when you met me.

Edward. For heaven's ſake loſe no time, for this one ſeems exceedingly formal, and of a ſcandalous length.

Having ſaid this in a ſerious tone, Edward bade Carnaby adieu, turned down a different ſtreet, and having made a circuit, he came to Mrs. Eaſy's houſe.

After knocking oftener than once, he was a good deal ſurpriſed to ſee the door opened by the very perſon mentioned by Carnaby.

Edward. You will let Miſs Barnet know that I am here, and wiſh to ſpeak with her.

Mrs. Commode. All the Ladies are out, Sir; to be ſure, they will be ſo ſorry for miſſing you;—but they are gone to the city, and my miſtreſs ſaid, as ſhe was ſetting out, that ſhe did not expect to be at home before four.

Edward. I know that Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy are gone to the city; but it is Miſs Barnet I wiſh to ſee.—She did not go with them.

Mrs. Commode. Miſs Barnet!—No, Sir; Miſs Barnet did not go with them, Sir;

but,—but she went out after they were gone, Sir.

Edward. Who went with her?—the footmen are with Mrs. Easy; she would not go alone.

Mrs. Commode. No, to be sure she did not go alone, and the footmen, as you say, are with my mistress; but, Sir, she went—yes, Sir, she went;—no, Sir, she did not go alone, for she took the butler with her.

Edward. I do not know what is the meaning of all these lies, Mrs. Commode; I have just seen the butler;—I know that Miss Barnet is within, and I desire you will go to her directly, and let her know that I am here, and wish to speak with her.

Mrs. Commode. Lord, Sir, do not speak so loud;—well, my dear Sir, since you have seen the butler, I will tell you the real truth; Miss Barnet *is* within, but she desired me to deny her to every body, even to you, if you should call.—I beg you will not let her know that I told you this, for she would never forgive me.

Edward. Is no body with her?

Mrs. Commode. Good heavens, Sir!—who ſhould be with her?—ſhe is not very well, Sir; ſhe is trying to get a little ſleep, Sir, and if you make ſuch a noiſe you will diſturb her.

Edward. Is Mr. Clifton here?

Mrs. Commode. Mr. Clifton!——Good gracious, Sir, you quite aſtoniſh me. Perhaps the butler has told you *that* alſo—but—no, he could not, for he was not here himſelf when——Upon my word, Sir, you put me in ſuch a flutter, that I hardly know what I am ſaying—No, Sir, Mr. Clifton is not here,—I have not ſeen Mr. Clifton this day.

Edward. No!

Mrs. Commode. No, Sir, upon my ſoul and conſcience; and that is what I would not ſay, if it were not true, for all the riches and jewels of this world.

Edward. Wretch! you opened the door to him yourſelf.

Driven from all her ſubterfuges, the woman was unable for two ſeconds to utter a ſyllable, and burſt into tears; but on ſeeing Edward determined to paſs her, and

go

go up ſtairs, ſhe laid hold of his arm, ſaying, " O, dear Sir, I could not help it, indeed I could not, for Mr. Clifton aſſured me, that he had ſomething of importance to communicate to Miſs Barnet; and ſo, altho' ſhe had deſired me to deny her to every body——"

Edward. Miſs Barnet did not know of his coming?—

Mrs. Commode. Indeed, Sir, no more than the child unborn.

Edward. I don't know what to believe —well, go up ſtairs, and let her know that I wiſh to ſee her,---go up, I ſay, directly, or I go without you.

As Edward was going, the woman ran before, and when ſhe came to the door of the room in which Clifton and Miſs Barnet were, ſhe ſtood for ſome time ſhuffling with her feet, and making a noiſe upon the floor, a ceremony ſhe had learnt at Lady Hornbury's, where it was eſtabliſhed as a matter of etiquette, before the door of any room was opened, in which two perſons of different ſexes were known to be.

As

As Edward ſtood at a little diſtance, without interrupting her, Mrs. Commode imagined that he began to heſitate, and had ſome dread of entering the room, on which it ſtruck her to make another attempt to prevent his going in; ſhe ſtepped back, ſaying in a low voice, "I beg, my dear Sir, that you will not perſiſt, you know what a furious man Mr. Clifton ſometimes is; he has piſtols with him, and he ſwore to me that he would ſhoot the firſt man through the head who——"

Before ſhe had finiſhed this remonſtrance, Edward ſeizing her by the arm, ſwung her with violence from him, and entered the room, where he found Miſs Barnet and Clifton, as was mentioned above.

When Mr. Clifton left the Ladies, and was retiring, Mrs. Commode met him at the bottom of the ſtairs, begg'd to ſpeak to him in her own room, and there ſhe affirmed, "that Edward had certainly dog'd him to the houſe; that as ſoon as he entered, he declared that he knew of Mr. Clifton's being with Miſs Barnet; that

he

he had forced his way up ſtairs, in ſpite of all ſhe could urge to prevent him; that he had ſpoken in very diſreſpectful terms of Miſs Barnet, and had even gone the length of threatening Mr. Clifton."

The rage in which Clifton was, prevented him from perceiving fully the improbability of this ſtatement, altho' he did not believe literally all ſhe ſaid; he ſuſpected, however, that the foundation was true, which increaſed his anger to ſuch a degree, that as ſoon as he returned to his own houſe, he wrote the following note, and ſent it to Edward's chambers:

"You have behaved to me in a manner not to be born; as you muſt know to what I allude, I enter into no detail, nor will I liſten to the maxims of pedants, or any kind of reaſoning that does not accord with the ſentiments of a Gentleman, who feels himſelf injured. I ſhall expect you to-morrow morning at ſeven in Hyde-park."

A ſhort time after Mr. Clifton had left Mrs. Eaſy's, Edward had withdrawn, abſorbed in reflection on the incidents that had

had juſt paſſed; he walked ſlowly to the Temple. He was convinced that the ſources of Clifton's and of Miſs Barnet's conduct were directly oppoſite; that *he* had acted from premeditation, and *ſhe* from want of reflection. He rejoiced in the thought of having extricated her from a ſituation of ſome danger; the danger he apprehended proceeded from her having no ſuſpicion of Clifton's deſigns; the moment that ſhe ſhould have any idea of them, he believed her danger would be at an end; he came to the reſolution therefore of giving her ſuch a hint as would rouſe her ſuſpicion, with which he knew pride and indignation would alſo ariſe for her protection. He determined likewiſe to ſet out that very evening for Barnet-hall, and to lay open his thoughts to Mrs. Barnet: on his way he ordered a poſt-chaiſe to the Temple-gate, and then proceeded to his chambers. He found Clifton's note on the table; the peruſal vexed him exceedingly, he threw it down, walked with haſty ſteps through the room, took it up, peruſed it again and again, and after ſome minutes

of calmer meditation, he pronounced with ſtrong emphaſis, "No,---no conſideration ſhall drive me to meet him to-morrow. This ſhall not turn me from my purpoſe of viſiting Mrs. Barnet,---he ſhall have a little time at leaſt for reflection."

Edward then wrote what follows:

"You muſt be ſenſible that all you can accuſe me of is, that I endeavoured to prevent the perpetration of a piece of treachery. I am as averſe to any attack on your life, as I am unwilling to ſubject you to endleſs remorſe. Without regarding whether theſe are the maxims of pedants, or not, I avow them to be mine; and therefore it is more on your account than my own, that I decline meeting you to-morrow. I am going to the country, and ſhall not return for a few days."

Having folded up and directed this, he wrote what follows, in a diſguiſed hand to Miſs Barnet:

"Without pretending to know whether Miſs Barnet would at any rate favour the addreſſes of Mr. Clifton, the friend, who ſends

ſends her this note, ſubmits it to her own good ſenſe to decide, whether or not it is prudent to permit him to continue his aſſiduities, in caſe he never has mentioned, what alone ought to be their object.

"Miſs B. ought to beware of the woman Mrs. Eaſy lately took into her ſervice."

In writing this laſt note Edward had diſguiſed his hand, becauſe he thought the admonition would be leſs offenſive to the young Lady, and would have a better effect if ſhe believed it to come from ſome other perſon than him.

Having ſent both letters, he ſtepped into the poſt-chaiſe, and proceeded towards Barnet-hall.

CHAP. LI.

Non ille pro caris amicis,
Aut patria timidus perire. HORAT.

IT was between one and two o'clock in the morning, when Edward arrived at the gate of Mr. Barnet's houſe. As the laſt poſt-houſe was at the diſtance of only four miles; the poſtillion had been ordered to return without unharneſſing; Edward did not allow him to enter, leſt Mr. and Mrs. Barnet ſhould be diſturbed by the chaiſe driving thro' the court.—The moon at that moment ſhone very bright, though the preceding part of the night had been dark and cloudy. As ſoon as the poſtillion had driven away, Edward was going to ring the bell at the outer gate, when he perceived a man haſtening towards him; he had taken nothing into the chaiſe with him, except his piſtols, and thoſe he had in his hands. When the man came nearer, he called, "Who comes?—ſtop and anſwer."

"If

"If I am not mistaken, I hear Mr. Edward's voice," cried the man.

"What is this you, Nick?" replied Edward; "what business can my old friend have out of his bed at this unseasonable hour?"

"Ah! Sir, poor Margery was seized suddenly with a violent pain in her stomach two hours ago; I have given her every thing I could devise, to afford her relief, without effect;—but I remembered, that she was taken in the same way about eight months since, and Madam Barnet, who, you well know, has no kind of pride, called to see her, and immediately after sent her some drops which removed the pain, and so I was going to try to get a word of the housekeeper, who perhaps can give me the same drops, or if she cannot, I know that Madam herself will not grudge being waked, to give relief to a fellow Christian.

Edward now perceiving that the gate was open, "This is horridly careless," said he, as he entered the court; "but let us turn round to the back door, and try to raise the house-

houſekeeper, by knocking at her window."

At that moment they heard a kind of buſtle in the rooms above.

"My life for it," ſaid the ſoldier, "there are thieves in the houſe; this door is open alſo."

"Huſh, Nick," ſaid Edward, "take this piſtol and follow me, but make no noiſe."

As they aſcended a private ſtair, the noiſe of the buſtle increaſed; when they came to the top, they perceived light in Mr. Barnet's room, and then heard his voice begging pitiouſly for his life.

"If the maſk had not dropt, that might have done," cried a fellow, as he raiſed a hanger to ſtrike at Barnet's throat; "but ſince you know me, damn me if I——"

Before he could finiſh the ſentence, his hand was ſhattered by a brace of bullets; the hanger dropt guiltleſs on the floor, and the fellow ran off by another door.

On entering the room, and ſeeing Barnet's danger, Edward had fired his piſtol thus fortunately.

He then eagerly aſked, What was become of Mrs. Barnet. Her huſband, all ſhaking with terror, could give no anſwer.

A voice was heard, exclaiming, "Spare his life, you ſhall have more money, you ſhall never be proſecuted;"—and Mrs. Barnet herſelf ruſhed into the room. Her ſurprize and joy were unſpeakable at the ſight of Edward and her huſband unhurt. "Be compoſed, Madam," ſaid the former, "the villain is fled."

"Oh! Sir," cried ſhe recollecting herſelf, and turning with a look of terror to the door, "have a care, there are more."

"Where?" exclaimed Edward.

"In my dreſſing-room," ſhe anſwered.

He then ſeized the hanger, which lay on the floor, but as he attempted to go, Mrs. Barnet held him, crying, "You ſhall not leave us, you will make them deſperate, they will murder you."

"Do you ſtay and guard Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, and truſt this piece of duty to me, Mr. Edward," ſaid the ſoldier, holding up his piſtol, as he moved out of the room.

Edward

Edward however, bolting the door, at which he had entered, immediately followed the ſoldier.

As he entered the dreſſing-room, he heard two piſtols fired, and ſaw the ſoldier with his head and arms out of the window.

"The raſcal was too nimble for me," ſaid the ſoldier, turning round to Edward, "he dropt from the window, as I entered the room, but he did not get off ſhot free, for by the light of the moon, I ſaw him ſtagger after I fired; he was helped to the gate by another, who ran out of the houſe; I believe I winged that raſcal alſo, for he gave a confounded bounce, when I fired the ſecond piſtol."

"How came you by a ſecond piſtol?" ſaid Edward.

"I ſaw it lying on the floor, I fired it at random, it happened luckily to be charged, and ſo, pleaſe your honour, whether the villains have got any gold I cannot tell, but I am certain they have carried off a little lead with them, and I heartily wiſh it were twice as much for their ſakes."

Having acquainted Mrs. Barnet with what had juſt paſſed, and after ſpeaking words of comfort and encouragement to her huſband, who was ſtill in ſome degree of ſtupor, Edward, followed by the ſoldier, went down ſtairs; they found the houſe-keeper gagged, in ſuch manner that the woman was almoſt choaked, and her hands tied ſo tight, that the blood was ready to burſt from her fingers. They found a footman bound and gagged alſo, but ſo ſlightly, as to put him to very little pain or inconveniency.

Here it will be proper to account for the ſtate in which Edward found the family.

CHAP. LII.

Si tibi ſimplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Eſt animus: ſubmitte cuput cervice parata
Ferre jugum :——
Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge. JUVEN.

THE Mulatto, who bought Mr. Barnet's fine houſe, lived at it more than ever; beſides the two ſphinxes, the canal, and the Belvidere, this villa could now boaſt of a variety of other ornaments, derived from the taſte of three Ladies, who had ſucceſſively been miſtreſſes of it and of the Mulatto. As the ideas of theſe Ladies, reſpecting the beautiful in gardening and rural ſcenery, were very different, the villa itſelf, if not the moſt magnificent, was one of the moſt curious in England.

The Mulatto's firſt miſtreſs, who was a native of Kew, had a great partiality for Chineſe ornaments, and ſoon after his purchaſing the houſe, ſhe had prevailed on her lover to rear a pagoda contiguous to

the room in the beech-tree. To the exceſſive fondneſs which ſhe ſhewed for this fabric, the Mulatto made no objection; but he could not bear with equal indifference a partiality which ſhe afterwards betrayed for Pompey the footman, formerly mentioned; on which account the Lady was diſmiſſed, notwithſtanding her being in a ſtate of pregnancy. She had before obtained a ſettlement for herſelf and for the child, of which ſhe was ſafely delivered a few months after.—The Mulatto, with all the warmth of a father, ſent for the infant, which proved to be a very promiſing girl, though of a complexion a ſhade darker than he expected.

The Lady who came in her place, though born in a different part of the country, had been educated at the *ſame ſchool* with her predeceſſor. During her reign the pagoda was neglected. This Lady having read the Caſtle of Otranto, became as enamoured of Gothic, as the other had been of Chineſe, buildings. Under her auſpices a *fac ſimile* of that celebrated fabric was erected oppoſite to the pagoda.

The

The Lady was fond of doing the honours of this little caſtle to the Mulatto's acquaintance, when they viſited his villa, particularly to a handſome young Weſt-Indian who came oftener than any, and who in return for ſo much attention carried her with him ſome time after to the Continent. *Prima avulſa non deficit alter.* The Mulatto in a very ſhort time brought another Lady to ſupply the place of her, who had been ſo unexpectedly torn from his arms.—Of her we ſhall ſpeak preſently; but it will be firſt neceſſary to make the reader acquainted with the valet-de-chambre.

The Mulatto, who was exceedingly fond of whatever was glittering and ſhewy, had engaged this fellow chiefly on account of the gaudineſs of his dreſs, and briſk eaſe of his manners: he would have preferred a Frenchman, if he himſelf had underſtood French; but as he loved to converſe with his valet, while his hair was dreſſing, he was under the neceſſity of contenting himſelf with an Engliſhman, and thought himſelf fortunate in having found one who in

dreſs and manners reſembled a Frenchman, more than any ſervant out of livery in London.

This man's appointments were more lucrative than thoſe of four Welch curates, or than the pay of a captain in the army; yet he never could lay up a ſix-pence; what renders this more remarkable is, that he ſpent none of his money in gaming. Frocks, waiſtcoats, and ſilk ſtockings coſt him nothing; on the contrary, beſides a large wardrobe for his perſonal uſe, he had always ſome to ſell; his great expence was in rings, buckles, ſnuff-boxes, ſwitches, ſeals, watch-chains, ſmelling-bottles, ſhirt-pins, and other articles equally indiſpenſable: no black prince on the coaſt of Guinea ever had a greater paſſion for toys, bawbles, and trinkets of all ſorts, than this ſame Engliſh valet.

All his wages, perquiſites, and petty larcenies were no more than ſufficient to ſupply him in the neceſſaries above mentioned. The Mulatto's new miſtreſs grudged him the laſt article; ſhe was of opinion that the whole *robbing* department

in

in the Mulatto's eſtabliſhment belonged excluſively to herſelf, and ſhe watched him ſo cloſely, that, in ſpite of all his induſtry, the poor man, unable to make his revenue ſquare with his expences, ran into debt.

Nature ſeemed to have intended this fellow for nothing worſe than a coxcomb; had he been permitted to avail himſelf of all thoſe little advantages, which he conſidered as the lawful perquiſites of office, he might have continued to paſs for an honeſt man, at leaſt as honeſt as many in ſuperior, as well as equal ſituations, who are ſuffered to take the ſame advantages unmoleſted. Finding himſelf thus cramped, he began to meditate on ways and means of relieving himſelf, that he had not before been driven to exerciſe. But before he had had time to put any of theſe in execution, an incident occurred which gave the man hopes of getting free of this everlaſting ſpy upon his actions, and being reſtored to his former emoluments.

The Mulatto's conſtitution was a good deal broken by his manner of living; he

was

was ſubject to low ſpirits, and ſometimes to the moſt violent exceſſes of rage, particularly when he had drank too much wine, which was frequently the caſe: on one of theſe occaſions a quarrel aroſe between him and his miſtreſs. In the bitterneſs of his wrath, and being animated to unuſual courage by the pernicious cordial in which he had indulged; he abuſed her in the groſſeſt terms, and threatened to turn her out of doors. Although the following day he was as tame and dejected as he had before been fierce and boiſterous, yet the Lady was not only piqued, but alſo alarmed by his threats, and from that moment ſhe reſolved to carry a point ſhe had not hitherto been ſolicitous about.

In one of theſe fits of deſpondency, to which he was ſubject, ſhe found means to raiſe ſcruples in his mind reſpecting the criminal ſtate in which they both lived, and the dreadful conſequences in caſe of death, of which he was in continual terror. The effect of this manœuvre was, that one morning after a frightful dream, ſhe inſinuated thoſe ſcruples with

ſuch

ſuch art, that ſhe brought him to propoſe that they ſhould expiate the guilt of their paſt commerce, and conſecrate their future union, by marriage. The ceremony was performed accordingly, to the infinite mortification of the valet, who now ſaw his reviving hopes blaſted, and being driven to deſperate meaſures, from a coxcomical pilfering knave, he became a villain of greater magnitude.

The Lady had turned away one of the footmen, merely becauſe ſhe thought him on too confidential a footing with the valet. Mr. Barnet needing a ſervant at this time, took the diſcarded footman into his ſervice. This man occaſionally met with his old fellow-ſervants at an alehouſe, ſituated between the Mulatto's houſe and that of Mr. Barnet; he happened to have a diſpute with one of them over a pot of ale, at the door of this very ale-houſe. The queſtion in agitation was, which of their maſters was the moſt honourable man? on the deciſion of which they thought their own comparative dignity depended.

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The Mulatto's footman began the attack, by asserting, that the other was now under petticoat government, because Mr. Barnet was governed by his wife. To this it was retorted, that as it was in the order of nature that men should be governed by women, it was better to be governed by a virtuous woman than by a wh——; that Mr. Barnet lived honourably with his lawful wife; whereas the Mulatto had lived scandalously with one mistress after another.

"Well," replied the Mulatto's servant, "but my master is now married, and my mistress is just as much his lawful wife as your mistress is Mr. Barnet's."

"Don't offer to compare them together; for if twenty men were to marry her she would not be on a footing with Mrs. Barnet," said the other; "and let me tell you," added he, "that you will always have the disgrace of being the servant of a man who kept a mistress instead of a wife."

"That is not so bad a way as you think," resumed the Mulatto's servant; "for as I once

once heard young Mr. Clifton ſay, when I waited at table, If a man happens to become tired of his miſtreſs, (ſays he,) he can change her into his wife, if he pleaſes; but although a man ſhould be ever ſo tired of his wife, (ſays he,) it will be very difficult to make her his miſtreſs."

This laſt argument appeared to Mr. Barnet's ſervant quite unanſwerable, he therefore attempted no reply.

CHAP. LIII.

The town has tinged the country; and the ſtain
Appears a ſpot upon a veſtal's robe. COWPER.

THE conteſt between the two footmen would have ended with the laſt Chapter, had not the Mulatto's ſervant provoked the other with a new attack---"What ſignifies talking of our miſtreſſes?" ſaid he, "only look at the rich livery I wear;---compare it with your own plain frock, and then lay your hand on your conſcience, and ſay which of our two maſters is the moſt honourable man."

This rouſed the ſpirit of Mr. Barnet's ſervant, and recollecting the name of a bawd, whoſe footman had richer liveries than even the Mulatto's, he inſtantly adduced that as a proof that magnificent liveries were not quite deciſive of the queſtion.

"Well," ſaid the Mulatto's footman, "we ſhall let liveries go for nothing; yet you

you cannot deny but that my maſter keeps much finer horſes than your's; he would be aſhamed to ſee any of his ſervants mounted on ſuch an old jade as you ride, when you attend your miſtreſs to church. My maſter has not only better horſes than your's, but double the number—Is not that more honourable both for him and his ſervants? anſwer me that."

This was more than Mr. Barnet's footman could bear; he loſt his patience entirely; but having no argument to oppoſe to the force of his adverſary's reaſoning, he had recourſe, as is often the caſe in ſimilar circumſtances, to perſonal reflections.

"Your maſter," ſaid he, "may keep as many horſes as he pleaſes; but as for himſelf, he is only a mule for all that."

"A mule!" cried the other; "I don't know what you mean by that; but I believe he is juſt as good a Chriſtian as yourſelf."

"I'll be damned if he is," retorted the firſt; "for he can, at the very utmoſt, be conſidered only as half a Chriſtian."

"Why I am ſure I once ſaw him in church," reſumed the firſt; "and he regularly eats croſs-buns every Good-Friday, and minced pies at Chriſtmas."

"He may eat what he likes," ſaid Mr. Barnet's ſervant; "but he is no full Chriſtian, being between a Chriſtian and a Blackamoor, which is clear from his complexion; and although you and all his family were to ſwear to the contrary, his face would condemn him before any court in Chriſtendom.

This laſt argument overpowered the Mulatto's advocate; after remaining for ſome moments ſilent, he thought it would be beſt to endeavour to accommodate matters; he ſaid, therefore, in a milder tone, "Well, well, Tom, if my maſter happens to have a little Pagan blood in his veins, that is what he cannot help; neither could you if your mother had been a Negro; but this you muſt allow, that my maſter has a prodigious large eſtate in the Weſt Indies, which produces ſugar and rum, inſtead of wheat and oats like your landed eſtates here in England; and therefore he can afford to live

more honourably than Mr. Barnet, by the means of having much more ready money."

"I am not clear on that point," replied Mr. Barnet's footman; "Weſt India eſtates are not always ready money; whereas Mr. Barnet never wants it altogether, and ſometimes has a great deal by him. I had a glance into his room the other day, when he was ſettling with his ſteward, and hang me if the whole table was not quite covered with guineas; I never ſaw ſuch a ſight in my whole life; I was ready to fall into a trance, with my eyes open; and I have dreamed of it ever ſince."

In paſſing the alehouſe the Mulatto's valet overheard the latter part of this controverſy; it made an impreſſion on him ſimilar to what the ſight of the gold had made on the footman. He could think of nothing but that a great number of guineas were in Mr. Barnet's eſcritoir; that, perhaps, one-half of them would be ſufficient to clear him of debt, and make him eaſy; that it would be much eaſier to get at them by means of the footman, than

to cheat the Mulatto out of an equal ſum; that there would be no great harm in it, becauſe Mr. Barnet was rich, and could bear the loſs. By ſuch meditations the deſign of robbing Mr. Barnet took root in his mind; he found means privately to meet with the footman; he opened his mind at firſt very cautiouſly, regretting his new maſter's imprudence, in keeping large ſums of money in his deſk, becauſe he ſaid it would be an *eaſy matter*, eſpecially for *thoſe who lived in his houſe*, to rob him, if they ſhould have the wickedneſs to attempt ſuch a thing. He ſoon perceived that half his buſineſs was done; that the footman had been meditating on the ſame ſubject, and that the danger, ſmall as it ſeemed, formed a greater obſtacle than the wickedneſs; they ſoon came to an underſtanding, and ſpoke their minds freely; they encouraged each other, by the recollection, that there was no man at that time in the houſe but Mr. Barnet, and he was quite helpleſs, having lately relapſed into the gout; they agreed to admit into the conſpiracy a footman out of place, with whom the valet had ſome acquaintance, and a Jew, to whom he was in the uſe of ſelling whatever

whatever he could pillage from his maſter. The plan of operation was contrived by the Jew, and the execution was fixed for a night on which they knew the butler was to be abſent, he having obtained leave to viſit a relation at ſome miles diſtance.

About two in the morning thoſe three villains were admitted by their accomplice into the houſe; that *he* might appear innocent, they began by binding him, and then proceeded to the houſekeeper's room, whom, having awoke, they threatened with immediate death, if ſhe offered to ſcream, or to make any reſiſtance, and then bound and gagged her, as was mentioned. It was decided, in the next place, that they ſhould ſecure Mrs. Barnet, whoſe bed-chamber was adjoining to her huſband's. She had ſat up with him until near one o'clock, when he had fallen aſleep. She then retired to her own apartment, and was reading in her dreſſing-room when the villains entered the houſe; about an hour before they entered ſhe had diſmiſſed her maid, who, with other female ſervants, ſlept in a room above.

The rogues ruſhed into her dreſſing-room by a door which had been indicated to them by their accomplice; the dreſſing-room led by another door into her bed-chamber, which communicated with the room in which her huſband ſlept.

Mrs. Barnet having ſcreamed at the ſudden appearance of three men, one of them held a piſtol to her head, threatening to blow out her brains if ſhe continued to ſcream, or offered to ſtir; two of them had the upper part of their faces covered with black crape; the valet wore an entire maſk. When Mrs. Barnet perceived that their intention was merely to rob, ſhe recovered her compoſure—to the Jew, who ſtill held the piſtol to her breaſt, ſhe calmly ſaid, "You ſhall have my money, Sir; but as you can have no intereſt in killing me, you had better raiſe your piſtol, becauſe it may go off without your intending it."

On a ſign made to him by the valet, the Jew turned the mouth of his piſtol from her.

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The fellow inſiſted, however, on her being bound; but Mrs. Barnet declared that ſhe would not ſubmit to it; and if they attempted ſuch a thing, that ſhe would, at any riſk, exclaim with all her might, ſo as to rouſe all the ſervants in the houſe.

The valet whiſpered the Jew to give up that point; and then, in an audible voice, recommended to the footman, who was left in the dreſſing-room, to keep a watchful eye upon her, and to be ſure to ſhoot her through the head, in caſe ſhe ſhould make a noiſe, or offer to ſtir.

The valet and Jew then went through Mrs. Barnet's bed-chamber into that of her huſband; he was already awake, and ſuſpected that the buſtle he heard proceeded from thieves; but he lay ſilent and motionleſs, through fear. The Jew ordered him to deliver his keys, and inform them where his money was. Barnet immediately complied, and they found a conſiderable ſum in his eſcritoir: having counted this, the Jew went down ſtairs to ſeize on the plate; but ſoon after he had left the room, the valet's

maſk accidentally dropped, and Barnet, recognizing his face, ſaid, inconſiderately, "My God, Mr. Henry! is it you?" On which, the valet raiſing his voice for the firſt time ſince he entered, exclaimed, "O, d—n your ſoul! do you know me? then, by the Lord, I'll put it out of your power ever to appear againſt me."

Barnet begged for his life.

Mrs. Barnet, indiſtinctly hearing her huſband's voice, betrayed great emotion.

The footman preſented the piſtol again to her breaſt, and ſaid, "Don't you offer to ſtir, you b——, or I'll ſhoot you through the head." But at the ſame inſtant hearing her huſband exclaim for mercy, ſhe loſt all thought of her own danger; ſtruck the piſtol out of the villain's hand, and ruſhed into her huſband's chamber, as has been mentioned.

The thieves, having run away, Edward and the ſoldier left Mrs. Barnet with her huſband, and went to ſee the ſituation of things below ſtairs; they traced the way by which the valet had eſcaped by his blood

blood on the ſteps of the ſtairs and the floor of the paſſage to the door. They relieved the houſekeeper from torture, and entirely freed the accomplice.

The ſervants who ſlept at the ſtables, as well as thoſe in the garrets, having been alarmed by the report of the piſtols, were now aſſembled in the court.

In their hurry to eſcape, the thieves had left the money and plate behind them. Mrs. Barnet, fearing that the groom and coachman, who propoſed to follow them, might be killed or wounded, directed that no purſuit ſhould be made. The old ſoldier then informed her what had been his errand. Mrs. Barnet immediately diſpatched a meſſage to the apothecary to viſit Margery; and in the mean time ſent her, by her huſband, a few drops of laudanum, in a little peppermint water, which cured the poor woman ſome hours before the apothecary came.

CHAP. LIV.

And O! be ſure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind *your duty*, duly, morn and night!
Leſt in temptation's path, ye gang aſtray,
Implore his counſel and aſſiſting might;
They never ſought in vain that ſought the Lord aright.
BURNS.

THE old ſoldier returned to Mr. Barnet's houſe, as ſoon as his wife was eaſy and had fallen aſleep; he was carried directly into the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnet were, and expreſſed his thankfulneſs for the cure ſhe had performed.

"It is Mr. Barnet's duty and mine, my good friend," ſaid ſhe, "to expreſs our gratitude to you, for ſo readily riſking your own life in defence of our's."

Soldier. That is but a ſmall obligation, my good Lady; by riſking what remains of my life, I could meet with no great loſs; but I thank God, I never ſhrunk from my duty, when my life was of more value.

Mrs. Barnet. No, that I'll be bound thou didſt not.

Soldier.

Soldier. If I ever had, I ſhould have been aſhamed to receive the penſion I now enjoy.

Mrs. Barnet. All who enjoy ſinecure offices and penſions, it is ſaid, are not quite ſo modeſt.

Soldier. I hope that is a calumny raiſed againſt them, my good Lady; for I am ſure all of them whom I know would be aſhamed of taking the money of their country, if they had not a wound or two to ſhew for it.

Mrs. Barnet (ſmiling). Well, you ſhould know beſt, Nick: perhaps I have been miſinformed.

Soldier. Depend upon it, my good Lady, you have had your information from ſome of their enemies; for I am certain you are not one of thoſe who grudge ſeven pounds ten ſhillings a year to a ſet of brave fellows, who have ſuffered in the cauſe of their country.

Mrs. Barnet. Indeed, Nick, I am not.

Soldier. I could have ſworn it, my Lady, though, conſidering what a liſt of penſioners there is, it amazes me how his Majeſty is able to pay us all.

Mrs. Barnet. Eſpecially after an expenſive or unneceſſary war.

Soldier. Every war muſt be expenſive, pleaſe your honour; becauſe, although ſoldiers do contrive to live upon leſs than other men, yet they cannot live on downright nothing; and as for an unneceſſary war, I hope in God I ſhall never live to ſee it. People ſit down at their eaſe and read in a newſpaper of two or three thouſand men killed and wounded as if it was nothing; but your honour can hardly have a notion of the miſeries of a ſingle campaign; for, not to mention the ſufferings of the poor wounded ſoldiers in the field and in the hoſpitals, you muſt take into the account the calamities endured by the inhabitants of beſieged towns, and by the men, women, and children of the countries that are the ſeat of war.—If I were only to narrate one-half of what I have ſeen with my own eyes, Lord have mercy! my Lady here would be ready to expire with downright commiſeration; and your honour would hardly be able to eat your dinner; and therefore, nothing but their being abſo-

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lutely neceſſary for the defence of our country and our religion, can make wars excuſeable, and it is then only that they can be proſperous according to the decrees of Providence.

Mrs. Barnet. I am glad to find that notwithſtanding the long time you were a ſoldier, you have ſtill retained your religious ſentiments. The firſt time I ſaw you, I recollect that I was pleaſed with the truſt which you ſeemed to have in Providence. You aſſured me that every bullet had its commiſſion.

Soldier. Undoubtedly every bullet has; for what can be more clear than that nothing can happen on this world but by the permiſſion of Him, who is the Lord and Commander in Chief of all the hoſts of heaven and earth?

Mrs. Barnet. Where were you inſtructed in your religion, Nicholas?

Soldier. In my native country, Madam, by my father, who was a good pious man, that regularly performed religious ſervice, and bred up his children in the fear of God.

Mrs. Barnet. How came you to enliſt? You told me you was bred a gardener.

Soldier.

Soldier. I was ſo; but it was then the time of war; the nation had been dejected with ill ſucceſs at the beginning; a new Miniſter revived its courage, and inſpired ſuch a ſpirit all over the kingdom, that every body became deſirous of ſerving his country. Nothing was ever equal to the change that took place; in the part of the country where I lived, every man ſeemed to look on the loſs of Minorca as a perſonal affront; and ſo I and ſeveral other young fellows in the village liſted with a recruiting ſerjeant, on purpoſe to retake it; but inſtead of it, we took Louiſbourg and Quebec, and other places of more value. But as for my truſting in Providence, I was not only inſtructed in that by my father, but alſo by the miniſter of our pariſh, who was one of the beſt men that ever lived, and a bleſſing to all that country-ſide. I never ſhall forget the words he ſpoke to me the very day on which I left home with our party; and if it were not for tiring your honours, I could repeat part of it.

Mrs. Barnet. Pray do; I ſhould like to hear it.

Soldier.

Soldier. "Nicholas," ſays he, "you are going to fight in the cauſe of your country; and I hope you will behave ſo as never to bring ſorrow and diſgrace on the honeſt people from whom you are ſprung, or a ſtain on this pariſh in which you were born. Never forget that you are in the preſence of Almighty God, and that will prevent you from being overawed by mortal men, for thoſe who fear God moſt, fear men leaſt; and you may depend on it, that nothing can happen in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, except by his permiſſion who created both." Now, Madam, (continued the ſoldier,) I take this to be one reaſon, among others, why cowards never get to heaven; and ſo the words of this worthy clergyman, and the inſtructions I received from my father, made a deep impreſſion on my mind, and they have proved a cordial to my heart in all the diſtreſſes of life; for I have obſerved, that what we conſider as unfortunate, ſometimes turns out quite the contrary, of which I have had a ſtrong proof this bleſſed day; for I thought it a great misfortune when Margery was

ſeized with that pain in her ſtomach; yet now it appears, that this very pain had its *commiſſion* juſt like the bullets in the day of battle; for it was the occaſion of my coming hither this morning and aſſiſting Mr. Edward in ſaving his worſhip's life, and, perhaps, your Ladyſhip's. And now Margery herſelf bleſſes the pain which has been the cauſe of ſo much good; and I am ſure I never can be thankful enough to Providence for making me the inſtrument of defence to my benefactors before I leave the world. I aſk pardon of both your honours for talking ſo much; old men, they ſay, are given to talk, ſo it is not ſurpriſing that I ſhould do as others; but why I ſhould be ready to cry I cannot underſtand; for I never, never—never, added he ſobbing and wiping his eyes, was ſo hap—hap—happy in my life.

Mrs. Barnet was much affected at the old man's harangue, and pleaſed to ſee that her huſband was moved alſo; but while ſhe wiſhed that his emotion might terminate in ſome deed of beneficence, ſhe was alſo deſirous that he ſhould have the whole honour

of it; ſhe therefore avoided prompting him in direct terms; ſhe ſpoke of the ſervice the ſoldier had rendered them with warmth, hinting that Mr. Barnet would find a way to ſhew his gratitude; and while ſhe dwelt on this theme, ſhe looked in the moſt expreſſive manner to her huſband.

Mr. Barnet at laſt underſtood her meaning; and taking the ſoldier by the hand, he ſaid, "I am ſenſible, friend, how much my wife and I are indebted to you, and am reſolved to ſettle forty pounds a-year upon you for life."

"God bleſs your honour," cried the ſoldier; "but, indeed it is too much, a great deal too much."

"If you think ſo," ſaid Barnet, whoſe innate narrowneſs of ſoul began to operate, "it ſhall be only thirty."

"It is not what *he* thinks, but what *you* think, that ſhould fix this point," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, addreſſing her huſband; "and I thank you from my heart, my dear, for the annuity of forty pounds you mean to ſettle

on

on this poor man; I conſider it as an obligation to myſelf, for he was the means of preſerving my life as well as yours; and as honeſt Margery was the cauſe of his being in the way to help us both, you intend, no doubt, that the annuity ſhould extend to her, in caſe ſhe ſhould ſurvive her huſband?" Barnet ſeeming to heſitate, ſhe added, "Indeed, it is moſt probable that Margery will die firſt; this addition, therefore, will coſt nothing." Barnet then nodded aſſent, and ſhe continued, "Here, Nicholas, is the firſt year's payment," taking forty guineas of what the rogues had left on the table, and forcing them into the ſoldier's hand; "here is the firſt year's payment of the annuity which Mr. Barnet has been ſo generous as to ſettle on your wife and you. Go your ways, and comfort Margery with the news." So ſaying, ſhe thruſt the ſoldier out of the room, clapping her hand on his mouth once or twice as he attempted to remonſtrate againſt taking the money. Having ſhut the door, ſhe turned gaily round, and wiſhing her huſband joy of an act which, ſhe

ſaid,

ſaid did him honour, and would afford him pleaſure all the reſt of his life.

Although Mr. Barnet did not approve of every circumſtance of what had paſſed, he could not eaſily object to any of them, and it was ſuppoſed he approved of the whole.

CHAP. LV.

——Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads
Can play upon it. SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the violent agitation which Mrs. Barnet had undergone, Edward felt more reluctance than ever againſt acquainting her with the real object of his journey to the country;—being obliged however to give ſome reaſon for his arrival at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour, he mentioned his having heard of Mr. Barnet's relapſe, and that he himſelf had been detained in town to a later hour than he had counted on, when he formed the reſolution of going to ſee him. His reluctance to touch on a ſubject painful to Mrs. Barnet increaſing, his mind, of courſe, laid hold of every circumſtance which favoured, and every pretext which tended to juſtify, the ſilence he was inclined to keep.

"The note I wrote to Miſs Barnet," ſaid he to himſelf, "will be ſufficient to put her on her guard, and renders it as unneceſſary as it would be cruel, to mention a ſubject which would give Mrs. Barnet pain, and impreſs her with an ill opinion of Mr. Clifton, whoſe natural candour in all probability has already convinced him of the errors of his conduct."—Edward was determined however to return to town after remaining two days with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, and he had already mentioned his intention to the latter, when Miſs Barnet ſuddenly entered the room, and threw herſelf with ecſtaſy into her mother's arms. For ſome moments the young Lady was unable to ſpeak;—at length raiſing her head from Mrs. Barnet's neck, ſhe exclaimed, "My deareſt mother, how happy am I to find you in ſafety!—what a bleſſed moment is this!"

To account for Miſs Barnet's unexpected appearance in her father's houſe, it is neceſſary to inform the reader of certain tranſactions which took place in London, after Edward left it. Previous to Miſs Barnet's

receiving the note above-mentioned, which he had written to her, ſhe had reflected with coolneſs, and in a more ſerious manner than was uſual to her, upon her own conduct; ſhe had become ſenſible of the critical ſituation in which ſhe had been, and began to have ſuſpicions of Mr. Clifton's deſigns, which had never occurred to her before;—the note fully opened her eyes to the imprudence of her own behaviour, added ſtrength to her ſuſpicions of him, and made her form the reſolution of being more circumſpect in future.

Vanity, a ſlight pique againſt Lady Hornbury, with ſomething of a coquetiſh diſpoſition, had been the motives of her inviting Mr. Clifton's advances; but ſhe had heard of his free and diſſipated manners, and although pleaſed with his gaiety, ſhe had good ſenſe enough to think he would make an improper huſband for her; and as ſhe had no thought of matrimony herſelf, ſhe was neither ſurpriſed nor vexed at his never having hinted any thing to her on that ſubject;---and

ſhe

ſhe imagined that Clifton's calling, and being admitted at Mrs. Eaſy's, had been entirely accidental;—but ſhe ſoon received a piece of information, which created ſtrong ſuſpicions that in this laſt point ſhe was miſtaken. One of Mrs. Eaſy's chamber-maids had overheard the account Mrs. Commode gave to Clifton, as he was going from Mrs. Eaſy's; the chamber-maid communicated this to Miſs Barnet a few minutes after ſhe received Edward's note, and while ſhe was reflecting on its import.

Miſs Barnet immediately took Mrs. Commode apart, queſtioned her very ſtrictly, how ſhe came to admit Clifton, notwithſtanding the orders ſhe had received, and then accuſed her of having given a falſe account of what had paſſed between herſelf and Edward, previous to his being introduced. Mrs. Commode endeavoured in vain to juſtify herſelf; her falſehoods and prevarications were made manifeſt; Miſs Barnet detected, and placed them in ſuch a light that the woman was obliged to acknowledge, that all ſhe had ſaid regarding

Edward's having threatened Clifton, or having ſpoken diſreſpectfully of Miſs Barnet, was falſe; and finally to confeſs, that ſhe had been in correſpondence with the latter, had acquainted him with Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy's having gone to the city, and of Miſs Barnet's being at home and alone.

Being now ſenſible of Clifton's treacherous intentions, Miſs Barnet recollected various circumſtances in his conduct, as well as in that of the woman, which ſhe was now ſurpriſed had not rouſed her ſuſpicions earlier. While theſe recollections excited her indignation againſt Clifton, and gratitude to Edward, ſhe was willing to believe that his intruſion, however kindly meant, was not abſolutely neceſſary for her ſafety;—but in ſpite of every ſuggeſtion in favour of her own ſtrength of mind, ſhe ſtill had candour enough to feel a ſtrong ſenſe of obligation towards him. As this feeling however was a little offenſive to ſelf-love, it is not ſurpriſing that Miſs Barnet was ſomewhat embarraſſed in the preſence of Edward.

This

This kind of feeling is apt in many to degenerate into hatred, however unjuſtly, of thoſe who are the cauſe of it; Miſs Barnet had too ſtrong a ſenſe of juſtice for this; ſhe could not help the embarraſſment which ſhe felt at the ſight of Edward, but ſhe now eſteemed him more than ever, and the warmeſt wiſh of her heart was to have an opportunity of rendering him an eſſential ſervice. She reflected with horror on the conſequences which might follow the falſe repreſentation that Mrs. Commode had made to Mr. Clifton, at a time when he was inflamed with anger againſt Edward. This reflection made Miſs Barnet inſiſt that Mrs. Commode ſhould wait on Mr. Clifton, acknowledge the falſehood of her firſt ſtatement, and inform him of the truth. The woman ſhewed reluctance to this; on which Miſs Barnet threatened to make the whole of her conduct public, and render her ſo odious, that ſhe could never more be engaged in any family of credit, and that Lady Hornbury herſelf would be afraid to countenance her.—This terrified the

woman into compliance; ſhe did as ſhe had been directed, and Clifton was made ſenſible, that one cauſe of his reſentment was unfounded: the information however was perplexing, becauſe it removed the ſole pretence, which in his own partial judgment he could allege in juſtification of the reſentment he ſtill felt againſt Edward. In ſpite of his reſentment he had frequent admonitions from his conſcience, that the ſources of his wrath againſt his friend were criminal. All the ſophiſtry of ſelf-love could not make them appear, even in his own eyes, in another light. Clifton's friendſhip for Edward had been built on truth, and on an admiration of ſpirited qualities; his reſentment derived its ſource from falſehood, and from a conduct in his friend, which, although in oppoſition to the paſſion of the moment, Clifton's heart could not diſapprove. The foundation was permanent, the ſource tranſitory; the probability therefore was, that Clifton's friendſhip for Edward would partake of the nature of the firſt, and his reſentment againſt him, of the ſecond.

—But

—But time was neceſſary to render him capable of cool and candid reflection. Clifton's mind had been diſturbed through the night with contending paſſions; the ſame agitated it ſo much in the morning, that he had quite forgot the ſquabble he had been engaged in at the play-houſe, and the conſequence to be naturally expected from it. He was juſt dreſſed, when one of his acquaintance entered, and informed him, that the wound, which the perſon he had ſtruck had received in his fall, was more ſerious than was at firſt imagined; that ſome threatening ſymptoms had occurred in the night, and that in a conſultation which had taken place that morning, the patient had been declared in imminent danger, in conſequence of which an application was to be made for a warrant to arreſt Clifton.

Although this information gave him uneaſineſs, yet he at firſt refuſed to abſcond, ſaying, "That ſuch a meaſure created a preſumption of guilt; and as he had nothing to accuſe himſelf of in that tranſaction, he had nothing to fear;"—but on its

its being afterwards repreſented to him, that the wounded man might remain in danger a long time, although he ſhould recover at laſt; that if Clifton ſurrendered immediately, he muſt remain all that time in priſon, whereas if he ſhould paſs over to the Continent, and there wait the event, he would have it in his power to ſurrender when he pleaſed for his trial, in caſe a trial ſhould prove neceſſary; to this repreſentation Clifton gave way; he ſet out for Dover that very night, and ſlept the night following in France.

Before Miſs Barnet had heard of theſe incidents, an account of Mr. Barnet's houſe having been broken into by robbers had reached London by the means of a perſon who had poſted through that part of the country:—the truth was much altered, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions; a footman of Mrs. Eaſy, having been ſent a meſſage by his miſtreſs, heard the ſtory from the poſtillion, who drove that perſon to London. Inſtead of proceeding to deliver the meſſage with which he had been ſent, being afraid that ſomebody might

might get the ſtart of him, and carry this news to Miſs Barnet, he returned with all poſſible ſpeed, and meeting that young Lady in the lobby—"Ah! Madam," cried he, "I am exceedingly ſorry"—here the man continued gaſping, without being able to articulate more.

"Good God!" ſaid ſhe, "Samuel, what is the matter? You ſeem quite out of breath."

"No wonder, Madam," anſwered he at laſt; "I have ran ſo faſt, for I am exceedingly ſorry to be the meſſenger of bad news."

"What is it?" repeated ſhe.

"Oh! Madam, your father's houſe has been robbed."

"Thank God it is nothing worſe," cried Miſs Barnet; "you frightened me very much."

"All the plate is carried quite away," ſaid Samuel.

"Well, there is no help for it," rejoined Miſs Barnet.

"And a great deal of money beſides," added Samuel.

"It

"It is a great mercy, however," ſaid Miſs Barnet, "that nobody is hurt; I ſuppoſe the robbers have got away without being heard by any body in the houſe."

"The houſe-keeper was a little hurt," ſaid Samuel.

"How ſo?"

"Becauſe they raviſhed her, to prevent her from crying out," ſaid Samuel.

Miſs Barnet appearing ſhocked and confuſed, "You need not be in the leaſt uneaſy, Madam," ſaid the footman; "for your father and mother were ſtill alive, when the poſtillion, who gave me the information, paſt through."

Mrs. Eaſy coming into the lobby, endeavoured to perſuade Miſs Barnet that the ſtory was certainly much exaggerated, and probably entirely without foundation.

The young Lady, however, immediately ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and in ſpite of all that Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy could urge, to induce her to wait until they received more authentic intelligence, ſhe ſet out, as ſoon as the chaiſe arrived, for Barnet-

hall, accompanied by her maid and a ſervant on horſeback; and without ſtopping longer than was neceſſary for the change of horſes, ſhe arrived as has been mentioned.

The news of this daring attempt to rob Mr. Barnet's houſe being ſpread over the country, all the families of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet's acquaintance either viſited them in perſon, or ſent meſſages of congratulation on the fortunate eſcape they had made.

Edward, as was mentioned, had reſolved to go to town, about the time of Miſs Barnet's arrival at her father's; but on receiving a letter informing him of Mr. Clifton's having left the kingdom, he yielded to the entreaties that he had before withſtood, and remained in the country.

Miſs Barnet ſuſpected that the note ſhe had received reſpecting Clifton had been ſent by Edward;—ſhe ſuppoſed that his ſudden jaunt to the country had the ſame object with the note, and never doubted but that he had ſpoken to her mother on that ſubject. Although the young

Lady

Lady could not greatly blame Edward on this account, becauſe ſhe was ſenſible that his motive was good, yet her pride was ſomewhat hurt. She thought that after writing the note, he ought to have ſtopped there, and truſted to the effect of thoſe reflections which he had excited by it; that to hurry afterwards to inform her mother, was ſuppoſing that his letter would produce no effect; and if he ſuppoſed ſo, it was unneceſſary to write it. She was ſurpriſed, however, that her mother delayed ſpeaking to her on the ſubject; and when Clifton's withdrawing from the kingdom, and the cauſe of it, came to be the topic of general converſation, ſhe plainly perceived, from the unlimited praiſe her mother beſtowed on him, and her regret for his abſence, that ſhe knew nothing of that part of his conduct, which Miſs Barnet had ſuſpected Edward of having come expreſsly to inform her of. This removed from Louiſa's mind that degree of blame ſhe had imputed to Edward, but it did not entirely remove that embarraſſment which ſhe felt in his company.

CHAP. LVI.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these, reciprocally, those again
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image on each other's mint.
Each Sire and Dam of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

COWPER.

MR. and Mrs. Temple hastened to their friends as soon as they heard of the danger they had been in; and for several weeks Barnet-house was more crowded with visitors than it had ever been; several were detained to dinner every day during that time.

The important part Edward had acted on the night of the robbery drew compliments on him in such profusion as would have distressed a youth of far less modesty than he possessed. On pretence of a new and pressing reason for his returning to London he prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Barnet to consent to his going a considerable time

time before the expiration of the period he had at firſt agreed to ſtay.

A little after his departure Sir Mathew Maukiſh thought it incumbent on him to give an entertainment, on account of the fortunate eſcape of his *good friends and neighbours the Barnets*. Sir Mathew had called ſo frequently, Lady Maukiſh had made ſuch obliging inquiries, and Lady Virginia had written ſo many kind letters on this occaſion, that there was no refuſing the invitation, in which Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mr. Wormwood, who were all at this time at Barnet-houſe, were included. Lady Virginia founded the great value ſhe put on herſelf on a variety of accompliſhments, but on none more than her talent for letter-writing, which ſhe exerciſed always to her own ſatisfaction, but ſometimes to the annoyance of her acquaintance, and of none more than Louiſa Barnet, to whom ſhe addreſſed all her letters on this and other occaſions, becauſe ſhe ſtill retained hope of bringing about a match between her and Carnaby.

The

The day before this entertainment Colonel Snug, the gentleman formerly mentioned as having ſo great an averſion againſt pulling off his gloves, arrived at Sir Mathew's. It may be of uſe to the reader, perhaps, to be a little better acquainted with the character of this gentleman.

Colonel Snug was the ſon of a brewer, who intended him for his own profeſſion, but wiſhed, in the firſt place, that he ſhould underſtand Latin and Greek; becauſe, he ſaid, that although they did not enable a man to brew better porter, yet they gave him a ſuperiority over thoſe who brewed the beſt. At ſchool, however, and afterwards at the Univerſity, he formed an intimacy with ſome youths of family, and very ſoon after became aſhamed of his father and all his own relations.

The well-meaning man diſcovered, after a certain number of years, that his ſon was not likely to acquire the ſuperiority he intended over thoſe who ſhould brew better porter; but ſtill he was vain of the high connections which he underſtood his ſon had formed, and allowed him abundance of

money, that he might be on a footing with them, at leaſt in the article of expence.

As the youth made frequent trips to Newmarket, and ſtudied horſe-racing with great aſſiduity, he made very conſiderable progreſs in that ſcience, while he was at the Univerſity of Cambridge. But when he returned to the capital, he found himſelf much leſs diſpoſed to attempt the increaſing of his father's fortune, by reſiding with him in the city, than to the ſpending it at the court end of the town. The ſudden death of his father prevented any diſpute between them on that point; but it was then diſcovered that the father's fortune could be much eaſier ſpent than had been imagined; it amounted to a very moderate ſum, which, according to the will of the deceaſed, was equally divided between young Snug and his ſiſter, their mother having died ſome years before.

Notwithſtanding his aſſiduity in the ſtudy above mentioned, he was, in other reſpects, of an indolent diſpoſition, and fond to exceſs of every bodily indulgence. He lived a good deal, on his firſt coming from the Univerſity,

ſity, with ſome young officers of fortune, which inſpired him with a fancy to go into the army, as the genteeleſt profeſſion he could be of; and that in which, judging from their temper and manner of life, he would have the beſt opportunity of indulging his natural indolence and averſion to bodily hardſhips or fatigue. He procured a commiſſion accordingly.

For ſome time after his father's death he had ſeen very little of his ſiſter, who lived with a relation in Weſtminſter; finding, however, that ſhe was thought handſome, and began to be admired by ſome of the moſt faſhionable of his acquaintance, he condeſcended to take ſome notice of her.

Of all Mr. Snug's acquaintance the perſon whom he cultivated with the greateſt attention was one youth, eminently diſtinguiſhed for his fortune, his rank, and his ſimplicity; the laſt was ſo great, that it ſuggeſted the idea, that he might, by a little management, be led into a marriage with Miſs Snug; and as the brother ſaw various advantages which might reſult to himſelf from the connection, he was tempted to

take ſome pains to bring it about. His hopes of ſucceſs in this attempt were a good deal depreſſed, when he obſerved that the young Lady's beauty and accompliſhments made little impreſſion on his Lordſhip; but they were revived on his perceiving that the beauty and accompliſhments of every other woman made leſs; he was on the whole, therefore, encouraged to proceed; and having repreſented to his ſiſter how extremely advantageous this marriage would be to her, they formed a conjunct plan of operations. The ſiſter diſplayed all the attractions and beauty ſhe decently could, but Mr. Snug's addreſs in bringing them frequently together, promoted the ſucceſs of his ſcheme more than any thing; for habit, which has conſiderable influence on moſt people, is all-powerful over the indolent. His Lordſhip having been often induced by the brother to viſit the young Lady, went afterwards of his own accord;---he at laſt went daily, and nearly at the ſame hour, merely becauſe he found nothing elſe to do; and one day he propoſed marriage, merely becauſe

cauſe he had nothing elſe to ſay. Although the propoſition came a little unexpectedly, the young Lady had preſence of mind enough to agree to it. They were married with all convenient ſpeed; but the ceremony took place two days before the conſummation, on account of his Lordſhip being ſeized with the toothach.

At the time that Mr. Snug entered into the army, and for ſeveral years after, the nation enjoyed peace; of courſe the only military ſervice he had to perform was that of mounting guard once a fortnight, and being preſent at a review once a year: yet he complained of thoſe, as reſtraints intolerable to a Gentleman. He had the reſolution to ſupport thoſe hardſhips, however, until by the judicious application of ſome money, and the influence of his noble brother-in-law, he obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; ſoon after which the rumour of an approaching war gaining ground, and an idea at the ſame time beginning to prevail, that the regiment to which he belonged would be ſent on foreign ſervice, he thought it moſt prudent to ſell his

commiſſion, retaining nothing of the ſoldier, except the title of Colonel, and the cockade which he continued to wear. The money he received for his commiſſion proved a new fund of credit at the gaming-houſes, the old being pretty near exhauſted. With this he was for a long time remarkably ſucceſsful at all kind of play, and had his hands ſo full of money, that he deſpiſed economy, and lived in the moſt careleſs extravagance. During this period the Colonel became, in ſome degree, acquainted with every perſon of rank in the nation, had acceſs to the genteeleſt aſſemblies, and was invited to the moſt ſplendid tables; but to many, who are accuſtomed to the freedom and luxury of a tavern-life in London, the attentions obſerved in private families, and the decorum of behaviour which the preſence of modeſt women exacts, become intolerable. This happened to Colonel Snug, who, although it had at one time been his higheſt ambition to be permitted to viſit in certain families, now, when accuſtomed to deeper play at the clubs, and to the licentious repaſts of taverns, he conſidered a dinner

dinner in a private family as a grievance, and inveighed againſt every invitation, as violently as he had formerly done againſt field-days and reviews.

The number of people of rank with whom Colonel Snug ſeemed to be intimate, rendered his acquaintance an object of ambition to Mr. Carnaby Shadow; but as it did not occur to the Colonel, that he could derive any advantage from an acquaintance with Carnaby, all the advances of the latter were very coldly received.

A conſiderable time before Sir Mathew Maukiſh gave the entertainment to Mr. Barnet's family, Colonel Snug's good fortune had forſaken him; he had ſuffered ſevere loſſes, and was a good deal diſtreſſed for money.

In this ſtate of affairs, the Colonel having heard that a certain perſon who owed him a conſiderable game-debt, and who on that account kept out of London, was at the houſe of a Noble Lord in the country, he thought proper, under pretence of making a viſit to the Peer, to poſt to his ſeat, in the hopes of meeting his debtor and recovering his money. On his arrival, he was in-

formed that his Lordſhip had juſt ſet out to a diſtant part of the country, and that the perſon the Colonel was in queſt of had gone away the day before. Chagrined at this diſappointment, Colonel Snug, inſtead of returning, drove acroſs the country, intending to paſs the night at the houſe of another acquaintance, and had the additional mortification of finding that he alſo was from home. The Colonel, having expreſſed his ill-humour in a volley of oaths, recollected that there was a very good inn on the London road, and there he reſolved to paſs the night; but this inn was at a conſiderable diſtance, and it was neceſſary that he ſhould change horſes at a ſmall inn on the croſs-road, in the way to the former. The horſes in the chaiſe had already ſuffered greatly from his impatience and ill-humour, for he was calling every moment to the poſtillions to whip and ſpur, without any regard to the deepneſs of the roads, or the exhauſted ſtrength of the animals. The four unhappy panting creatures arrived at length, with bleeding ſides, all in a foam, at the ſmall inn. Having ordered four

four freſh horſes, he was told that there were none in the ſtables; and that it would be at leaſt a couple of hours before any could return. After a new round of oaths, the Colonel ordered the old horſes to be again put to the chaiſe, that he might drive to the poſt-houſe, where he wiſhed to paſs the night. The Landlord told him that the horſes were in no condition to move that night. The Colonel ſtormed, curſed the horſes and his own hard fate, in the moſt emphatic terms that the Engliſh language affords. After paſſing an hour in this amuſing manner, he called again for the Landlord, and aſked, in an imperious tone, if he had a bed in his houſe fit for a Gentleman to ſleep in.

"I don't know," replied the man, whom the Colonel's behaviour rendered a little ſulky; "I don't know what is fit for *you* to ſleep in; but many honeſt men have ſlept in my beds."

"Don't be impertinent," ſaid the Colonel, "but ſhew me the beſt bed-chamber in your houſe;"—which the man did, exerting all his prudence to reſtrain his tongue.

"This!"

"This!" cried the Colonel as ſoon as he ſaw the bed—"Why this ſty is only fit for hogs."

"Hogs!" repeated the man.

"Yes, hogs, and hogs only," cried the Colonel; "for my part I would rather lie on the common."

This was too much for the Landlord's patience.

"It is lucky for you that you are of that way of thinking," anſwered he; "for I'll be hang'd if you ſhall lie in my houſe."

The Colonel returned to the parlour, and after inquiring again whether any horſes could be had, and another courſe of fuming and ſwearing on being anſwered in the negative, he ſuddenly recollected that Carnaby Shadow's father-in-law lived near the place; and calling for his valet-de-chambre, he ſaid, "I have a great notion, La Plume, that Sir Mathew Maukiſh lives ſomewhere hereabouts."

"Monſieur has raiſon," replied the valet; "the Chevalier Maukiſh lives within one half league."

"I wonder

"I wonder if that puppy Shadow is with him at preſent," added the Colonel.

"I believe that yes," ſaid La Plume; "for I know he counted to go there before Monſieur has parted from London."

"I hope the coxcomb is ſtill there," ſaid the Colonel; "for even his folly, with the tireſome formality of Sir Mathew and his hideous wife, are more tolerable than this horrid place;---bring paper, pen, and ink. He then wrote the following note, and deſired La Plume to ſend it by the footman:

"My dear Shadow,

"Eager to make you a ſhort viſit, on my return to town, and to have the honour of paying my reſpects to Sir Mathew and Lady Bab----I quitted the great road, and croſſed to this place, where I expected to find horſes to carry me to you;----but unfortunately all the horſes are out, and thoſe which brought me here ſo tired, that they cannot crawl. ---I beg therefore, my dear fellow, that you will extricate me from this diſmal hole, and give me the pleaſure of paying

my

my duty to her Ladyſhip as ſoon as poſſible. —I am with the moſt ſincere eſteem,

"Yours,

"B. SNUG."

Carnaby was extremely flattered with this letter, which he immediately ſhewed to Sir Mathew and Lady Bab. They ordered their coach to be got ready; Carnaby went in it, and returned with the Colonel.

Lady Bab and Lady Virginia had little acquaintance with Colonel Snug; they neither of them poſſeſſed the qualities which attracted his regard, but they well knew that he was a man of faſhion, and highly connected; they therefore vied with each other in their attentions to him; they expected perhaps that this would ſoften him into a little more attention to them, when he met them at any aſſembly or public place.

Sir Mathew's politeneſs to Snug was founded on ſimilar motives, for he hated the man,---and as a magnificent dinner was at any rate preparing for the Barnet family,

family, he entreated the Colonel, after ſupper, that he would not think of leaving them in the morning, but do him the honour of paſſing next day, at leaſt, with him. Sir Mathew was ſo warmly joined by the Ladies, that Snug, though he ſhuddered at the thoughts, was at laſt obliged to aſſent.

Carnaby attended the Colonel to his bed-chamber, who aſked how he intended to ſpend the time next day before dinner? Carnaby anſwered, that "he uſually went a courſing with a couple of grey-hounds; but as the Colonel probably had no taſte for that diverſion, and he knew that Lady Bab and Lady Virginia expected the Colonel's company in the coach, when they ſhould take their forenoon's drive, he would accompany them alſo."

"I beg, my dear Sir," ſaid the Colonel, "that I may make no alteration in your uſual way of paſſing the morning; I ſhall gladly accompany you."

"I did not know," ſaid Carnaby, "that you had loved courſing with grey-hounds."

"I prefer it, however," replied the Colonel, "to courſing with grey cats."

The reader, it is probable, will think that the wit of this reply by no means compenſates for its unpoliteneſs;---Mr. Shadow was of a different opinion, he was too fond of faſhionable manners to be offended—he laughed exceedingly, and attempted ſome jokes of his own, at the expence of his mother and aunt.

CHAP. LVII.

——At vos
Præſentes, Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia. Hor.

NEXT day the company at dinner conſiſted of Sir Mathew's family, including Lady Virginia, Colonel Snug, and Mr. Shadow, Mr. Mrs. and Miſs Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Wormwood, and a Mr. Grinder, the ſon of an overſeer of a large eſtate in the Weſt Indies, who on the death of his father, having ſucceeded to the ſame office, had in the courſe of a few years accumulated a conſiderable fortune, with which he came to England. Mr. Grinder had been recommended to the Mulatto, who having perſuaded him to ſettle in that part of the country, Mr. Grinder was actually in treaty with Sir Mathew Maukiſh, for the leaſe of a houſe and ſome lands belonging to him, which was the reaſon of his being invited on the preſent occaſion.

"Shall I help you to ſome ſalmon?" ſaid Lady Bab to Mr. Temple.

"If your Ladyſhip pleaſes," replied he.

"You will find it very good," added ſhe, "it was brought in quite alive, and I ordered it to be crimp'd directly."

"I aſk pardon, Madam, I will take ſome of this diſh next me rather."

"You had much better try the ſalmon," reſumed ſhe, "for I aſſure you it was all alive, when I ordered it to be cut acroſs."

"Forgive me, Madam," ſaid Mr. Temple, ſhrinking.

"To let your Ladyſhip into a ſecret," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "my brother Temple, although he is fond of fiſh, never will taſte any thing that has been crimp'd alive; he inſiſts upon it, that all animals that are killed for our uſe, ought to be killed with the leaſt pain poſſible, and for the ſame reaſon he will allow no eels at his table, but ſuch as have not been ſkinn'd till they were dead."

"That ſeems very ſtrange," reſumed Lady Bab, "for they are much the better of being ſkinn'd alive."

"I once thought ſo myſelf," ſaid Barnet; "but my wife happens to have the

ſame

ſame fancy with Mr. Temple, and always ſhewed ſuch an averſion to thoſe methods of improving the taſte of animals, that I began to think it gave her as much pain as it did them; and although I am not one of thoſe huſbands who yield to the whims of their wives, yet in mere compaſſion to Mrs. Barnet, I gave up that point, and now that I am accuſtomed to eat my ſalmon and eels and pigs in her way, I love them juſt as well as if they had been crimp'd, or flea'd alive, or whip'd to death."

"As animals were created for no other purpoſe, than for being food for us," ſaid Sir Mathew Maukiſh, "I ſhould think it of no importance in what manner they are put to death."

"Now, in my opinion," replied Mr. Temple, "the difference between a painful or an eaſy death, muſt be of more importance to them, than the difference made in their taſte by torturing them can be to us."

Here Sir Mathew Maukiſh, who was apt, when the company was larger than uſual, to harangue on the moſt trifling

ſubject, in the ſame pompous verboſe ſtyle he did in the Houſe of Commons, ſpoke as follows:

"I aſk ten thouſand pardons for differing in opinion from the reverend Gentleman *who ſpoke laſt*. Leſt my meaning ſhould be miſtaken, *I beg leave to explain*:—I do not pretend to ſay, that others may not be of the ſame ſentiments with him, but only that I myſelf, *for one*, am not, being, as an individual, *free to confeſs*, that I prefer ſalmon and cod that have been crimp'd to any kind of fiſh, or *I might be bold to ſay*, to any animal whatever; but I prefer ſeveral other diſhes to both ſalmon and cod that have not been ſo treated the moment they are drawn out of the water; and I *pledge myſelf* to prove that crimping is a very great improvement of both thoſe fiſh, and might be extended with utility to others; from which it clearly follows, that brutes ought to be killed in that manner, or according to that mode, which does them moſt good, in the *exiſting circumſtances*; in other words, they ought to be treated when alive, and dreſſed

dead

dead or alive, in the manner that renders them the moſt delicate eating. *I aſk pardon for taking up the time* of the company ſo long, but on a queſtion ſo intereſting to the brute creation, I could not be ſilent."

"The queſtion, as you juſtly obſerve, Sir Mathew," ſaid Mr. Wormwood, "ſeems to intereſt the brute creation very much; ---but ought we not to be cautious of extending our ſeverity to all brutes without exception, leſt it ſhould occaſion the crimping or whipping of ſome brutes who little dream of it?"

Mrs. Barnet addreſſed Sir Mathew at that inſtant, on purpoſe to divert his attention from the import of Wormwood's remark, and Lady Virginia immediately after obſerved, "that ſome people were of opinion that there was no neceſſity for killing any animal whatever, for the food of mankind, as they might be nouriſhed on grain, roots, and other productions of the earth."

"That would be carrying the joke a great deal too far," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "and

reducing us all to a ſtate of barbariſm, like the Gentoos, and other ſavage nations, unacquainted with the liberal arts."

"Although this cuſtom of ſparing the lives of animals were adopted, my dear brother," ſaid Mr. Temple, "I do not clearly perceive how it ſhould render us more barbarous, or prove at all detrimental to the liberal arts."

Mr. Barnet ſeeming a little at a loſs how to make good his aſſertion, Colonel Snug helped him out, by obſerving that abſtaining from animal food would certainly prove detrimental to the art of cookery.

"That it would," cried Barnet, "and very materially too:" and obſerving that Mr. Temple ſmiled, he added, "You may ſmile as much as you pleaſe, brother, but the Chriſtian religion ſays nothing againſt good cookery."

"If it did, how could it be ſo much admired by ſo many dignified men of the Church?" ſaid Colonel Snug.

"I know few clergymen," cried Sir Mathew, delighted with the quibble he had conceived,

conceived, " who do not give an example of *good living*."

To all this wit, Mr. Temple did not condeſcend to make any reply.

" I have often thought it a great pity," reſumed Mr. Barnet, " that the fleſh of carnivorous animals is not as ſweet and delicate as mutton or veniſon, for if it were, it would furniſh a greater variety to the table, and would be a comfort to tender-hearted people like my wife, who feel ſome compunction in killing lamb and chicken, but would eat carnivorous animals, if they were agreeable to the taſte, without any remorſe."

" But, take care," ſaid Mr. Temple, " for if all carnivorous animals were good eating, might we not be in danger of eating one another?"

" How ſo?" cried Mr. Barnet a little alarmed.

" Becauſe man is the moſt carnivorous of all animals," anſwered Mr. Temple; " and if your propoſal were adopted, you yourſelf, my dear brother, would be in danger of being the firſt devoured."

The company having laughed a little at this ſally, Colonel Snug ſaid, that in Swift's works, there was a propoſal for bringing the children of poor people in Ireland to market in times of ſcarcity.

"I have peruſed that treatiſe myſelf," ſaid Mr. Grinder, who hitherto had taken no part in the converſation, "and indeed it is the only part of Dean Swift's works that ever much engaged my attention."

"I can readily believe," ſaid Wormwood, "that the treatiſe in queſtion is moſt to *your* taſte, but pray what objection have you to the reſt?"

"Some of the reſt conſiſts of your idle kind of poetry, that teaches nothing uſeful in life," replied Grinder.

"Nothing uſeful!" cried Wormwood; "to be ſure it neither teaches us how to make breeches, nor plumb-puddings."

"I never could bear poetry," rejoined Grinder.

"May I be permitted to aſk why?" ſaid Wormwood.

"Becauſe,

"Becauſe, in the firſt place, all poetry conſiſts of rhyme: you muſt allow that," anſwered Grinder.

"I am not quite of that opinion," ſaid Wormwood, "but I ſhall admit it at preſent. What is your next reaſon for diſliking it?"

"In the next place," reſumed Grinder, "all rhyme is diſagreeable to my ear, and perfect nonſenſe."

"That is going too far," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "ſince David wrote the Pſalms in rhyme, as we find in the Bible."

"But, Mr. Grinder," ſaid Mr. Temple, who did not like to leave the Bible in ſuch hands, "what do you object to Swift's other proſe works?"

"A great part," replied Grinder, "conſiſts of ſilly romances, more childiſh, if poſſible, than his poetry, all about fairies, and giants, and horſes that ſpeak, and tales of a tub—"

"Yes, and about *yahoos*. Do you know nobody who reſembles them?" ſaid Wormwood.

"No," replied Grinder, "I think them as bad as the others, and without any meaning, and all for mere amuſement.—Now for my own part, I never could read any book of that nature, though I was always curious to peruſe whatever inſtructs us in our real intereſt, as how the very utmoſt is to be made of an eſtate or plantation, and therefore the treatiſe mentioned by the Colonel drew my attention, as ſoon as I ſaw it, being intitled, '*A modeſt Propoſal for preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents, and rendering them uſeful to the Public*;' but after a ſerious peruſal, I could not help ſuſpecting that the author meant it in jeſt."

"Do you really *ſuſpect* ſo?" ſaid Colonel Snug, with an ironical look.

"I do, indeed, Colonel," replied Grinder.

"I fear, Mr. Grinder," rejoined Wormwood, "you are rather of a *ſuſpicious* temper, for that treatiſe is written with an air of great ſerioufneſs."

"Why, it is ſo," ſaid Grinder, "which, indeed, made me often heſitate, before I formed

formed my opinion: but whether Dean Swift was in jeſt or earneſt, I confeſs I am not clear that a ſcarcity of proviſions could juſtify the ſupplying the market in the manner he propoſes."

"What!" cried Wormwood, "not in caſe of a famine?"

"I queſtion much," replied Grinder, "whether it could be legally adopted in Great Britain or Ireland, even during a famine."

"But in caſe of a famine in the Weſt Indies?" rejoined Mr. Wormwood.

"Why, why, even there," anſwered Mr. Grinder, after a little demur, "I think the ſcheme ſhould be permitted to extend only to a man's indiſputed property, which he has honeſtly bought with his money, or bred on his eſtate, and which he has a right, by the laws of God and man, to diſpoſe of as he pleaſes, and as is moſt for his advantage."

"In what you call a man's indiſputed property, which he has bought with his money, or bred on his eſtate, do you comprehend

prehend the children of his negro ſlaves?" ſaid Wormwood.

"I unqueſtionably do," replied Grinder.

"I expected there would be a clauſe in their favour," ſaid Wormwood.

"For my part," cried Barnet, "hang me if I would not rather ſtarve than eat a morſel of either a white child or a black."

"If all the world were as ſqueamiſh as you, brother," ſaid Mr. Temple, "the black children would reap no benefit from the clauſe which Mr. Grinder would leave in their favour."

"In their favour!" repeated Grinder.

"Yes, Sir," rejoined Mr. Temple, "I ſhould think it a favour to ſlaughter them during their infancy, rather than rear them to paſs the miſerable lives the generality of them do."

"It is a great miſtake to imagine that the ſlaves paſs miſerable lives," ſaid Mr. Grinder: "I dare ſwear you never was in the Weſt Indies, Sir."

"I never was," anſwered Mr. Temple, "but I have converſed with men of veracity, who, after reſiding there ſeveral years,

years, acknowledged that the ſlaves of men of cool tempers and mild diſpoſitions are treated with humanity, and even kindneſs, but at the ſame time related ſuch ſtories of the cruelty exerciſed upon ſlaves by men of avaricious or unfeeling characters, as cannot be heard without indignation and horror."

"It is all a miſtake, I aſſure you, Sir," replied Grinder; "many men of honour, both of the army and navy, who have been witneſſes to it, have declared that the ſlaves are well uſed."

"I am convinced, Sir," reſumed Mr. Temple, "that when the gentlemen of the navy or army are invited to dine in the Weſt Indies, the puniſhment of ſlaves forms no part of the entertainment. That is an exhibition which the landlord will naturally keep out of the ſight or hearing of his gueſts; of courſe thoſe gentlemen will not declare what they have neither ſeen nor heard."

"I do aſſure you, Sir," repeated Mr. Grinder, "that the negro ſlaves in the Weſt Indies are the happieſt claſs of people

ple on the face of the earth;---they are, indeed, Sir."

"Pray, Sir, if it is not too much trouble," ſaid Mr. Temple, "will you be ſo obliging as to explain this matter? I am ſure it will afford me, and I dare ſay the whole company, a great deal of pleaſure to know that ſo many of our fellow-creatures, whom we thought in a very wretched condition, are, on the contrary, the happieſt of mankind. Pray, Mr. Grinder, in what does this happineſs of theirs conſiſt?

"Conſiſt! Conſiſt, Sir!" anſwered Mr. Grinder; "why it conſiſts in this, that they have nothing to care for."

"A man who is robbed or cheated of all he has, or who never had any thing, enjoys that kind of happineſs," ſaid Mr. Temple.

"Do you not know," reſumed Grinder, "that the ſlaves in the Weſt Indies have every thing provided for them?"

"They have whips in abundance provided for them," replied Mr. Temple.

"And there is no ſcarcity of drivers," added Wormwood.

"It

"It is eaſy for thoſe who have no Weſt-India eſtates to ſpeak againſt the ſlave-trade," ſaid Grinder; "but if you ever come to have that kind of property, you will then be ſenſible of the propriety of what you now condemn."

"That is a retort which is very often made," anſwered Mr. Temple; "yet it amounts to no more than this, that ſome who now condemn cruelty, might themſelves act cruelly, if they had an intereſt in ſo doing; and for that very reaſon, in my opinion, a wiſe and humane government ſhould take care that none of its ſubjects ſhould have any intereſt in being cruel; and leſt ſome ſhould have ſo ſtrong a propenſity to it as to act with cruelty even againſt their intereſt, ſuch a government will put it out of their power, by baniſhing ſlavery from every country ſubject to its laws."

Lady Maukiſh interrupted this diſcuſſion, by aſking Mr. Wormwood, if he choſe to be helped to ſome larks, which he refuſed; and then ſaid to the perſon next him, "That diſh is furniſhed at too great an expence of lives for me."

"I never

"I never ſee a diſh of larks," ſaid Wormwood aloud, "without their bringing my young friend Edward to my remembrance."

"I am curious to know how a diſh of larks can put you in mind of him," ſaid Lady Virginia.

"I will inform your Ladyſhip," replied Wormwood. "I happened to be ſtaying with my friend Mr. Barnet during the vacation; Edward, who was then about twelve years of age, met a man in a field near the houſe with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amuſed himſelf by looking at them fluttering about in the baſket, aſked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to ſell them, 'What will become of them then?' ſaid the boy. 'They will be roaſted and eaten, to be ſure,' ſaid the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleaſure of ſaving their lives, and giving them their liberty.

"That was very childiſh," ſaid Mr. Grinder, "becauſe larks are of no manner of uſe; when they are at liberty they do

nothing but ſing from morning till night, like ſo many free Negroes."

"Perhaps he had more pleaſure," ſaid Lady Virginia, who was fond of muſic, "in hearing them ſing, than in eating them."

"There is no diſputing of taſtes," ſaid Barnet.

Mr. Wormwood continued his narrative.

"Edward produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refuſed, ſaying he was ſure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roaſted larks. 'Roaſted! Poor little pretty creatures!' cried the boy, looking compaſſionately at the birds through the baſket. 'Pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money, when I receive my next month's allowance.'—'I'll be hanged, if I truſt you,' ſaid the fellow; 'get along,' giving the boy a rude puſh: but as he had hold of the cover of the baſket, it was raiſed by the puſh ſo much, as to allow one-half of the birds to fly away; and when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, Edward kept his arm between

tween it and the edge of the baſket, until all the remainder eſcaped. The boy's arm was ſeverely ſqueezed, and his face much bruiſed, for the man continued to beat him after the ſtruggle; and he would have ſuffered more, had not a ſervant maid of Mr. Barnet's, who had been witneſs to the whole ſcene, interfered. His face and eyes were ſo much ſwelled and inflamed, and he was ſo feveriſh next day, that the man abſconded; but Edward getting well in a few days, ſtopped the proſecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her huſband had demanded for the birds.

"Ay, that," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "was the moſt fooliſh part of the ſtory; for I, as a Juſtice of the Peace, told him that the man having taken revenge without applying to the laws of the land, had no right to any other indemnification: but as women are always a little abſurd and whimſical--I aſk your Ladyſhip's pardon," continued he, bowing to Lady Maukiſh; "I only ſpeak of my own wife; for ſhe approved of what Edward had done from firſt to laſt, and ſhe inſiſts

upon it, that the voice of the lark will now ſound more agreeable in his ears than ever."

"I am of Mrs. Barnet's opinion," ſaid Mr. Temple, with emphaſis, and in ſomething of an elevated voice; "for the ſinging of the lark will now not only pleaſe the youth's ear, but alſo convey delightful ſenſations to a benevolent heart like his. Some may think me enthuſiaſtic on this ſubject; for there are people, I know, who conſider *that* benevolence as frivolous and beneath the dignity of a manly mind, which extends to ſuch inconſiderable animals. But how can any perſon think ſo, who believes that the benevolence of the Supreme Being extends to man, a creature infinitely more beneath him, than birds are beneath men? Birds ſeem to me the happieſt of animals, and larks among the happieſt of birds; they riſe on exulting wings the earlieſt in the morning; and they ſing in cheerful notes from morning to night. Who can ſay there is more enjoyment in the life of man than in that of the lark? And Edward has the pleaſure to reflect, that he ſaved the lives and prolonged the

enjoyments of three or four dozen of creatures, each of whom has, perhaps, a happier exiſtence than the generality of mankind. Can there be any compariſon between the pleaſure Edward will have in hearing ſuch creatures rejoicing in the ſky, with that which an epicure feels when he ſees them in a diſh? Gracious Heaven!"

CHAP. LVIII.

To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had caſh to lend. SWIFT.

IN the evening, all the company from Barnet-houſe took their leave. Mr. Grinder went ſoon after; and the Ladies had the pleaſure of entertaining Colonel Snug at ſupper, and for two hours after, notwithſtanding ſeveral attempts on his part to retire. The converſation chiefly conſiſted of entreaties from the Ladies, that he would not think of taking his leave next morning as he threatened, but favour them with his company ſome time longer. The Colonel's part of the converſation was repeated expreſſions of gratitude for the honour they did him, and of ſorrow that it was not in his power to avail himſelf of their politeneſs, declaring with what eagerneſs he would ſeize the firſt opportunity of paying them another viſit, &c. &c. &c.

"Heaven and earth! Mr. Shadow," exclaimed Colonel Snug, as ſoon as Carnaby had conducted him to his bed-chamber, "how can you bear all this? I am ſure one week of it would finiſh me."

"Why I deteſt being here," replied Carnaby, "as much as you; but what can I do? One of the Ladies, you know, is my mother."

"If ſhe were your *grandmother*, my dear Sir, you muſt allow that ſhe is a dreadful bore."

Carnaby, being anxious to ſtand well in the opinion of a man of Colonel Snug's importance in the world of faſhion, and a little afraid that the Colonel might think meanly of him for the attention he ſeemed to pay to his mother and aunt, aſſumed a look of ſagacity, and ſaid, "You may truſt to me, my dear Colonel, that I have my own reaſons for being here at preſent, and for ſtaying ſo long."

"They had need to be very ſtrong ones," replied the Colonel.

"They are pretty ſolid ones," rejoined Carnaby, nodding and winking, "as I fancy

fancy you yourſelf will allow. To tell you the truth then, I could not well go on without an occaſional ſupply from Lady Virginia; yeſterday I received this bill for five hundred pounds from her, which is payable in a month; and I am in hopes that I ſhall be able to perſuade her into a plan extremely advantageous and convenient for me."

"Well, ſince you have got the money," ſaid Snug, "why do you not reſolve to accompany me to-morrow morning to London to ſpend it?"

"Why, when Lady Virginia preſented me with the bill," anſwered Carnaby, "ſhe took my word, that I ſhould keep her company until it became due at leaſt; which requeſt I could not poſſibly refuſe—but I perceive you are drowſy, and I heartily wiſh you good night."

"Adieu, my dear fellow," replied the Colonel, ſhaking him by the hand with every mark of cordiality; "but pray, although I ſhall certainly ſtart to-morrow before the Ladies or Sir Mathew get up, may I not flatter myſelf with the pleaſure of ſeeing you before I ſet out?"

"Moſt undoubtedly," ſaid Carnaby, as he retired quite delighted with the familiar and friendly footing on which he now thought himſelf with the Colonel.

What Mr. Shadow had miſtaken for a ſign of drowſineſs was only a ſudden reverie into which the Colonel had fallen at the mention of the five hundred pounds. Hitherto he had conſidered Carnaby as an extravagant young fellow, involved in debt, and more likely to borrow than to lend money, and had therefore eluded all Carnaby's advances. But on his entering the Colonel's bed-chamber, after he was dreſſed in the morning, Carnaby was received with every mark of friendly attachment. The valet being ordered to withdraw, "It is in your power, my dear friend, to render me a ſervice," ſaid the Colonel, "without trouble or inconvenience to yourſelf."

Carnaby readily replied, "That he would be happy to ſerve a perſon he ſo much reſpected, at the expence of any trouble or inconvenience."

"I am

"I am convinced of it," ſaid the Colonel; "but fortunately it ſo happens that you have it in your power to accommodate me at the expence of neither; in ſhort, my dear Carnaby, by a very ſingular incident, not worth mentioning more circumſtantially, I ſhall have occaſion for five hundred pounds immediately on my arrival in town;-if you will let me have your aunt's note it will ſerve my purpoſe, ſave me ſome trouble, and put you to none, becauſe I am abſolutely certain of repaying you at leaſt a fortnight before the note is due. Pray, who is your banker, that I may pay the money into his hands within ten days? I think that muſt be the lateſt from this moment."

Carnaby delivered it to him without heſitation, only obſerving, that if the money were paid to the banker, when the note became due, *that* would be early enough.

"Very poſſibly," replied the Colonel, "that might ſuit you every bit as well; but it would make a great difference to me; I cannot bear the idea of not being punctual in money matters. So you may rely

upon it, that it will be placed in your banker's hands on Thurſday ſe'nnight."

The Colonel's poſt-chaiſe being now ready, the two gentlemen ſeparated with mutual expreſſions of regard, and equally ſatisfied with each other.

CHAP. LIX.

When fortune favour'd he was nice;
He never once could cog the dice;
But if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop a *quatre trois*. SWIFT.

THE very day after the departure of Colonel Snug, Lady Virginia informed her nephew that ſhe had received a letter, by which ſhe was adviſed that her immediate preſence in town was neceſſary; that ſhe ſhould be obliged to remain there for ſome time, and expected he would accompany her.

Beſides the five hundred pounds from Lady Virginia, Carnaby had received, unknown to her, much about the ſame time, an unexpected remittance of three hundred. This rendered his ſtay in the country ſtill more irkſome than otherwiſe it would have been. He was as impatient to get to town as an Engliſh ſailor, with a purſe full of doubloons, is to be on ſhore.

Soon

Soon after Carnaby had arrived in the capital, leaving his aunt with the lawyer, he went to the Theatre at the Haymarket. The houſe being crowded, and the ſecond act over, he deſpaired of getting a place, till obſerving Colonel Snug in a box, in which there was abundance of room, becauſe two ladies of intrepid countenance, in whoſe name it had been taken, ſat in the ſecond row, leaving the front vacant for the accommodation of ſuch gentlemen as they might chooſe to admit. Several had attempted to enter, who being told by the ladies that the places were all engaged, and not inclining to have a diſpute with women, left the houſe. Carnaby, however, ventured to preſent himſelf; and when he was about to receive the uſual negative, he was recogniſed by the Colonel, and introduced to the ladies by the envied title of one of his particular friends. This procured him the attention of thoſe ladies, one of whom ſtepping into the front ſeat, invited Carnaby to the place ſhe had left; by which manœuvre, this particular box

was

was kept tolerably cool, while all the others were crowded and over-heated.

After the play the Colonel propoſed to Carnaby that they ſhould ſup *tête-à-tête* at a tavern. While ſupper was preparing they played a few games at picquet; the Colonel won fifteen guineas, which Mr. Shadow paid with alacrity, being in high ſpirits from the idea of his having made ſo valuable an acquaintance, and from the honours that had been conferred on him in the courſe of the night. After ſupper the Colonel propoſed hazard, only, as he ſaid, to preclude drinking, and to kill another half hour before they went to bed. The dice run in favour of Carnaby. The Colonel was at this time what is called tied up; that is, he had engaged to forfeit a thouſand pounds, in caſe he ſhould at any time within twelve months, loſe above fifty pounds in a night. "I owe you ſixty-five pounds," ſaid he.

"Preciſely," replied Carnaby.

"Be ſo good then as to give me thirty-five pounds," ſaid the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book, "and here is a note of a hundred."

Carnaby

Carnaby counted out five guineas, with a thirty pound note, which the Colonel took and put in his purſe, and then, examining the papers in his pocket-book, "You are in high luck to-night, my friend; here is your hundred pounds—What! how is this? Upon my ſoul, I believe I have left the note in my eſcritoir—even ſo—Well, it does not ſignify, I ſhall ſend it to you the very firſt thing I do in the morning.—Here, waiter, take your money, and call my carriage. Good night, my dear Shadow——*au plaiſir*——"

Carnaby was a little confounded at an arrangement he neither expected nor reliſhed, yet he could not help admiring the eaſy manner in which the Colonel conducted himſelf in circumſtances which would have been embaraſſing to moſt people; and he recollected with complacency the kind manner in which he had been treated by a perſon who had it in his power, as well as inclination, to introduce him to the intimacy of ſome of the higheſt names in point of faſhion, that this iſland can boaſt. He heard nothing of any meſſage from

from the Colonel the following morning; this ſurpriſed him a little; but what ſurpriſed him more was in the evening to hear that the Colonel had gone with Lord ——— to the country.

This intelligence certainly chagrined Mr. Shadow as much as it ſurpriſed him; and both impreſſions were augmented when at the end of a month he found that the Colonel was not yet returned to town, and underſtood from his banker that he had heard nothing of the five hundred pounds.

The Colonel, however, came to town at laſt; he had, indeed, been eight days in it before Carnaby knew any thing of the matter; and there is no knowing how long he might have remained ignorant had he not ſeen the Colonel in his chariot one forenoon, as he ſauntered along Piccadilly. Carnaby endeavoured to catch the Colonel's eye, and thought he had ſucceeded, but unfortunately at that inſtant he turned his head and looked the oppoſite way. Carnaby even had ſome ſuſpicion that the Colonel had actually ſeen him; but this ſuſpicion was entirely removed from Mr. Shadow's mind

ſoon

ſoon after, when having met the Colonel unexpectedly as he turned the corner of St. James's-ſtreet into Pall-Mall, their eyes met ſo directly that there was no poſſibility of evaſion; the Colonel, therefore, with admirable preſence of mind, ſeized his hand in the moſt cordial manner, exclaiming, "My dear Shadow! the very man I was looking for; where have you been? Lord—I was called ſo unexpectedly into the country—" but ſeeing a Noble Duke paſſing, he ſuddenly ſaid, "Good God! here is the Duke of ——! Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Shadow to your Grace. Well, excuſe me, my dear Carnaby; I have ſome buſineſs with his Grace—Adieu; depend on hearing from me ſoon." So ſaying, the Colonel walked away with the Duke, and left Carnaby delighted with what had paſſed, and fully convinced of the ſincerity of the Colonel's profeſſions, and that the debt would be paid with expedition and gratitude. He imputed the delays that had hitherto occurred to that careleſs diſpoſition to which men of rank and faſhion are peculiarly ſubject. He was alſo aware that

nothing was more vulgar, or had more the air of a tradeſman, than a dun; and he ſo much dreaded the idea of appearing to the Colonel in that point of view, that although he met him frequently after this rencounter, he avoided giving him the leaſt hint reſpecting the debt; he carried his delicacy even the length of ſometimes affecting not to ſee him; and although he was truly melancholy at heart for the want of his money, yet as often he was brought ſo near the Colonel that he could not pretend not to ſee him, he aſſumed a gay countenance, and endeavoured to imitate that eaſy air of indifference which he admired in that Gentleman.

After waiting a conſiderable time in expectation that his patience would be rewarded by a thankful payment, and being himſelf very much preſſed for money, Carnaby formed the reſolution to give the Colonel a hint concerning the debt, and for that purpoſe he followed him into a fruit-ſhop, which the Colonel had entered to avoid meeting him. After the firſt ſalutation, Colonel Snug plainly perceived what

Carnaby

Carnaby was reſolved on, from the emotion of his countenance, the embaraſſment of his manner, and his indiſtinct pronunciation, interrupted by a frequent cough; to cut the matter ſhort therefore, throwing his arm around Carnaby's ſhoulder, and with a gay familiar ſwagger, drawing him out of the ſhop, the Colonel ſaid, "I don't know how the devil it has happened, my dear friend, that I have ſo long delayed paying the money I owe you—ſix or ſeven hundred pounds I believe it is."

"Only *ſix*, Colonel," interrupted Carnaby.

"Are you ſure it is only ſix? I had a notion that it was ſeven, and intended to have ſent you ſeven the day after to-morrow, when I am to receive a remittance from the country in a bill payable at ſight for that preciſe ſum; and the moment the poſt arrives on Thurſday I ſhall ſend it you; ſo that, my dear Shadow, if you will give me juſt now an order on your banker for an hundred, I ſhall be much obliged to you, and the whole buſineſs will be ſettled at once, by my ſending you ſeven

hundred the day after to-morrow, when I receive the remittance."

Mr. Shadow being ſurpriſed and diſappointed at this propoſal, anſwered, "That he had already overdrawn ſo much that his banker poſitively refuſed to advance another ſixpence."

"What impudent puppies thoſe bankers are!" replied the Colonel; "but it does not ſignify, I ſhall, nevertheleſs, ſend you the draught for the whole ſeven hundred on Thurſday, and you will repay me the odd hundred, my good fellow, when we meet. Adieu, *au revoir*."

So ſaying, he hurried down the ſtreet, leaving Carnaby motionleſs and dumb with aſtoniſhment.

CHAP. LX.

Comme ſi ce n'étoit aſſez à l'amour-propre d'avoir la vertu de ſe transformer lui-même, il a encore celle de transformer les objets; ce qu'il fait d'une manière fort étonnante; car non-ſeulement il les deguiſe ſi bien qu'il y eſt lui-même trompé, mais il change auſſi l'état et la nature des choſes. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN Carnaby had recovered himſelf a little, he walked through the Palace Gate into the Mall, and there meeting Mr. Shuffle, he informed him of what had paſt.

Shuffle had for ſome time been uneaſy at the intimacy between Carnaby and Colonel Snug; and he was now filled with indignation, when he found that it had arrived at the alarming height of borrowing money; this he conſidered as an encroachment on his property.

"Your money is irretrievably gone," ſaid Shuffle, as ſoon as he heard Carnaby's ſtory.

Carnaby. Gone! how do you mean?

Shuffle.

Shuffle. You will never ſee a farthing of your caſh.

Carnaby. Why the Colonel is certainly rich, and has a very good office, and is in Paliament.

Shuffle. Which renders your caſe more deſperate; before he was in Parliament people had ſome chance of recovering the money he owed them; but now he makes it a rule to pay nobody.

Carnaby. You ſpeak of tradeſmen; you do not mean gentlemen—his own friends.

Shuffle. The Colonel is the moſt impartial man alive in this point; he puts his friends and foes on a footing.

Carnaby. This was money lent to relieve him when in diſtreſs.

Shuffle. So much the worſe, it is leſs a debt of honour; had it been won at play, you would have had a better chance.

Carnaby. Do you not conſider money lent to oblige a friend as much a debt of honour as if it had been won at play?

Shuffle. By no means, there is a great difference; I am ſurpriſed you do not ſee it.

Carnaby. I do ſee ſome difference; but I do not diſtinctly perceive why the game debt ſhould have the preference.

Shuffle. Well, I do confeſs, my dear Shadow, that I am aſtoniſhed at your blindneſs. You allow, do you not, that a game debt is a debt of honour, and ought to be paid in preference to a tradeſman's bill?

Carnaby. In preference to a tradeſman's bill, I grant you.

Shuffle. And why? I would be glad to know upon what principle has a game debt this preference over tradeſman's accounts?

Carnaby. Upon my ſoul, I cannot tell; becauſe it is the faſhion, I ſhould ſuppoſe.

Shuffle. No, no, my friend; what has continued ſo long muſt depend upon ſomething more durable than faſhion.

Carnaby. Well, upon my ſoul, I cannot gueſs on what it depends; but I muſt own that I am inclined to think that money lent to oblige a friend in diſtreſs has as good a title to be conſidered a debt of honour as any game debt whatever.

Shuffle.

Shuffle. How can you allow yourſelf to talk ſo? you may juſt as well ſay that your baker's account has a title to be conſidered as a debt of honour. Now mark the difference—Why does your baker ſend you bread? do you imagine he does it to feed you? Not a bit; he does not care if you were ſtarved; the ſcoundrel ſends you your daily bread on purpoſe to feed himſelf and his own ſqualling children. Why does he allow you to run a long account? is it to accommodate you? Not in the leaſt; he would inſiſt on payment at the end of every week, if he did not by delay find opportunities for inſerting in his bill much more bread than he ever ſends; and beſides, has he not the law on his ſide, and be damned to him? which is by much too partial to ſuch fellows, and too hoſtile to gentlemen, particularly gentlemen diſtreſſed for money. Now when a man looks to law for relief, honour is entirely out of the queſtion. You are lawyer enough, I dare ſwear, to be ſenſible of that.

Carnaby. You are ſtill harping on a tradeſman; come to the caſe of a gentle-

man, who lends money to oblige his friend.

Shuffle. The caſes are ſimilar. The man who lends his money to oblige his friend has the law upon his ſide likewiſe; and beſides, in lending the money, he probably imagines he does a friendly generous act; he takes credit in his own mind for it as ſuch; he has the approbation of the world for what he has done, and his friend perhaps is grateful; having received ſomething like value in theſe various ways, he has the leſs reaſon to expect it in caſh alſo:—but when a man wins money from his friend at play, he does not meet with the world's approbation, ---ſome people even condemn him; he excites no ſentiment of gratitude in the breaſt of his friend; he can receive value for his trouble in no way, but by being paid the money; the law affords him no aſſiſtance, and he relies entirely on the loſer's honour: and therefore it is clear that he who pays money borrowed from a friend in the hour of diſtreſs, as well as he who pays his tradeſmen's bills in preference

preference to a game debt, behaves like a low-minded dirty fellow, and not like a man of honour.

Carnaby. I muſt acknowlege there is a great deal in what you ſay; I wiſh I had converſed with you before I advanced the money—but part of this, it is but a ſmall part indeed, is a game debt.

Shuffle. That may make little difference in the preſent caſe, for the Colonel does not always pay even his game debts.

Carnaby. Not his game debts!

Shuffle. Not always, I can aſſure you, unleſs when the money is actually ſtaked on the table.

Carnaby. That is dreadful indeed---- but are you certain of this?

Shuffle. I'll give you a pretty ſtrong inſtance, which conſiſts with my own knowlege: In the courſe of ſeveral ſucceſſive nights the Colonel won from a certain Captain in the army a very conſiderable ſum of money, I do not exactly remember how much; the Captain always paid before they ſeparated; at length fortune turning in the officer's favour, he

won at one ſitting nearly the whole of what he had loſt to the Colonel the preceding fortnight. He promiſed to pay him the next day, or at fartheſt in the courſe of the week, and fulfilled his promiſe to him exactly as he did to you. Many preſſing debts from tradeſmen and others came on the Captain, who at laſt told the Colonel that if he did not pay what he owed him, he himſelf ſhould be driven to the neceſſity of ſelling his commiſſion. ---The Colonel expreſſed great ſorrow, declared he could not immediately raiſe the money, having paid away all he had formerly won from him; but he gave ſuch aſſurances of payment in a ſhort time, that the Captain found means to pacify his own creditors a little longer: ----at laſt however he happened to be preſent when the Colonel won, and directly received a larger ſum than he owed him.—Thinking himſelf now certain of being paid, he took the Colonel aſide and deſired immediate payment. "I ſhould be happy were it in my power," replied the Colonel; "but unfortunately

tunately it is not."—"Why, I saw you this instant pocket more than you owe me," said the Captain.—"More than I owe you, undoubtedly," rejoined the Colonel; "but I unfortunately owe much more to others than to you, even at play; what I have now won could not near pay the whole. What would my other creditors say, if they heard I had paid a particular friend, in preference to them whose debts are of older date?---how would you like to be so served in their situation, would you not consider it as unjust and partial? All I can say," continued the Colonel, "is, that as soon as I can do equal justice to all my creditors, you shall receive your money." The officer was under the necessity of selling his commission, before those hopes were fulfilled. He intended to have called Snug out for this behaviour, but a friend of the Captain suggested to him, that killing the Colonel would do no good, whereas his interest properly exerted might procure something equivalent to the commission he had sold;----this prudent hint was taken, and the Captain at last obtained, through

the

the Colonel's intereſt, a civil office which he now enjoys.

This account of the Colonel's method of paying his debts afforded Carnaby no flattering expectation.

The careleſſneſs and indolence of his diſpoſition were in one reſpect however of ſervice to him; becauſe they prevented him from taking the trouble of enquiring after thoſe commodious perſons, whoſe buſineſs it is to furniſh young gentlemen of fortune with money upon the moſt exorbitant terms. Beſides his land eſtate, his father had left him ſome money in the funds, which Carnaby had already ſpent; he diſſipated, as ſoon as he received them, the rents of that part of his eſtate which was not appropriated for the payment of his mother's jointure; but when his money was gone, he never thought of any other reſource, except that of retiring to the country, and living with his mother, his aunt, or ſome other relation, until more became due to him.

His friend Mr. Shuffle was the firſt who informed him that it would not be difficult

to

to obtain money upon bond; and he recommended a certain Jew, who, he said, would advance him a very considerable sum on reasonable terms.

Edward happened to call on Carnaby, just as the Jew went out; Carnaby acquainted him with the Jew's business, and his terms; Edward pointed out their enormity, and added every argument he could think of to dissuade him from accepting them; for without esteem for his character, Edward had much good will to Carnaby; he was wonderfully solicitous to prevent his beginning this kind of commerce with the money-lenders, which he thought could not fail of ending in his ruin.

After having exhausted his rhetoric, he still feared that Carnaby would accept of the money on any terms; he went therefore and informed Clifton, who was Carnaby's relation, of the whole business. He saw it in the same light with Edward; they returned to Carnaby together; Clifton assured him that he would be looked on as a dupe if he accepted of the Jew's terms, and at the same time offered

offered to lend him the money, on condition that he would pledge his word of honour in the preſence of Edward, to borrow no more money on any pretence whatever, until the ſum now to be advanced was paid. Carnaby joyfully agreed to this propoſal, and received the money the day after.

This tranſaction took place ſome time previous to Clifton's leaving England---to whom Carnaby often applied to be relieved from his engagement, and wrote the moſt preſſing letters to him, after he went to the Continent, on the ſame ſubject, but to no purpoſe. Clifton was inexorable, and Carnaby being too poor to live in town,—in the only way he thought living in town preferable to living any where elſe,---he had no reſource but that of returning with his aunt to the houſe of Sir Mathew Maukiſh.

CHAP. LXI.

L'intérêt qui aveugle les uns fait la lumiere des autres. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

IT has been already mentioned that Lady Virginia was unmarried: to enumerate every reaſon ſhe had for remaining in a ſtate of celibacy might be thought invidious; but in juſtice to her Ladyſhip it is proper to declare, that whatever her reaſons were for avoiding matrimony in her own perſon, ſhe always ſhewed a fondneſs for linking others in the gentle yoke. There was ſomething in this employment ſo pleaſing to her imagination, that even when ſhe had little or no connection with the parties, ſhe hardly ever was without ſome project of this nature; it cannot be wondered at, therefore, that ſhe ſhould be to an extraordinary degree ſet upon her ſcheme of uniting a young woman ſo rich and handſome as Louiſa Barnet with her beloved nephew.

As he lived now with her Ladyſhip more than ever, and had frequent opportunities of ſeeing Miſs Barnet, Lady Virginia took every occaſion of enumerating to him the good qualities of which that young Lady was in actual poſſeſſion, without omitting the great fortune ſhe had in reverſion.

It was with great ſatisfaction that ſhe at length perceived that her eloquence had the deſired effect on the mind of Carnaby; who, notwithſtanding his recollection of the arguments of Sir Charles Royſton againſt marriage, and in favour of *keeping*, determined to take his aunt's advice, and to pay his court to Louiſa; for although what Sir Charles had urged reſpecting Mr. Barnet's chance for long life had alarmed him at the time, and there was no reaſon to hope that he would ſhorten it merely to oblige his ſon-in-law; yet Carnaby expected that Mr. Barnet would immediately on the marriage advance ſuch a ſum, as would be extremely convenient to himſelf in his preſent deplorable circumſtances. With all the aſſiduity he was capable

capable of, therefore, he endeavoured to gain the favour of Miſs Barnet, who was ſo entertained by his new airs and affectations, and appeared in ſuch high ſpirits in his company, that Carnaby and his aunt were equally perſuaded that he had ſucceeded. Lady Virginia informed her ſiſter, who was alſo delighted with the conqueſt her ſon had made; they both warned Carnaby however againſt a ſecret marriage, or carrying the young Lady to Scotland, or any engagement whatever without the approbation of Mr. Barnet. They had heard ſo much of the obſtinacy of his diſpoſition, that they thought him capable of diſinheriting his daughter, if ſhe married without his conſent. As for Carnaby, he was ſo inattentive, ſo much occupied from morning to night about trifles, particularly about himſelf, that he never remarked that he was deſpiſed by Mrs. Barnet, and never thought of one way or the other by her huſband.

In the proſecution of their plan for obtaining the conſent of Mr. Barnet, the two ſiſters thought the ſureſt means was to

render the match agreeable to his wife,—but they had the penetration ſoon to diſcover, what Carnaby himſelf had no ſuſpicion of, that Mrs. Barnet was entirely blind to his merit: the mother and aunt then agreed, that it would be more eaſy to bring the huſband into their ſcheme than to prevail on the wife.

They had both obſerved that Sir Mathew, having many points reſpecting roads and other matters in dependence, had cultivated the friendſhip of Mr. Barnet with the moſt obſequious attention, and had acquired a very conſiderable degree of influence with him: it was therefore ſettled between the ſiſters, that Lady Virginia ſhould unfold her plan to Sir Mathew, that he might render it acceptable to Mr. Barnet. Lady Virginia performed this taſk with great earneſtneſs, concluding with this obſervation, that "as Sir Mathew muſt be ſenſible how very advantageous this match would be to his ſon-in-law, ſhe was convinced that he would ſpare no trouble to bring it about, on terms the moſt advan-

advantageous to one ſo nearly allied to himſelf."

Sir Mathew ſaw at the firſt glance, the advantages of the propoſed match to Carnaby; but he could not diſcover the leaſt advantage it could be of to himſelf; and as for the alliance on which Lady Virginia laid ſo much ſtreſs, it inſpired him with no more regard for Carnaby's intereſt than if, inſtead of being the ſon of Lady Maukiſh, he had been the offſpring of her Negro wench.

He heard Lady Virginia with the moſt courtly indifference, declaring "that her Ladyſhip did him no more than juſtice in believing, that he took the moſt ſincere intereſt in whatever concerned her nephew; that it would afford him infinite delight to do any thing that could be of ſervice to ſo deſerving a young man; but unfortunately he had it not in his power, for he made it a rule never to intermeddle in the concerns of other people, and at all events he could not boaſt having any kind of influence with his neighbour Mr. Barnet."

Lady Virginia was a good deal ſhocked at this anſwer and the cold manner with which it was delivered, and that very evening ſhe complained in bitter terms to her ſiſter of his indifference, which made Lady Maukiſh ſpeak to her huſband on the ſubject. This produced a pretty long dialogue between them, which it is unneceſſary to inſert, becauſe the reſult of it appeared next morning; when Lady Virginia, having reſumed the ſame ſubject of complaint to her ſiſter, Lady Maukiſh replied; "I muſt confeſs, after all, ſiſter, that you have leſs reaſon than any perſon on earth for being ſurpriſed that Sir Mathew does not ſhew a vaſt deal of eagerneſs to comply with a propoſal of yours."

"And pray, ſiſter, why ſhould not I be as much ſurpriſed at this, as any other perſon?" ſaid Lady Virginia.

"For this obvious reaſon," anſwered Lady Maukiſh; "that when he propoſed a plan of diviſion of our eſtate, you poſitively refuſed to agree to it, although it was convenient to us, would have ſuited you,

you, and was highly approved of by your own nephew."

This after a good deal of altercation terminated in a compromiſe, by which it was ſettled, that Sir Mathew ſhould uſe all his influence with Mr. Barnet, to make him conſent to his daughter's marriage with Carnaby; immediately on the concluſion of which, Lady Virginia agreed that ſhe would adopt the plan of diviſion propoſed by Sir Mathew.

"Now, ſiſter," ſaid Lady Maukiſh, with all the dignity and ſincerity of a plenipotentiary, "I do aſſure you, (now that the convention is ratified,) I ſhould never have deſired my huſband to interfere in a matter of this kind, if it were not greatly for the benefit of *your* nephew."

"I am much obliged to you, ſiſter," replied Lady Virginia; "although I ſee no benefit it can be of to *my nephew*, without being equally beneficial to *your ſon*."

Lady Maukiſh having informed her huſband of what had been ſtipulated, Sir Mathew the very firſt time he met Lady Virginia, accoſting her in a far more cor-

dial manner than he had during their laſt conference, ſaid, "that he had been turning her propoſal in his head, ever ſince ſhe had mentioned it, that he had hit at laſt on a method of breaking it to Mr. Barnet, without appearing an intermeddler, was determined to exert all his influence with that Gentleman; and upon the whole, that he entertained very great hopes of ſucceſs."

Lady Maukiſh and Lady Virginia now made it more their buſineſs than ever, to gain the affections of Mrs. Barnet; they viſited her very frequently, and ſometimes contrived to be invited to thoſe houſes where they knew Mrs. and Miſs Barnet were to be; as Carnaby was their conſtant attendant, he had many opportunities of paying his court to the latter. On thoſe occaſions he ſometimes met with a Gentleman of the name of Waller, whom he diſcovered to be his rival, without feeling the leaſt concern or uneaſineſs on that account; he had too high an opinion of his own merits, and Miſs Barnet's taſte, to admit a ſentiment of jealouſy.

Mr. Waller was about thirty years of age, of a good family, with an ample unincumbered eſtate, ſituated in a neighbouring county; he had ſeen Miſs Barnet occaſionally at the Circuits, had ſometimes danced with her, and was equally pleaſed with her perſon and the ingenuity of her converſation.

As this young Lady was fond of increaſing the number of her admirers, and loved to keep the whole artillery of her allurements in action, ſhe directed them ſo ſucceſsfully at the heart of Mr. Waller, that it was in a ſhort time ſubdued; but although he wiſhed to ſurrender it on honourable terms, he had not courage to propoſe articles of capitulation.

Mrs. Barnet ſoon obſerved Mr. Waller's partiality for her daughter, and the very favourable accounts ſhe received of his character, agreeing with the idea ſhe had formed from her own obſervation, ſhe would have been well pleaſed with him for her ſon-in-law.

Mrs. Barnet had long ſeen with concern her daughter's fondneſs for univerſal admiration, and that ſhe delighted in having a number of Gentlemen preſſing round her, at every public place, to ſecure which ſhe endeavoured to make each believe he had a preference in her opinion; though, as ſhe treated them all with equal attention, Mrs. Barnet was ſenſible that ſhe felt an equal indifference for the whole group. When Mr. Waller came to be of the number, ſhe watched her daughter's behaviour to him with particular attention, hoping that ſhe would treat him either a great deal better, or a great deal worſe than any of the others.

This diſcerning woman was cautious of ſhewing any mark of partiality to Mr. Waller, in the preſence of her daughter, knowing it to be one of her favourite notions, that it was the proof of a groveling mind, for a ſon or daughter to be directed or influenced by the opinion of their parents, in the important buſineſs of marriage, which ought to be entirely under the

the direction of love, and that none but ſordid minds would

——ſeek in love for aught but love alone.

Mrs. Barnet ſoon perceived that her daughter highly eſteemed the character of Mr. Waller; yet ſhe was a little uneaſy to remark, that Louiſa ſeemed more entertained with Carnaby's abſurdities, than with the good ſenſe of Mr. Waller, and that departing from the general tenor of her conduct towards men, ſhe treated the former with a kind of familiarity which ſhe refuſed to others: there was indeed nothing flattering for Carnaby in the motive of this familiarity, which proceeded wholly from the pleaſure ſhe took in laughing at his vanity and affectation; but ſtill it gave Mrs. Barnet pain, becauſe ſhe knew that a man who always amuſes, however contemptible in other reſpects, may ſometimes be dangerous to a young woman.

Thoſe conſiderations probably induced Mrs. Barnet readily to agree to her daughter's going to paſs a few days with her old companion Miſs Fuller, whoſe family ſhe

knew Mr. Shadow did not visit; she determined at the same time to caution her daughter, respecting her behaviour to him, but an unexpected incident which took place while Miss Barnet was at Mr. Fuller's, suggested to the mother a different line of conduct.

CHAP. LXII.

La même choſe ſouvent eſt dans la bouche d'un homme d'eſprit, une naiveté, ou un bon mot; et dans celle d'un ſot, une ſottiſe. LA BRUYERE.

HAD Sir Mathew Maukiſh been Mr. Carnaby Shadow's real father, inſtead of his father-in-law, he could not have been more earneſt than he now was in promoting his ſuit with Miſs Barnet; he determined to take an early opportunity of talking to Mr. Barnet on the ſubject, and meditated certain arguments and flowers of rhetorick, which he imagined were calculated to diſpoſe Mr. Barnet to the match. As a preparatory ſtep which might ſecure a favourable reception to his oratory, he was at pains to procure ſuch game, as he knew were moſt to Mr. Barnet's taſte, and at that time very rare, and alſo a couple of very large carp, which he ſent as a preſent with his and Lady Maukiſh's reſpectful compliments to their worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; in conſequence of this, Sir Mathew, with his whole family, was invited

invited to dine the following day at Barnet-place. It was thought proper however, on this particular occaſion, that the Ladies and Carnaby ſhould ſend excuſes, and Sir Mathew went alone, that he might have an opportunity of ſpeaking, without interruption or reſtraint, on the ſubject which he had ſo much at heart.

Mr. Barnet received him with gratitude and every expreſſion of welcome, and propoſed a walk in the Park, to procure an appetite; for he had by ſome accident been prevented from his uſual excurſion in the carriage that morning. Sir Mathew congratulated him on his being ſo much recovered from his late fit of the gout, as to walk in the Park. Mr. Barnet declared that he believed in his conſcience the robbers had frightened away the gout, for he had felt little or nothing of it, ſince their attempt on the houſe, for which reaſon he was glad that Edward had only wounded the fellow, and had not ſhot him quite dead, adding "that he was determined not to proſecute him, if he ſhould be taken up, partly becauſe he would not like to hurt a

benefactor,

benefactor, though he had intended an injury, and partly becauſe the proſecution would be attended with expence."

Sir Mathew in pompous terms expreſſed his admiration of the generoſity of the firſt reaſon, and of the prudence of the ſecond; and then, wiſhing to introduce Carnaby to advantage, he obſerved that he had been unfortunately detained by a head-ach, to which he was ſometimes ſubject.

"I have known ſeveral people ſubject to head-achs," ſaid Barnet; "particularly our laſt butler, whom my wife turned away for drunkenneſs.

"Mr. Carnaby Shadow is a remarkably ſober young Gentleman," replied Sir Mathew.

"I make no doubt of it," rejoined Barnet; "for I myſelf have been acquainted in the courſe of my life, with two or three remarkably ſober young Gentlemen."

"But do you know, my good friend," reſumed Sir Mathew, "what makes Mr. Shadow ſo ſubject to head-achs?"

"Theſe eaſterly winds, I ſhould think," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "for they often bring on my

my ſciatic, and are apt to attack the weakeſt part."

"Weakeſt part!" cried Sir Mathew; "I aſſure you Mr. Shadow has a very ſtrong head."

Sir Mathew had ſuſpected Barnet of a double meaning in the laſt expreſſion, but ſo far from a double meaning, he frequently had not even a ſingle one; he replied therefore in the ſimplicity of his heart, "I make no doubt of Mr. Carnaby's having a ſtrong head, for I myſelf know people who have very ſtrong heads—there is Joſeph Thickneſs, my groom," continued he, "who received a kick from Louiſa's mare, that would have beaten the brains out of any ſkull of common ſtrength, but it only ſtunned Joſeph for a few minutes, and his brains are as ſound as before. I have no notion what ſhould make Mr. Shadow ſubject to head-achs, ſince his is ſo very ſtrong."

"Books, Mr. Barnet, when too cloſely applied to, will produce an aching in the ſtrongeſt heads."

"I will not contradict what you aſſert, Sir Mathew; though I muſt acknowledge that

that books have always a salutary effect on me by producing sleep."

"They have quite a contrary effect on my son-in-law; but he, indeed, studies rather too much; however, it is to be hoped, that he will reap the fruits of it *hereafter*."

"There can be no doubt of it, Sir Mathew; particularly if it be the Bible which your son-in-law studies."

"The Bible! Why, you know he was bred to the law."

"I protest I had forgotten that; *that*, indeed, makes a material difference; for I never knew a lawyer who studied the Bible."

"To be sure you never did," said Sir Mathew; "and don't you see the reason why?"

"Because they are not paid for it, perhaps," answered Mr. Barnet with more readiness than usual.

"Precisely; it is from no disrespect for the Bible," rejoined Sir Mathew; "but merely because it is a book out of their line, the law being their profession, and a profession, let me tell you, Mr. Barnet, by which immense fortunes are made. I will be bold to say," continued he, in a pompous

pompous manner, "that very few who have made them, poſſeſſed either the talents or advantages of birth and connections that my ſon-in-law enjoys."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr. Barnet, who, having loſt the thread of Sir Mathew's diſcourſe, was thinking on the carp he was to have for dinner.

"They are of the greateſt magnitude," continued Sir Mathew.

"I confeſs I have ſeldom ſeen larger," ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"All poſſible pains were taken to improve them," reſumed Sir Mathew; "parti——

"It would evidently ſeem ſo," ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"Particularly during three years at the Univerſity," added Sir Mathew.

"Hum—Where? I beg pardon; I did not hear diſtinctly what you ſaid—Where were they improved for three years?" reſumed Barnet.

"At Oxford," replied Sir Matthew.

"Then I have been under a miſtake," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "for I thought, from their

ſize, that you had got them out of the large pond belonging to your relation in Eſſex."

"Large pond! What do you ſpeak of?"

"I ſpeak of the two fine carp you were ſo good as to ſend me, and which I doubt not we will find as good as they appear to be."

"I was ſpeaking of Mr. Carnaby Shadow," ſaid Sir Mathew.

"Then we have both been under a miſtake," replied Mr. Barnet; "but there is no harm done; for I doubt not of Mr. Shadow's being as good in his way as the carp are in their's."

"I was obſerving," reſumed Sir Mathew, "that he had been three years at the Univerſity."

Mr. Barnet. I make no manner of doubt of it; I myſelf knew a young man who was four years there, and retained a good deal of what he had learnt at ſchool after all.

Sir Mathew (not attending to the import of Barnet's remark). Now, my worthy friend, you as well as I are, no doubt, acquainted with lawyers, who make ſeveral thouſand pounds every year by their profeſſion,

profeſſion, though they never were at any Univerſity, except thoſe of the North—— which go for nothing.

Mr. Barnet. So they ought; there is nothing to be learnt there but ſtarvation.

Sir Mathew. Nothing elſe in the world, my good friend; yet theſe very fellows ſeem as unwilling to practice what they have learnt as their neighbours, who were never taught it; but there are lawyers who never were at any Univerſity, north or ſouth; and are related to none but low vulgar people, who make great ſums of money annually by their profeſſion.

Mr. Barnet. Well, I am ſorry for it; but I cannot help it.

Sir Mathew. Certainly, my dear Sir, you cannot help it; but this being the caſe, I leave you to judge what a young man, educated as Mr. Shadow has been, and honourably and nobly connected as he is; I leave you to imagine, I ſay, how much he may be ſuppoſed to make within a few years?

As Mr. Barnet made no reply, Sir Mathew repeated. "I leave you to imagine it, my good friend."

Mr.

Mr. Barnet. You may leave me to imagine it as long as you pleaſe; but I really know nothing of the matter.

Sir Mathew. Only ſay what you think.

Mr. Barnet. Upon my word I cannot tell.

Sir Mathew. Only gueſs how much an accompliſhed youth in his circumſtances may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to make; how much do you think now?

Mr. Barnet. I ſuppoſe you mean how much money?

Sir Mathew. Certainly, I mean how much money.

Mr. Barnet. I thought you meant money. Let me ſee—how much an accompliſhed youth may make?

Sir Mathew. Yes,—as a lawyer.

Mr. Barnet. Why really I ſhould think he would make, as a lawyer, as much as he can ſqueeze from his clients; moſt lawyers do ſo whether they are accompliſhed or not; but I fancy we had better turn here; I dare ſay dinner will be ready by the time we reach the parlour.

Sir Mathew. It ſtill wants ſome time from your uſual hour of dining (ſhewing his watch).

Mr. Barnet. Well, well, there is no remedy but patience; but I hope the cook will take care that the carp ſhall not be over done, which was the caſe with the very laſt we had.

Although Sir Mathew perceived that Mr. Barnet was more occupied with his own ſenſations than with the ſubject of his converſation; yet being unwilling to allow the preſent opportunity to ſlip, he renewed the theme of Mr. Shadow's connections, fortune, and proſpects; and concluded by ſaying, that the young gentleman was deeply ſmitten with Miſs Barnet's beauty and virtues, wiſhed to be permitted to pay his addreſſes to her, and earneſtly begged that Mr. Barnet would prevent his wife from oppoſing Mr. Shadow's ſuit.

Mr. Barnet was hurt at this laſt inſinuation; he ſtood too much in need of being governed, not to be in continual dread that it might be ſuſpected he was ſo; he anſwered, therefore, a little dryly, "that if *he* ſhould

ſhould favour Mr. Shadow's addreſſes to his daughter, there would be no danger of their being oppoſed by Mrs. Barnet."

Sir Mathew ſeemed ſtill to wiſh that he ſhould take ſome pains to diſpoſe Mrs. Barnet in Carnaby's favour.

"I do aſſure you," replied Mr. Barnet, "that my wife never has any will but mine."

"It certainly ought to be ſo," ſaid Sir Mathew.

"Ought to be; ay, and always ſhall be ſo with me," cried Barnet, "whatever may be the caſe with you; for I have no notion of a man's being influenced by his wife in any thing of importance; but more particularly in the diſpoſal of a daughter."

Sir Mathew agreed to the general propoſition; and then, in very diffident terms, hinted, that he did not perfectly ſee any ſtrong reaſons for his being more averſe to take Mrs. Barnet's opinion in the diſpoſal of a daughter than in any thing elſe.

"Am not I her father?" cried Mr. Barnet.

"Undoubtedly," replied Sir Mathew; "but it is at leaſt equally certain that Mrs.

Barnet is her mother; and allow me to ſay, my worthy friend, that, in the opinion of many people, a daughter is as nearly connected with the woman who bore her, as ſhe can, even on the moſt favourable ſuppoſition, be with that woman's huſband."

"All that does not ſignify," ſaid Barnet; "I am more connected with Louiſa than my wife is."

Sir Mathew, with a low bow, ſaid, "It poſſibly might be ſo, although he could not clearly comprehend it; that there were ſecrets in all families, and he had no wiſh to penetrate into a myſtery above his underſtanding."

"Why there is no myſtery in the matter; for I have been often told that Louiſa is much liker me than her mother, eſpecially when I ſmile," replied Barnet, ſmiling with all his might.

"Now, indeed, I perceive it," ſaid Sir Mathew; "but ſtill it would be of importance that the match were made agreeable to Mrs. Barnet."

"Give yourſelf no trouble on that head," replied Mr. Barnet; for I repeat it, the moment

ment ſhe finds that the match is agreeable to me, it will become agreeable to her."

Sir Mathew ſeeing that no more need be ſaid regarding Mrs. Barnet, added, "I have reaſon to believe that the young Lady herſelf has a very favourable opinion of Mr. Shadow."

"There can be no harm in that," replied Mr. Barnet; "but I hear the dinner bell; pray let us walk a little faſter; there is nobody with us but my relation Mr. Wormwood. Louiſa is at preſent with her friend Miſs Fuller; I ſhould have regretted her abſence from your game and carp, but I believe it will give her little concern; for girls like her are more taken up about caps and ribands than things of real importance. I might, indeed, ſay this is the caſe with women in general; for my wife, though in other reſpects a ſenſible woman, makes little difference between veniſon and mutton, and ſhe prefers a boiled chicken to turtle itſelf; yet many people think her a woman of taſte; but I own I never could perceive it in her eating."

CHAP. LXIII.

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
He's every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long.
DRYDEN.

WHEN Sir Mathew and Mr. Barnet entered the dining-room, they found a neighbouring gentleman with Mrs. Barnet, beſides Mr. Wormwood, which precluded all converſation during dinner reſpecting the object of Sir Mathew's viſit; but when Mr. Barnet was alone with his wife in the evening, he ſaid, "I muſt inform you of a piece of news, my dear; Mr. Carnaby Shadow intends to pay his addreſſes to Louiſa."

"Mr. Carnaby Shadow!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnet.

After the high tone in which Mr. Barnet had talked to Sir Mathew, he would have been particularly mortified by any oppoſition on this occaſion from his wife.

"Yes, Mr. Carnaby Shadow," repeated he, in an accent bordering on anger; "I hope you have no objection?"

"You

"You never found me object to any thing, my dear, that you were eager for, and which was for our daughter's happineſs."

Mr. Barnet. Well, is not this for our daughter's happineſs?

Mrs. Barnet. Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell.

Mr. Barnet. But I can; for Sir Mathew informs me, that he will ſoon make ſeveral thouſand pounds a-year by the law. We know he has a tolerable eſtate of his own; though, to be ſure, his mother draws a terrible jointure out of it; but ſhe cannot live for ever. And beſide, he will have all Lady Virginia's money; for you can hardly think ſhe will ever marry *now*; and whether ſhe does or not, it is ten to one ſhe will never have a child; ſo Mr. Carnaby, of courſe, will inherit her money. So I told Sir Mathew that the young man might make his addreſſes as ſoon as he ſhould find it convenient. And I intend, within a day or two, to drive to Mr. Fuller's, and acquaint Louiſa on what we have determined."

Mrs. Barnet now ſaw that all oppoſition on her part would be ſuperfluous; being convinced, from the knowledge ſhe had of her daughter's character, that the manner in which her huſband intended to proceed would make her reject Mr. Shadow's addreſſes, even although ſhe had a previous partiality in his favour: inſtead, therefore, of objecting to what her huſband propoſed, ſhe only begged that he would not mention to any other perſon what he had reſolved on, until after he ſhould have had an opportunity of acquainting his daughter.

To this he agreed, and two days after he went to Mr. Fuller's; and being left alone with his daughter, without any idea that what he was about to propoſe was at all unreaſonable in itſelf, or could be diſagreeable to her, he ſaid, "My errand here at preſent, child, is to acquaint you that Sir Mathew Maukiſh called two days ago to deſire my permiſſion that his ſon-in-law, Mr. Carnaby Shadow, ſhould pay his addreſſes to you; he came, no doubt, at the requeſt of the young gentleman, who intends in a ſhort time

time to wait on you for that expreſs purpoſe, having now obtained my conſent."

Miſs Barnet ſtared with aſtoniſhment in her father's face during this harangue, and then, burſting into laughter, ſhe ſaid, "You are ſurely in jeſt, Sir."

"I am not in jeſt, my dear," replied Mr. Barnet; "but I am not ſurpriſed to ſee that the news makes you merry, for Mr. Shadow will, firſt and laſt, and one way and another, have a great income."

"And one of the ways, no doubt, is by his marrying me," ſaid Miſs Barnet.

"If you do not prove an extravagant wife, he will certainly not be the poorer on that account," replied Mr. Barnet: "in the mean while you will receive him in the moſt obliging manner, when he comes, which will probably be within a few days after you come home."

"Do you really think that I may expect the honour of ſeeing him within two or three days after my return?" ſaid Miſs Barnet, with an ironical accent, which was quite loſt on her father.

"I really

"I really do think you may, my dear," replied he.

"Suppoſe that he may not be able," reſumed ſhe, in the ſame tone, "to pay me this delightful viſit for four days?"

"In that caſe you need not expect him till the beginning of next week," replied Mr. Barnet; "for I know that on Saturday next he is invited to a turtle feaſt."

"O! then, I certainly need not look for him on Saturday," ſaid ſhe.

"Why there is no abſolute certainty, child, but he *may* poſſibly call to ſee you before he goes to dinner—my houſe lies directly in his way."

"He had better not," ſaid Miſs Barnet, with indignation; "becauſe if he does, the reception he may receive may chance to ſpoil his appetite."

This led to a full explanation; Mr. Barnet became violent, in exacting obedience to his will; and ſhe in expreſſing contempt for Mr. Shadow. The father at laſt ſwore he would diſinherit her, if ſhe did not comply with his requeſt; and ſhe told him he

might diſpoſe of his traſh as he thought proper; but he ſhould never diſpoſe of her to one ſhe deſpiſed; nor would ſhe ſubmit to be bargained for like a bale of goods. She then left the room with precipitation, and ſhut herſelf up in her bed-chamber.

Mr. Barnet, who was a good deal confounded, finding that Mr. and Miſs Fuller had walked into the garden while he was with his daughter, ordered his carriage directly, and, leaving a verbal apology to them, drove home.

Long before he reached his own houſe he began to repent of his violence, and to feel uneaſy at the thoughts of being on ſuch terms with his daughter; for he was not more apt to fall into a rage without reaſon, than to be appeaſed without reparation.

On his return Mrs. Barnet was airing in the chariot; he therefore went to Mr. Wormwood's apartment, and communicated to him the diſpute he had had with his daughter.

"It is all *your* fault," ſaid Wormwood.

"I expected

"I expected you would ſay ſo," replied Barnet; "that is always your way of comforting your friends."

"After the manner in which you proceeded, you might naturally have expected that Miſs Barnet would behave exactly as ſhe has done."

"Why you are enough to drive a man mad," cried Barnet; "was I to expect that my daughter would refuſe to receive a gentleman's addreſſes, after I promiſed to his father-in-law that ſhe ſhould, and after ſhe had my poſitive orders to receive him kindly?"

"If you had given poſitive orders that ſhe ſhould never ſee him more, ſhe would probably have received him very kindly; for the old faſhion of daughters receiving ſuitors at the recommendation of their parents is now exploded; there is no ſuch thing known, I do aſſure you, in theſe days," replied Wormwood.

"Why, in that caſe," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "perhaps Louiſa has a kindneſs for the young man after all!"

Wormwood. No, I'll be bound for it ſhe has no ſuch thing; and I am very much ſurpriſed that you yourſelf ſhould have ſuch a particular kindneſs for him.

Barnet. I a particular kindneſs for him!

Wormwood. Why, have you not?

Barnet. Not I, truly. Why ſhould I have a kindneſs for him?

Wormwood. How then came you to think of ſacrificing your daughter's happineſs, to pleaſe him and his father-in-law?

Barnet. I would ſee him and his father-in-law at the devil before I would ſacrifice one hair of her head; but Sir Mathew talked ſo much about the young man's fortune and expectations, that I thought he might ſuit Louiſa well enough.

Wormwood. He ſuit Louiſa! Why he is a great coxcomb.

Barnet. Sir Mathew ſaid nothing of that to me; all he told me was, that he was a great lawyer—but perhaps he is both.

Wormwood. I am certainly acquainted with thoſe who are both; but depend upon it, my friend, that though Carnaby Shadow

is already the one, he never can be the other.

Barnet. Well, if that be the caſe, no more need be ſaid on the ſubject.

Wormwood. No more ought to be ſaid on the ſubject; but you really were too violent with Louiſa, even if the man had been much more deſerving—conſider ſhe is your only child.

Barnet. Well, am not I her only father? ſhe ought to conſider that.

Wormwood. Why, there is not a woman in England who could bear to have a huſband forced upon her in that abrupt manner; you would not wiſh your daughter to be made in a different manner from all womankind?

Barnet. God Almighty forbid!

Wormwood. What woman of ſpirit could bear to be told that a man would come and pay his addreſſes to her *when he found leiſure*; this was a want of attention which would have provoked a chambermaid.

Barnet. I really did not think of that.

Wormwood.

Wormwood. But the coxcomb Shadow ought to have thought of it. Sir Mathew Mankiſh ought to have thought of what was due to a Gentleman's daughter.

Barnet. Ay, ſo they ought.

Wormwood. They imagined, forſooth, that becauſe Shadow has a Knight for his father-in-law and a woman of quality for his mother, they have a right to uſe the leſs ceremony with a plain Gentleman's daughter.

Barnet. My daughter has as good a right to ceremony as any Lady of Quality among them.

Wormwood. To be ſure ſhe has; few of them are endowed with her beauty and accompliſhments.

Barnet. And I hope I am able to give her a better portion than their beggarly whey-faced Ladyſhips from the north and from the weſt, whom we ſee fiſhing for huſbands at all the watering places in England.

Wormwood. And when they are unſucceſsful there, who come to London, and try to hook a fat gudgeon in ſome pond in the city.

Barnet.

Barnet. They may angle at both ends of the town as they pleaſe; but my daughter ſhall never be reduced to ſuch ſhifts; nor would I permit her mother, were ſhe ſo inclined, to puſh her in the way of any man, however great his rank and fortune might be, in the hopes that he would take her off our hands.

Wormwood. As the orange-women do at the play-houſes, with their baſkets of ſtale fruit.

Barnet. I care as little for an alliance with your people of Quality as they can do for mine. What are your people of Quality to me? a parcel of lazy lounging lubbards, that do nothing but eat and ſleep.——Here, without perceiving that any part of the deſcription was applicable to himſelf, he proceeded in a moſt violent invective againſt all the nobility of the three kingdoms.

CHAP. LXIV.

Oh! bleſt with temper whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day.
She who ne'er anſwers till a huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules.

POPE.

MRS. Barnet, having foreſeen the reſiſtance her daughter made to her father's propoſal, and the effect it was likely to have on his mind, had been meditating on the moſt likely means of ſoothing him. On her return from her airing ſhe was prepared accordingly; but ſhe was agreeably ſurpriſed to find that what ſhe had imagined would not be performed ſoon, or without great difficulty, was in a great meaſure accompliſhed; for while he informed her of the poſitive and direct manner in which Louiſa had refuſed to obey him, he did not expreſs the reſentment which might have been expected from a man of his diſpoſition. Anxious, however, to extinguiſh the leaſt particle of anger that

might poſſibly glow in his breaſt, Mrs. Barnet ſpoke of the extreme ſenſibility of her daughter's temper, which made her feel with uncommon acuteneſs the ſmalleſt appearance of ſeverity from thoſe ſhe loved; adding, that the ſame ſenſibility which rendered her ſo affectionate to her friends, ſometimes hurried her into improprieties of expreſſion, when ſhe thought they behaved unkindly to her; and Mrs. Barnet concluded by ſaying, that from what ſhe knew of her daughter's diſpoſition, ſhe was convinced that Louiſa was exceedingly grieved for having diſobliged the beſt of fathers, one who was incapable of exacting any thing, however agreeable to himſelf, which could make his daughter unhappy.

Mr. Barnet was uncommonly affected with this; he even ſhed tears, and aſſured his wife in the ſtrongeſt terms, that he loved his daughter better than any woman on earth; that he was ſenſible of his becoming daily more and more indifferent about all other women, without exception; whereas his love for Louiſa increaſed with his years.

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet happening to ſmile at the compliment to herſelf, which, unperceived by her huſband, was contained in his words, he rejoined, "You may ſmile, my dear; but I do aſſure you that what I have ſaid is literally true." To which ſhe with gaiety, aſſuming his accent, and adopting his phraeſology, anſwered, "I do aſſure you, my dear, that *I make no manner of doubt of it.*"

"I was never more ſincere in my life," continued Mr. Barnet; "and in what I propoſed to Louiſa, I declare, before God, that I had no private intereſt of my own, but merely her happineſs in view; for if Mr. Shadow had twenty aunts to leave him eſtates, it would not put ſixpence in my pocket. Louiſa and her children would enjoy the whole. However, ſince the young man is not to her taſte, and, as Mr. Wormwood aſſures me, a coxcomb over and above, there is no more to be ſaid. I ſhall inform Sir Mathew that he muſt look elſewhere for a wife to his ſon-in-law. I am now determined that my daughter ſhall be left to follow her own inclination in the

choice of her huſband; and I ſhall let Sir Mathew know at the ſame time, that the leſs connection, by blood or otherwiſe, the man ſhe chooſes ſhall have with people of Quality, the more agreeable he will be to me."

Mrs. Barnet hinted, that it would, perhaps, be as well for him not to give himſelf any farther trouble on the ſubject; that the whole might be ſafely truſted to Louiſa.

Mr. Barnet aſſented to this with the ſame facility with which he uſually adopted any propoſal, the object of which was to ſave him trouble.

Mrs. Barnet went the following day to Mr. Fuller's; ſhe found more difficulty to conciliate the mind of her daughter; the young Lady was filled with indignation at the ſcene that had paſſed between her father and herſelf. Mrs. Barnet allowed her to unburden her heart in complaints and accuſations of his cruel treatment before ſhe attempted to interrupt her, and then putting her in mind of all his former kindneſs, Mrs. Barnet gave ſuch a repreſentation of his preſent diſpoſition towards her,

as entirely diſſipated the young Lady's reſentment, made her condemn herſelf, and rendered her impatient to return directly with her mother, to aſk his forgiveneſs for the unjuſtifiable expreſſions ſhe had uſed.

Miſs Fuller, who had expected a much longer viſit, was rather pleaſed than otherwiſe with her friend's abrupt departure, when ſhe underſtood what occaſioned it. The meeting of the father and daughter was affecting, and their reconciliation ſincere. Good humour and happineſs prevailed at Barnet-place. Miſs Barnet's ſentiments, reſpecting Sir Mathew's propoſal, were communicated to him in terms as obliging as a decided refuſal could admit.

Mr. Waller, the Gentleman already mentioned as an admirer of Louiſa Barnet, had ſeen Edward on an intimate footing with Mr. Shadow, whom he deſpiſed. When Edward therefore made ſome attempts to be acquainted with Mr. Waller, his advances were received with coldneſs, which as ſoon as the former perceived, he aſſumed equal

reſerve, notwithſtanding his having a very favourable opinion of Mr. Waller's character. Mrs. Barnet noticed this; and having the higheſt notion of Edward's diſcernment, ſhe wiſhed to know on what his coldneſs to Mr. Waller was founded. She took an opportunity therefore to hint to Edward that he ſeemed to have but an indifferent opinion of that Gentleman; on which, with his natural candour, Edward anſwered, "Your remark, my dear Madam, would have been juſt, had you ſaid that he ſeems to have but an indifferent one of me, which indeed I have long obſerved; but for my part, I have a very high opinion of him, for I believe him to be a man of ſenſe, integrity, and honour."

"Why do you imagine," reſumed Mrs. Barnet, "that he has an indifferent opinion of you?"

"Becauſe," ſaid Edward, "notwithſtanding all my endeavours to acquire ſome ſhare in his eſteem, the coldneſs of his behaviour to me is a clear proof that I have failed."

"That

"That does not raiſe my opinion of him," rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

"Neither ought it to ſink it, my dear Madam; that a Gentleman of Mr. Waller's fortune, importance and high character in the county, ſhould overlook or neglect one in my ſituation, is not ſurpriſing."

"In a man of his fortune, it is not ſurpriſing; in one of his character, it is," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, and immediately after changed the ſubject.

Mr. Waller previous to this had been informed of Lady Virginia's project, and that Sir Mathew Maukiſh and his Lady were equally ſet upon a marriage between Carnaby and Miſs Barnet; he underſtood that Sir Mathew was to make the propoſal, and that great ſettlements were to be offered. For this intelligence he was obliged to the communicative diſpoſition of the maid, into whoſe boſom Lady Virginia poured all her ſecrets, in which reſervoir they were not in uſe to ſtagnate long, but ſpeedily flowed through numerous channels all over the country.

The family of Mr. Waller was one of the moſt ancient in the county, and had been diſtinguiſhed for men of a generous and hoſpitable character; he himſelf was conſidered as prouder than moſt of his anceſtors, merely becauſe he was reſerved; for his opinion of his own perſonal qualities was inferior to that of others, and likewiſe inferior to their real value.—Such a man could not juſtly be called proud.

The plan of Lady Virginia and the Maukiſh family, in favour of Carnaby, gave him little uneaſineſs; becauſe the notion he had of Miſs Barnet's good ſenſe, led him to think ſhe would reject ſuch a coxcomb; but if on the contrary ſhe ſhould not, he thought *that* of itſelf would be a proof that he had miſtaken her character, and that it would be fortunate for him to have no connection with her. This cool way of reaſoning will be thought a ſtronger proof of Mr. Waller's good ſenſe than of what is generally called love:—but, by whatever name it may be called, his attachment to Miſs Barnet was certainly founded on an admiration of her beauty, a high opinion of her underſtanding,

ing, and a conſiderable degree of regard for her fortune. Had any of theſe been wanting or greatly inferior, in all probability he would never have thought of her for his wife; but if the third article had been tripled with any other woman, he would have preferred Louiſa. He had ſtudied her character with ſuch perſevering attention, that while he conſidered her good qualities with uniform approbation, he became ſo familiar with her failings, that, like Mirabell, in *The Way of the World*, he viewed them at laſt with as much partiality as he did his own. On the principle above mentioned, however, he abſtained from viſiting at Mr. Barnet's, till the ſcheme formed by the Maukiſh family ſhould be fairly put to trial.—Mrs. Barnet having been ſtruck with this abſence, queſtioned Edward reſpecting Mr. Waller, as was recited. But as ſoon as the latter underſtood that Sir Mathew's propoſal, though liſtened to by Mr. Barnet, was rejected with indignation by his daughter, he recommenced his aſſiduities at Barnet-hall with more perſeverance than ever.

The

The account which Mr. Waller heard at this time of Edward's behaviour, when the robbery was attempted, removed all the prejudices he had ſo raſhly entertained againſt that young man, and inſpired him with the deſire of cultivating his friendſhip. In conſequence of which, Mr. Waller had complimented him on that adventure in the moſt friendly terms, and afterwards behaved to him in ſuch a frank and cordial manner, as entirely gained his friendſhip.

Mrs. Barnet ſaw with great ſatisfaction the growing friendſhip between Mr. Waller and Edward, which made her receive the former with more kindneſs than ſhe would otherwiſe have done. He happened to call one morning, when Louiſa accompanied her father at his airing; and as Mrs. Barnet was alone, he took that opportunity of expreſſing the ſentiments he entertained of her daughter, deſiring her permiſſion to pay his addreſſes to her, and begging that ſhe ſhould alſo obtain that of Mr. Barnet.

Superior to all affectation, Mrs. Barnet declared at once, that nothing could be more

agreeable

agreeable to her than the connection he propoſed, and that ſhe had no doubt of its being equally agreeable to her huſband; but, ſhe added, that his ſucceſs would finally depend on Louiſa herſelf, whoſe inclinations neither Mr. Barnet nor ſhe would attempt to control; and ſhe adviſed him to endeavour to gain the young Lady's affections without letting her know that he had mentioned his intention to any other perſon.

Some time after this, Mrs. Barnet told her huſband, that ſhe knew of a Gentleman who, ſhe had reaſon to believe, was fond of their daughter, and well calculated to render her happy.

Mr. Barnet, after expreſſing ſatisfaction at this intelligence, inquired who the Gentleman was; and on being informed, "What," ſaid he, "Mr. Waller of —— ſhire?"

"The ſame," replied Mrs. Barnet; "he is a man highly eſteemed."

"No doubt he is," ſaid he; "for he has a very good eſtate."

"He

"He is of a chearful diſpoſition," added ſhe.

"I make no manner of doubt of it," anſwered he; "for his eſtate is quite clear, and he has money in the funds."

"He is a man of very good ſenſe," rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

"I am willing to hope ſo," ſaid her huſband; "though my ſteward told me, that he let ſome farms lately at a much lower rent than they might have brought."

"I do aſſure you," reſumed ſhe, "that Mr. Waller is generally eſteemed a man of great prudence."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid he; "but I muſt ſay, he is a raſh player at backgammon, and leaves blots unneceſſarily."

Mrs. Barnet. You may reſt aſſured, my dear, that he is a man of an excellent character, and if Louiſa chances to like him, as well as he likes her, they will be very happy.

Mr. Barnet. Since you are convinced of that, I will immediately let her know your

your opinion, and that you and I have agreed to their being married together.

Mrs. Barnet. That would undoubtedly be the beſt way, my dear; but Louiſa will like that he ſhould in the firſt place apply to herſelf; women, you know, love to be courted, and are pleaſed only when they think they are left to their own free choice.

Mr. Barnet. I have not the ſmalleſt objection to her being left to her own free choice, provided I were certain ſhe would chooſe Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Barnet. It is highly probable that he will bring that about, and it will be the more probable if nobody attempts to aſſiſt him.

Mr. Barnet. Are you certain of that, my dear?

Mrs. Barnet. I am clearly of that opinion.

"Then I will impart a thought to you which is juſt come into my head," ſaid Mr. Barnet, with the important air of a man who thinks he has hit on a new and promiſing project; "let neither you nor I interfere

interfere in the matter, but leave it to Louiſa, without informing her how we are inclined, or that we have any ſuſpicion of what is going on."

Mrs. Barnet. I am convinced that the plan you propoſe is the moſt prudent we can follow.

"But are you abſolutely certain," reſumed Mr. Barnet, after muſing a little, "that is, by *abſolutely certain*, I mean, are you *poſitively ſure*, that inſtead of liſtening to Mr. Waller's addreſſes, Louiſa will not take a whim into her head, and refuſe him, as ſhe did Mr. Shadow?"

Mrs. Barnet. There is no anſwering poſitively for taſte, but if ſhe has no particular diſlike—

Mr. Barnet. How the devil can ſhe have any diſlike? Mr. Waller is a well-looking ſtately man, with a very good eſtate, and a round ſum of money beſides; —what ſhould give her a diſlike?

Mrs. Barnet. I know nothing that can have that effect; yet, if contrary to all likelihood, Louiſa ſhould have any repugnance to him as a huſband, there is no

more to be ſaid or done; neither you nor I would adviſe her to accept of him; becauſe in that caſe their being united would be a misfortune to both.

Mr. Barnet. If the marriage were fortunate for her, I ſhould not much mind how it turned out for him.

Mrs. Barnet. When they are married, my dear, their good and bad fortune will be in common.

Mr. Barnet. That may be, my dear, but it is our buſineſs to think of the happineſs of our daughter, without troubling ourſelves with other people's.

Mrs. Barnet, perceiving that her huſband could not enter into her reaſoning, thought proper to leave his underſtanding, and addreſs his affections.

Mrs. Barnet. It is Louiſa's good fortune to have a father, who in a matter which ſo nearly concerns her, has the goodneſs to wave parental authority, and to leave her to be directed by her own inclinations; and I am perſuaded this indulgent behaviour will diſpoſe her to conform her conduct

duct as much as is in her power to your wiſhes.

Mr. Barnet. Since you think ſo, my dear, all I have to ſay is, that if Louiſa has a repugnance, as you call it, to Mr. Waller, there ſhall be an end of the buſineſs; but if he ſhall prove to her taſte, as I hope, I ſhall ſee all juſtice done her as to ſettlements, and ſhe ſhall have my whole fortune at my death, for I do not think I ſhould be inclined to marry again, although you were to die to-morrow; indeed nothing ſurpriſes me ſo much as to ſee thoſe, who have tried matrimony once, incline to it a ſecond time.

"I ſee, my dear, by your ſmiling," continued Mr. Barnet, "that you think I might take it into my head to venture to marry again.—Well, ſuppoſe I did, ſtill that might be no prejudice to Louiſa; for I might perhaps have no more children; very likely men ſometimes have no children with very likely women; it is all a chance; and if the worſt ſhould happen, if I ſhould, contrary to my inclination, have children by a ſecond wife, you may aſſure

Louiſa that, even in that caſe, ſhe ſhall be very well provided for:—I have good reaſon therefore to expect that ſhe will conform herſelf to my wiſhes, and accept Mr. Waller's hand, as ſoon as he offers it.

Mrs. Barnet. I am perſuaded ſhe will, if left entirely to herſelf.

Mr. Barnet. Yet as it depends on taſte, there is no perfect certainty; for people's taſtes are various; I myſelf, for example, prefer ſtewed carp to any other diſh,—others deteſt it,—one man's meat, they ſay, is another man's poiſon. The taſte of women perhaps is as different reſpecting men.

To this ſhrewd obſervation, Mrs. Barnet made no anſwer.

In the mean time Mr. Waller's viſits to Barnet-hall were more frequent than ever. —Although genteel in his perſon, and of an agreeable countenance, he was not endowed with thoſe qualities, which perhaps would have moſt flattered the fancy of Louiſa Barnet in a lover; his conduct was more governed by truth and integrity, than ornamented by wit or elegance. In

his company Miſs Barnet was pleaſed without being agitated; ſhe was in that ſtate of tranquillity which leaves reaſon its full force, and that ſpoke entirely in favour of Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Barnet therefore truſted a cauſe, in which ſhe felt herſelf infinitely intereſted, to the calm influence of her daughter's own underſtanding, without calling in the aid of any other advocate.

This conduct convinced Miſs Barnet that her mother had no ſcheme of controlling her on the ſubject of matrimony, any apparent plan of which would have gone far to have prejudiced her againſt the perſon in whoſe favour it was formed; for it was the opinion of this young Lady, that even the moſt indulgent parents laid too much ſtreſs on fortune, and too little on the affections of the heart, in the marriage of their children. Mr. Waller's aſſiduities, meanwhile, became daily more agreeable to her.

CHAP. LXV.

——A grateful mind,
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays. MILTON.

ON various occaſions, after the attempt to rob Mr. Barnet's houſe, Mrs. Barnet had ſtated to her huſband the obligations they both lay under to Edward. He acknowledged the obligation with readineſs, declaring, that he would always think of it with gratitude; for that he conſidered ingratitude as worſe than the ſin of witchcraft, adding every expreſſion in praiſe of a grateful diſpoſition that he had at his command. Having done this, he thought he had done all that was neceſſary; for he had no notion that his wife expected that he ſhould manifeſt his gratitude in any other manner. What ſhe had in view was very different; ſhe wiſhed to excite her huſband to a virtuous action; ſhe knew how dear the idea of inde-

pendence was to every generous mind; ſhe knew that the ſenſe of repeated obligations was painful to that of Edward; ſhe had obſerved that the approach of the terms of payment of his annual allowance ſunk inſtead of raiſing his ſpirit; ſhe knew that he regretted that he had not adopted ſome profeſſion that could have enabled him to live by his own efforts, and without any expence to Mr. Barnet, ſooner than was to be expected in that which had been choſen for him; ſhe thought the ſervice he had rendered her huſband demanded a return of a nature to render Edward in ſome meaſure independent at once; ſhe knew that Mr. Barnet had juſt recovered a debt of four thouſand pounds which had been long conſidered as deſperate, and that the money lay in the hands of his banker, till ſuch time as he ſhould decide where to place it.

During the fortunate æra above mentioned, when happineſs reigned at Barnet-place, this generous woman determined, by more direct means, to endeavour to gain the point ſhe had in contemplation; it was

her

her cuſtom when the family, or a confidential friend only were preſent, to make the ſervants retire after placing the diſhes; ſhe uſed this precaution one night after Miſs Barnet, who ſeldom ſupped, had retired to her own apartment; Mr. Wormwood only ſupped with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet. She obſerved her huſband in high good humour, cutting up the firſt woodcock he had ſeen that ſeaſon; Wormwood and ſhe had for ſome time dwelt on the praiſes of Edward, in which Mr. Barnet joined with an appearance of uncommon cordiality.

Eager to ſeize the propitious moment, ſhe ſaid, immediately after he had commended the woodcock as excellent, "that the four thouſand pounds now lying at the banker's, had been recovered by an accident almoſt as ſingular and unexpected as that by which his life had been ſaved, and that the beſt and nobleſt uſe it could be put to, was to aſſign it over to Edward, as a ſmall teſtimony of gratitude, for the great ſervice rendered by that young man to him and his family.

"You cannot mean," ſaid Mr. Barnet, ſtaring his wife in the face, and laying down the leg of the woodcock, which he had begun to pick; "you cannot mean to aſſign him all the four thouſand pounds!"

"Yes, I do, my dear," replied Mrs. Barnet.

"Four thouſand pounds is a prodigious great ſum of money," repeated he.

"Then you are prodigiouſly rich, my dear," reſumed ſhe; "for we have many four thouſand pounds, and I ſhould think them all of little value, in compariſon with your life, which Edward ſaved at the imminent riſk of his own."

Mr. Barnet ſeemed in ſuſpence, and without making any anſwer, he began again to pick the leg of the woodcock.

"Conſider," ſaid Mr. Wormwood, "that had it not been for Edward, you would never have taſted that woodcock, nor many others which you now have the proſpect of eating."

Mrs. Barnet, who could not bear to ſee her huſband placed in a ridiculous light, and yet wiſhed that Wormwood might perſuade

ſuade him into her propoſal, pretending to have forgot ſomething in the next room, withdrew.

"Conſider," continued Wormwood, "that had it not been for Edward, ſo far from enjoying that woodcock as you do, you would at this inſtant have been at ſupper, *not to eat, but to be eaten.*

"Pray," cried Barnet, with a look of terror, "be ſo obliging as not to ſpeak in that manner; upon my conſcience, I never knew ſuch a frightful man in my life, you uſe ſuch ſhocking expreſſions!"

"Why truly, my good friend," ſaid Wormwood, "the expreſſion is none of mine; I beg leave to inform you, that you will find it in Shakeſpear."

Mr. Barnet, thinking that he recollected at that moment where it was, and hurt that he ſhould be thought ignorant of an author whom he pretended to admire, replied, with uncommon quickneſs, but with his wonted preciſion, "I know as well as you that the expreſſion is in Shakeſpear; but what Shakeſpear puts, with great propriety, in the mouth of a Blackamoor, like Othello, who

murdered his wife, is not very fit to be uſed among Chriſtians in my houſe, eſpecially when they are at ſupper."

Wormwood, willing to reſtore him to good humour, replied, in a conciliatory tone, "I acknowledge the force of your obſervation; I confeſs that you and Shakeſpear are both in the right, and that I only am in fault. I ſhall always bleſs Edward, however, for having preſerved you from immediate death; and I ſincerely pray, my good friend, that the life he preſerved may be long and happy."

Mrs. Barnet was agreeably ſurpriſed, on returning to the parlour, to ſee her huſband and Wormwood ſhaking hands in the moſt cordial manner.

"I have come to the reſolution, my dear," ſaid Mr. Barnet, as ſoon as he ſaw his wife, "to make a preſent to Edward of the four thouſand pounds you ſpoke of. Some people will think it a great deal too much; but, on mature deliberation, I am not entirely of that opinion; becauſe it is impoſſible to deny that he rendered a great ſervice to us both: for it is clear that he ſaved

my

my life; and if they had once killed me, God Almighty only knows what ſuch audacious libertines might have been tempted to do to you."

"You have come to a noble reſolution," cried Wormwood, filling a bumper of wine; "I drink your health with all my heart and ſoul, and ſhall remember this ſupper to my laſt hour; and as for you, my worthy friend, you have ſwallowed what few people would have had courage to taſte, but which will afford you more comfort in digeſting than any other morſel you ever eat in your life."

It were ſuperfluous to mention the ſatisfaction which her huſband's determination gave to Mrs. Barnet; but it is ſtill neceſſary to take notice of ſome things that took place previouſly. It was already mentioned that Clifton had made an application to the Miniſter in favour of Edward—he renewed this with more warmth from the Continent. A ſhort time after, the Miniſter meeting Lady Ann Clifton at an aſſembly, informed her that he had found the ſituation ſo earneſtly deſired by her ſon for his friend.

Her Ladyſhip, by letter, acquainted Edward with this. It was the very ſituation which would have been moſt agreeable to him, had he been on his former footing with Clifton; but Edward now thought, for he knew not that Clifton had written from the Continent, that though he had exerted himſelf for the man he loved, he might not like to ſee the fruits of his exertions reaped by one for whom he had no longer any friendſhip: and even on the ſuppoſition that Clifton ſhould ſtill be well pleaſed that his application took effect, Edward could not bear the thought of lying under ſuch an obligation to a man with whom he was no longer on the ſame friendly footing. He therefore wrote to Lady Ann, that ſomething had very lately occurred, which put it out of his power to avail himſelf of the Miniſter's favourable intentions, &c. &c.

Although the letter was conceived in the moſt reſpectful terms, yet her Ladyſhip could not help thinking that there was ſomething extremely odd in a perſon in Edward's ſituation refuſing an offer of this kind;

kind; and in the letter ſhe wrote to her ſon ſhe inſinuated that his friend's conduct ſeemed whimſical, if not quite abſurd.

A ſhort time after this, Wormwood called on Edward at his chambers in the Temple, and delivered to him a letter from Mr. Barnet, containing an order to his banker for four thouſand pounds, which he was deſired to accept of as a teſtimony of gratitude for the moſt important obligation which one man could lay upon another. Mr. Wormwood gave him at the ſame time a letter from Mrs. Barnet expreſſive of the ſame ſentiments, praiſing her huſband's conduct; but adding, that the weight of obligation ſtill lay upon them.

It is unneceſſary to deſcribe the feelings of Edward on this occaſion, or to recapitulate in what manner Mr. Wormwood ſupported the concluding aſſertion in Mrs. Barnet's letter, which he inſiſted was an obvious truth; treating at the ſame time all Edward's arguments to the contrary as mere ſophiſms, and declaring that Edward's perſevering in a refuſal would be conſidered

as proceeding from ill-placed pride, and would give great uneaſineſs to Mrs. Barnet.

Edward yielded to this laſt argument, and ſet out directly for Barnet-hall; and having found Mr and Mrs. Barnet by themſelves, he expreſſed, in fervent and manly terms, his ſenſe of their conduct towards him, and remained ſome days with them without again making the leaſt alluſion to it; being reſolved to manifeſt his gratitude by his conduct through life, and not by any farther profeſſions.

CHAP. LXVI.

L'orgueil ne veut pas devoir, et l'amour-propre ne veut pas payer. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MR. Clifton while at Paris received accounts that the perſon he had wounded was out of danger. He was ſtill detained, however, by the amuſements of that capital. Having had time for reflection, he became ſenſible that Edward had acted from the moſt laudable motives; and that the very conduct which had produced the breach between them rendered him more worthy of his friendſhip; at the bottom of his heart Clifton really had more eſteem for his friend than ever; but ſtill he felt a powerful reluctance from that avowal of his ſentiments which would have led to the reconciliation he ſecretly wiſhed, and which was abſolutely neceſſary for his happineſs. Thoſe uneaſy reflections were ſometimes precluded by the purſuits of pleaſure, and ſometimes drowned in the exceſſes of various kinds,

to

to which he was too liable to be led; but the recollection of his friend always returned in thoſe hours of languor which were the never-failing conſequences of his exceſſes. It was during an interval of this kind, after a very riotous night, that he received his mother's letter, which incloſed that of Edward to her. She blamed his conduct in rejecting the Miniſter's offer as capricious and unbecoming. Clifton ſaw it in a different point of view, and the letter affected him in a different manner. He was perſuaded that the ſole motive of Edward's having refuſed a ſituation he had formerly wiſhed to obtain, was becauſe it had been procured by him; a circumſtance which once would have rendered it doubly acceptable. This ſtruck Clifton as a proof that the heart of Edward was entirely alienated; an idea which filled him with ſuch anguiſh that he diſſolved into a flood of tears. The thought of his having loſt Clifton's friendſhip had never produced the ſame effect on Edward; not becauſe he was endowed with leſs ſenſibility; for a heart more exquiſitely alive to every fine ſenſation

tion of human nature, and particularly to that of friendſhip, was, perhaps, never framed than his; but having been early accuſtomed to diſappointments, vexations, and croſſes, although he felt with equal ſenſibility, he was able to ſuffer with more ſteadineſs, than a youth born in affluence, to whom gratifications of every kind were familiar, and vexation new; beſides, Clifton could not reflect on the loſs of his friend without ſelf-condemnation, from which, in lamenting the ſame misfortune, the mind of Edward was free.

Lady Ann Clifton had never much reliſhed the intimacy her ſon had formed with a youth of Edward's unhappy ſituation; but the advantageous manner in which he was ſpoken of by every body, confirmed by his fine addreſs and appearance, prevented her from having the ſame repugnance to it, which otherwiſe ſhe would have had, and from attempting to break a connection in which her ſon took ſo much pleaſure. She expected that this would be effected by abſence, and by more mature reflection: on an occaſion like this offering,

ing, however, wherein she really thought Edward's conduct reprehensible, she did not neglect to state it in the most unfavourable light to her son, in the hopes that it would contribute to break a connection which she thought imprudent in him ever to have formed.

The character of the mother and son were different in various points, and particularly in this, that the former had more vanity than pride, and the latter more pride than vanity.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously,

raciouſly, however coarſely ſerved up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. Praiſe a man of genuine pride for an honourable action which he did *not* perform, hint that he is the author of an admired anonymous literary production that he did *not* write, or for talents of any kind which he thinks do not belong to him, and he will earneſtly declare that you are under a miſtake. A vain man in the ſame circumſtances will allow you to remain in error, or perhaps endeavour to confirm you in it by falſehood. The vain, continually afraid of loſing importance in the world, avoid thoſe of their acquaintance, however worthy of eſteem, who are in an humble ſituation in life, or who are unfaſhionably dreſſed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themſelves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man, deſpiſing ſuch conduct, and never afraid of loſing importance, accoſts the humbleſt of his acquaintance with equal kindneſs, whether he meets them

when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and faſhion.

The dread of having loſt the friendſhip of Edward brought into Clifton's recollection all thoſe qualities of which his friend's character was compoſed; his manly ſteadineſs, unſhaken probity, acute diſcernment, and extenſive benevolence; the ſcenes of their boyiſh days paſſing alſo before the mind of Clifton in viſionary review, opened all thoſe ſources of eſteem and affection which had ſtagnated, while he was engroſſed with the purſuits of pleaſure, and now poured on his heart with ſuch force as to overcome that pride which had prevented his making any advances to a reconciliation. One idea in particular, which, on a leſs generous mind, would have had a contrary effect, rendered him eager to accommodate matters with Edward; namely, that the breach between them would be conſidered by the world as a greater loſs to Edward than to himſelf. He now ſaw that this conſideration rendered it more delicate for his friend to make advances than for himſelf. Impreſſed with

with theſe ſentiments, he wrote a moſt conciliatory letter, apologizing for the raſh one he had ſent formerly, taking blame on himſelf, applauding the conduct of Edward, and inviting a renewal of their friendſhip.

The ſteady mind of this young man, which remained unſhaken by thoſe blaſts of adverſity that overwhelm many, could not ſtand the unexpected felicity of his friend's letter. The tears of joy which fell from his eyes obliged him to recommence oftener than once *that* which he wrote in anſwer.

The mutual friendſhip of thoſe two young men being thus renewed, a conſtant intercourſe by letters was carried on between them. Clifton, however, was ſtill unwilling to leave Paris; a variety of allurements retained him in that capital; yet amidſt the ſcenes of novelty and magnificence, none ever peculiarly commanded his admiration without exciting a wiſh that Edward were preſent to augment his enjoy-

ment by ſharing it. This induced him to invite his friend, in the moſt preſſing terms, to paſs a few months with him at Paris. No propoſal could have been more agreeable to Edward; but on finding that Mr. Barnet was averſe to his leaving England, and would be much diſappointed by his not ſpending the approaching vacation at Barnet-hall, he declined it.

CHAP. LXVII.

The Chief that knows of ſuccours nigh,
And ſees his mangled legions die,
Caſts not a more impatient glance,
To ſee the loitering aids advance.

SHENSTONE.

WHETHER from intemperance, or ſome other cauſe, Mr. Clifton was ſoon after ſeized with a fever, which within a few days rendered him inſenſible, and at its termination left him in a ſtate of weakneſs of body and dejection of mind, far greater than he had felt on any former occaſion.

Edward having been longer than uſual without hearing from his friend began to be uneaſy on that account, when he received a meſſage from Lady Ann Clifton, that ſhe deſired to ſee him. She had never heard of the miſunderſtanding between her ſon and Edward on account of Miſs Barnet; ſhe perceived by her ſon's late letters that her inſinuations had produced no effect; and that the two youths were on the old

confidential footing. In the preſent diſturbed ſtate of her mind ſhe ſent for Edward. When he arrived, a Lady who lived with Lady Ann deſired to ſpeak with him apart before he was introduced to her Ladyſhip. This Lady, under the denomination of a companion and friend, performed the functions of an enemy; ſhe was one of thoſe accommodating perſons, which ſome people of rank love to have conſtantly with them, for the purpoſe of applauding whatever they do or ſay; whoſe buſineſs it is to prevent diſagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious, as they themſelves are abject, ſelfiſh, and perfidious. This Lady's preſent buſineſs with Edward was to beg him to look as cheerful as poſſible, and to aſſure her Ladyſhip that the ill news ſhe had received could not poſſibly be true, and would be contradicted by the very firſt mail.

"I do not know what the news is, Madam," replied Edward.

"So much the better," ſaid the Lady; "you may have the leſs ſcruple to aſſure her

her it is falſe, ſince you do not know for certain that it is true; the news is very bad, *that* you may depend upon, therefore pray ſwear it is falſe; for that is the only way to keep up her ſpirits."

Edward, being a good deal alarmed, haſtily deſired to be introduced to her Ladyſhip. His alarm was increaſed when he perceived that ſhe had been weeping. She aſked if he had received any late accounts from Paris; and on his anſwering in the negative, ſhe informed him that ſhe had received a letter from her ſon's banker at Paris, acquainting her that he had been ſeized with a fever, and was attended by two phyſicians.

"That need not give your Ladyſhip any manner of uneaſineſs," ſaid Miſs Honeyſuckle; "for you may remember that her Grace the Ducheſs of ——— was attended by four in her late illneſs, and ſhe recovered notwithſtanding."

Edward aſked if her Ladyſhip had any ſcruple at ſhewing him the banker's letter. She immediately gave it him; it was written in palliative terms, with a view to ex-

tenuate the danger. Edward perceived the writer's intention; and his face betrayed the feelings of his heart.

"Good God, Sir! why do you look ſo ſorrowful?" cried Miſs Honeyſuckle; "do you not know that the leaſt appearance of ſorrow does her Ladyſhip harm?"

"What is your opinion of that account?" ſaid Lady Ann to Edward; but before he could make any anſwer, Miſs Honeyſuckle obſerved, "That banker's accounts were very little to be depended upon; that her Ladyſhip had no occaſion to be uneaſy." She then gave a variety of inſtances of falſe intelligence, both of a public and private nature, which had come from bankers, a claſs of men, ſhe added, who by dealing in nothing but money, which is the root of all evil, are ignorant, thick-headed, and wonderfully liable to miſtakes on every other ſubject. "Your Ladyſhip knows very well," continued this candid and diſcerning gentlewoman, "that this is the caſe with your own banker in London; and there is no reaſon to think that the French banker at Paris is more to be relied on:

for

for my own part I am convinced that the next poſt will bring you accounts that Mr. Clifton is in perfect health; ſo that your Ladyſhip has no reaſon to wear your eyes or deſtroy your complexion by ſorrow."

Lady Ann Clifton was naturally a woman of a ſtrong mind and juſt underſtanding; the firſt had been weakened by the diſſipation in which ſhe had lived; the ſecond by the homage which had been paid her as a beauty, and a woman of rank. She could not but perceive that what Miſs Honeyſuckle ſaid was founded on no authority, and thrown out merely to keep up her ſpirits. It was acceptable, nevertheleſs; ſhe wiſhed to deceive herſelf, and was pleaſed with thoſe who aſſiſted her. She therefore allowed Miſs Honeyſuckle to continue her babble, while ſhe herſelf was ſilent, and ſtrove to believe all that the other ſuggeſted.

Edward had made no anſwer to Lady Ann's queſtion; and ſhe was afraid to repeat it, leſt his anſwer ſhould not tend to confirm the ſoothing things which flowed from the tongue of Miſs Honeyſuckle. He withdrew, and ſet out directly for Barnet-

hall.

all. On his arrival he found Mrs. Barnet alone; her husband and daughter having gone to dine at Mr. Fuller's. Edward informed her of the accounts from Paris; his face and whole manner expressed his inquietude more than his words, while he requested her approbation of his proceeding immediately to Paris.

"I am too sensible of the warmth of your friendship for Mr. Clifton, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Barnet, "to oppose what you so eagerly desire; I know also what comfort the face of a friend conveys to those who languish under sickness among strangers. I shall inform Mr. Barnet of the cause of your sudden departure; I am convinced he will see it in the same light that I do; and as I perceive your anxiety and impatience, I will not even require you to stay till his return."

Edward proceeded with all possible expedition to Dover, which he reached time enough for the packet, which was just about to sail.

During the ravings of his fever, Clifton had often repeated the name of Edward. When

When the fever left him, and his senses returned, he asked the servant, who had been most constantly with him, if he knew whether his friend had been informed of his illness; and expressed uneasiness when the man answered that he had not. He then desired the servant to write to Edward by that day's post.

"Shall I request him to come?" said the servant.

"Request nothing!" answered Clifton; "write simply, that I have been very ill, am now better, but not quite recovered." While the servant was writing, he said to himself, "his heart will dictate what he should do."

The Valet having finished his letter, Clifton found his sight so weakened that it was with difficulty he could read it; yet, taking the pen, he scrawled, in wavering words, the following sentence: "I am as weak as a child, but my friendship is strong as ever."

Having seen the letter sealed, he was obliged to be put to bed; and then desired his servant to carry the letter to the post, saying,

ſaying, "Would to Heaven I could ſleep till Edward arrives!"

The following day he told the ſervant he had been dreaming the whole night of Edward.

"Then I am ſure you muſt have paſſed a pleaſant night," replied the man.

"On the contrary," replied Clifton, "I never was ſo teaſed in my life: I ſaw him; but a precipice, or a river, or ſome obſtacle or other, always intervened, and prevented our being able to meet and converſe."

This young man was of a moſt impatient temper. When his heart once fixed on any object, every thing elſe appeared taſteleſs in compariſon; he counted the minutes, and wiſhed the time annihilated that intervened before he could obtain his wiſhes. He had been calculating at what hour Edward might receive his letter, and how ſoon after it was practicable for him to arrive at Paris. He ſaid, one day when the ſervant was ſitting alone by his bed-ſide, "Edward may poſſibly be in the country when the letter arrives in London."

The

The ſervant having remarked that the natural impatience of his maſter's temper was augmented by his preſent weakened ſtate, wiſhed to prepare him, in ſome degree, for a diſappointment, which was likely to happen; for he had little expectation that Edward would ſet out for Paris immediately after receiving the letter. The man therefore ſaid, in anſwer to his maſter's obſervation, "That Mr. Edward certainly might be in the country, which would prevent his receiving the letter ſo ſoon as he would otherwiſe have done; beſides, when he does receive it," added he, "it may not be *convenient* for him to leave England at this time."

"How dare you talk ſo, blockhead?" cried Clifton.

"I only meant," reſumed the ſervant, "that buſineſs may prevent him from—"

"Buſineſs!" repeated Clifton, with indignation; "get out of the room! begone!"

While the heart of Clifton glowed with all the ardour of youthful friendſhip, and his imagination was indulging the hopes of ſoon ſeeing his friend, an inſinuation of

coldneſs on his part was the moſt grating idea that could have been preſented to his mind. It will be readily believed, therefore, that his pleaſure muſt have been very great a ſhort time after, when he ſaw the ſervant he had driven with indignation from his preſence return with a joyful countenance, followed by Edward.

There was, however, more of the eagerneſs of youthful friendſhip than of prudence in this ſudden appearance before his exhauſted friend, who at firſt imagined that the dream of the preceding night was returned.

His friend's embrace aſſured him of his real preſence, and rendered Clifton's ſatisfaction complete. Edward, however, was ſoon warned of his imprudence, by the ghaſtly looks and emaciated perſon of his friend, and hinted a deſire to withdraw.

Indeed repoſe was equally neceſſary to both; one being exhauſted by emotion, and the other by fatigue; for Edward had not been in bed ſince the night preceding the day on which he left London.

Clifton, being informed of this circumſtance by his ſervant, deſired that his friend might not be called till very late the following day.

The agitation that Clifton's ſpirits had undergone was not followed by the ill conſequences that were feared; the reflection that his friend was in the ſame houſe with him, ſoothed his mind into a pleaſing reverie, from which he fell into a profound ſleep that laſted ſeveral hours; he awakened greatly refreſhed, and in all reſpects better. It was a full fortnight, however, before he had gathered ſtrength enough to enable him to go out of the houſe. He then began to take ſhort airings in a carriage; theſe were gradually extended round the environs of Paris, as his ſtrength permitted—Edward being his conſtant companion both at home and when he drove out. Nowithſtanding this unremitting attendance, Edward found ſufficient time in the morning, before Clifton aroſe, to view every thing he wiſhed to examine within the city of Paris.

After ſix weeks Mr. Clifton was ſtill in ſuch a ſtate of health, that his phyſicians adviſed

adviſed him not to return to England, nor even remain at Paris, but to paſs the winter in a milder climate.

Mr. Clifton, who had determined to accompany Edward to England, was highly diſpleaſed with this advice, which he declared he would *not* follow; and, in ſpite of all that could be urged by the phyſicians and others, he perſevered in his reſolution.

Edward had written to Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, that Mr. Clifton being now in a fair way of recovery, he himſelf intended, within a few weeks, to return; but finding his friend obſtinate in rejecting the plan preſcribed by the phyſicians, he ſuſpended his own, and wrote to Mr. Barnet in a more dubious ſtile reſpecting his ſpeedy return.

In the mean time both the young men remained in Paris until Clifton ſhould recover ſuch a degree of ſtrength as was thought neceſſary for a journey, without declaring whether he ſhould go to the ſouth or return to England.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, et ſcelus ingens
Sana facit. JUVEN.

DURING the interval from the time that Edward wrote to Mrs. Barnet, as before mentioned, and his receiving an anſwer, as he returned one day from a ramble, to view the churches and other public buildings in Paris, the valet de place who generally accompanied him, led him to a ſhop to purchaſe ſome ſilk ſtockings.

While the miſtreſs of the ſhop was recommending her goods with the zeal of a vender and the volubility of a French woman, Edward was ſtruck with the beauty of a Lady, who ſat in a ſmall room which opened into the ſhop.

This Lady being equally pleaſed with his appearance, ſhewed a diſpoſition to captivate him by various little airs and looks, that are eaſily underſtood, though difficult to deſcribe.

The miſtreſs of the ſhop perceiving that he paid more attention to this Lady than to the ſtockings, whoſe eulogium ſhe had taken ſo much pains upon, at length ſaid, "Monſieur will chooſe more at his eaſe in the room, and perhaps Mademoiſelle will be ſo good as to aſſiſt him."

"Volontiers," ſaid the Lady with a frank air.

The woman of the ſhop then turned to ſerve ſome other cuſtomers, and Edward ſtepping into the ſmall room, ſeated himſelf by the Lady, who began to examine the ſtockings, and glancing alternately from them to his legs, and from the latter to the former, "en verité," ſaid ſhe, "it will be a little difficult to fit Monſieur; il n'eſt pas fait comme tout le monde; but theſe are of the beſt ſhape," added ſhe, picking out one pair of ſtockings from the parcel; "voyons," holding them near his leg; "yes, theſe may do."

In the ſame playful manner, ſhe choſe ſix pair; Edward then deſired the miſtreſs of the ſhop to hand him a parcel of women's ſtockings,

ſtockings, as he hoped the Lady would accept ſix pair of his chooſing.

After refuſing a decent time, the miſtreſs of the ſhop joining in the requeſt, the Lady accepted, deſiring *him* to chooſe.

"I fear I ſhall blunder," ſaid he ſlily, "if I am obliged to chooſe quite in the dark."

"Monſieur ſeems to be more cautious than is abſolutely neceſſary," replied ſhe, with affected gravity.

"I only wiſh for ſo much light," ſaid he, "as may prevent my ſhooting very wide of the mark."

"Allons, allons," cried ſhe ſmiling, "il faut tirer au hazard."

"As you pleaſe, Madam," ſaid Edward; he then picked out a *very large* pair, ſaying, "will theſe ſuit you?"

"Que voulez vous donc dire, Monſieur?" cried ſhe very much piqued.

"Perhaps they are a little too large," reſumed he.

"Grand Dieu!—infiniment," exclaimed ſhe, quite ſhocked at the idea of being ſuſpected of thick ancles. "Regardez, Monſieur;"

ſieur:" in her hurry to repel the imputation, ſhe diſcovered more of her leg than was neceſſary to clear her innocence. This piece of etourderie was followed by an attempt to bluſh, and various marks of confuſion on the part of the Lady. She ſoon recovered her natural manner, however, diſplaying a degree of vivacity equally new and captivating, to a youth who was unaccuſtomed to the converſation of French women. Neither he nor ſhe ſeemed inclined to terminate the *tête-à-tête*, when a chariot ſtopping at the ſhop-door, a young woman, who ſeemed to be the Lady's maid, came out of it, and informed her aloud, that ſhe had executed her commiſſions; but on ſeeing her reſume her converſation with Edward, the maid whiſpered her, on which the Lady roſe, and after throwing a ſignificant look at the maid, went into her carriage.

"Monſieur lodges in this neighbourhood?" ſaid the maid. Edward put his card into her hand, accompanied with a Louis. "Aſſurément," ſaid the maid, "Monſieur eſt tres poli."

After

After paying for the ſtockings, Edward ſent the valet to the hotel in which he lodged, with thoſe he had bought for himſelf; he then made ſome inquiries of the miſtreſs of the ſhop, concerning the Lady; the miſtreſs aſſumed an air of prudery, gave him evaſive anſwers, and he was obliged to leave the ſhop, without receiving the information he wiſhed for.

In relating his adventure to Clifton, Edward deſcribed the Lady as the moſt ſprightly girl he had ever converſed with, and the prettieſt he had ſeen in France.

The following day the valet de place informed him, that a young woman had brought a letter, which ſhe inſiſted on delivering into Monſieur's own hands. When ſhe was introduced, he recogniſed the maid who had whiſpered the Lady in the ſtocking ſhop.

In the letter he was blamed for having queſtioned the miſtreſs of the ſhop, and deſired to abſtain from it in future; he was directed to come to a maſked ball, announced for the following night, to be dreſſed in a white domino, and to wear in

his hat a white cockade, which the bearer of the letter delivered to him: he was warned not to addreſs the writer at the ball, although he ſhould know her, but to wait until ſhe ſhould ſpeak to him. The letter was ſubſcribed, *La Dame aux bas de ſoie.*

When Edward ſhewed this epiſtle to Clifton, he expreſſed an inclination to attend him to the ball for a couple of hours; they went together.

After traverſing the room a conſiderable time, Clifton diſtinguiſhed one female maſk, in the character of a Circaſſian; ſhe was by much the moſt elegant figure in the aſſembly; ſhe had hold of the arm of a perſon in a Turkiſh dreſs.

"Do you think," ſaid Edward to his friend, "that the Circaſſian's face correſponds to her ſhape?"

"Let us move a little nearer them," replied Clifton, "and perhaps we ſhall make the diſcovery; if ſhe perſiſts in keeping on her maſk, it is probable that ſhe has not much beauty to diſplay."

They were now immediately behind the Turk and Circaſſian.

"I am of your opinion, my friend," ſaid Clifton in French, and loud enough to be heard by the Lady; "ſhe certainly has the fineſt ſhape in the world, but as we often ſee very handſome women who are ill-ſhaped, ſo the fineſt ſymmetry of perſon is no proof, nor even preſumption, that the face is not homely."

This was ſpoken as the Turk and the Lady had arrived at the end of the hall; the latter in turning contrived to drop her maſk. Edward picked it up, and preſented it to her without ſpeaking; but Clifton ſaid, "You are a ſtrong exception, Madam, to an obſervation which I was juſt making."

He ſaid this with a view to engage her in converſation, but as ſhe knew that would not be agreeable to her companion, having replaced her maſk, and curtſied, ſhe walked on.

The two Gentlemen had afterwards occaſion to admire her gracefulneſs and agility; for having danced a minuet, ſhe was afterwards engaged in cotillons, during which ſhe had the addreſs, unmarked by

her Turkiſh companion, to ſay ſome obliging things to Edward, in the expreſſive language of looks and glances.

When the dancing was over, obſerving a cluſter of maſks formed around a pantaloon, who was playing antic tricks, ſhe joined the crowd, making Edward a ſign to follow; and, as he preſſed near, ſhe ſlipped a note into his hand, ſoon after which ſhe and her Turk diſappeared.

Next morning at breakfaſt the two friends joined in praiſe of the maſquerade Lady's beauty. Edward dwelt on the theme with unuſual warmth and fluency.

"I once thought," ſaid Clifton, "that the *Dame au bas de ſoie* had made a conqueſt of your heart; I now begin to ſuſpect that the Circaſſian will drive her out of the field; her charms ſeem to have very extraordinary power over you; laſt night they ſtruck you dumb—this morning they render you eloquent."

Edward then told him, that the Circaſſian and the *Dame au bas de ſoie* were the ſame perſon.

Clifton

Clifton had in the preceding night taken notice of the angry deportment of the Turk, when the Lady dropt her maſk, and when he hurried from them with impatience, had ſaid to Edward, "If that fellow is not a real Turk, he ſupports the character wonderfully well; he ſeems ready to ſtab any man that ſpeaks to his miſtreſs. You ought to be on your guard."

Leſt his friend ſhould be uneaſy, therefore, at his purſuing the adventure any farther, Edward had not communicated to him the contents of the note which the Lady had ſlipped into his hand, which imported that he ſhould come the following day to a particular walk in the Luxembourg gardens, where he would be accoſted by a perſon who would inform him further.

He had not made above one or two turns in the walk, when the ſame girl who had called at the hotel delivered him a letter; in this he was informed, that the writer could not have the pleaſure of ſeeing him for two days, but that on the third, ſhe expected to meet him in the evening, at a houſe

houſe which ſhe deſcribed, adding, that there they could converſe freely, without the fear of being diſturbed by Turks, or any intruders whatever.

Having rewarded the girl for her trouble, Edward returned to the hotel diſappointed, and vexed that the rendezvous was ſo long poſtponed; for the Lady's charms appeared to him ſo much improved by the maſquerade dreſs, that his admiration was more exalted than ever, and he now conſidered her as the moſt beautiful creature he had ever beheld.

All next day he could think of nothing but the fair incognito; Clifton obſerved this, and rallied him on many proofs of abſence of mind he gave during their uſual airing in the carriage.

"You may be aſſured, my friend," ſaid Clifton, "that you have no cauſe to give way to deſpair, for notwithſtanding her keeper's being a very Turk, and inclined to guard her for his own excluſive uſe, the heart of the Lady ſeems evidently to revolt againſt that Mahometan practice, ſo contrary to the cuſtoms of the Chriſtian country in which ſhe lives."

The

The ſame day, as Edward was dreſſing before dinner, the valet de place attended him as uſual; while he handed him a pair of the ſtockings he had lately bought, the fellow ſaid with a ſhrewd look, and in a ſignificant tone of voice, "thoſe ſtockings are very well choſen; but no wonder, that Lady has a great deal of taſte, as well as beauty."

"What Lady?" ſaid Edward.

"The Lady," replied the valet, "who was ſo obliging as to chooſe Monſieur's ſtockings for him."

"Do you know that Lady?"

"That I do; I had the honour of knowing her before ſhe was married."

"Married!" cried Edward; "is ſhe married?"

"O! mon Dieu, oui."

"Does ſhe live with her huſband?"

"O! mon Dieu, non."

"Where is her huſband?"

"Le pauvre Diable, il eſt coffré," anſwered the fellow, with a laugh.

Edward, not underſtanding the import of that phraſe, demanded an explanation.

The

The valet ſaid, "that if Monſieur had an inclination to pay his court to the Lady, he never could have a more fortunate opportunity; becauſe," continued the valet, "I have the honour to aſſure Monſieur that her huſband is in priſon. Monſieur le Comte, who occaſionally ſupplies his place, is to ſet out to-morrow for Verſailles, where he will be detained ſeveral days, and there can be no manner of doubt of her prefering the company of Monſieur during that interval to that of either, for the Lady is a woman of taſte; and although I myſelf have the experience of her being an œconomiſt in money, ſhe has the reputation of being very generous in love."

"You have occaſionally, no doubt, been of ſervice to Monſieur le Comte, in his intercourſe with the Lady," ſaid Edward.

"Cela ne gatera rien," replied the valet; "je ne cherche qu'à faire plaiſir à tout le monde."

"For what reaſon," reſumed Edward, "was this woman's huſband ſent to priſon?"

"Pour lui apprendre à vivre," replied the fellow; "C'étoit un homme intraitable."

On

On being farther queſtioned, he related, "that the Lady's family was of the petite nobleſſe, but that ſhe herſelf having little or no fortune had condeſcended to marry a Bourgeois de Paris; that he was a man *bien à ſon aiſe* before marriage, but much the reverſe after it, *comme de raiſon*; but in his caſe, this was in a great meaſure his own fault, for he was *aſſez bête* to be diſpleaſed, becauſe Monſieur le Comte de ——— frequently viſited his wife; a circumſtance which did him honour, and might have been otherwiſe beneficial to him, if he had been prudent, for Monſieur le Comte was a young man *tout à fait comme il faut*, lately married to a very reſpectable old Lady, who had brought him a great fortune, which he ſpent *noblement*, and by which the Bourgeois might have profited; but," continued the valet, "il eſt Bourgeois depuis le pieds juſqu'à la tête, et un homme *tout-à-fait intraitable*." The valet then continued to inform Edward that the huſband being a moſt unreaſonable man, and blind to his own intereſt, had taken umbrage at the

Count's visits to his wife, which had occasioned some pretty sharp altercations, in the course of which the husband had been accused of uttering expressions, not only violent against the Count, but disrespectful of the Minister, to whom he was distantly related, and glancing at the government; an account of which, with the connivance of his wife, being transmitted to the Minister, Monsieur le Comte had influence to obtain a *lettre de cachet*, in consequence of which the Bourgeois was seized, and is now, *heureusement pour Monsieur*, confined in prison; *car vraiment il est un peu brutal.*

The valet de place was himself at this very time retained as a spy of the police; he had got a glimpse of the Lady, as he stood at the door of the shop where Edward first met her, and had observed enough afterwards to convince him that the youth was greatly captivated with her; the fellow therefore wished to be employed in a business, which he had found by experience to be lucrative. His narration however had

made

made a very different impreſſion on the mind of Edward, from what he intended.

"How came you to be acquainted," ſaid Edward, "with all thoſe circumſtances?"

"I learnt this morning from the Count's valet de chambre, that his maſter was to ſet out to-morrow for Verſailles, where he will remain ſeveral days, *ainſi en attendant, Monſieur doit avoir beau jeu*," continued the fellow, with a profound bow.

"Are you abſolutely certain," reſumed Edward, "that this woman's huſband was accuſed with *her* knowledge and connivance?"

"Monſieur may rely upon that," ſaid the valet; "I was in a ſituation to know all the particulars; ſhe pretended to the world to be in great ſorrow, but I knew better—*O! c'eſt un fin mouche.*"

"What a ſhocking woman!" exclaimed Edward, turning from the valet, whom he afterwards deſired to ſay nothing more of this affair, nor to attempt ſeeing the Lady, until he ſhould receive inſtructions from him.

Edward

Edward then went into Mr. Clifton's apartment, and related all the valet's ſtory to him, declaring at the ſame time, "that he muſt have better authority before he could give faith to ſo ſhocking a tale."

Clifton ſaid he expected the Marquis of ———, a young French nobleman by whoſe means it would be eaſy to know whether it was true or not.

The Marquis entered while they were talking, and Clifton had no ſooner mentioned the affair in queſtion, than the Marquis acknowledged that he had heard it much in the manner the valet had related, and although he did not ſay he knew it to be true, he ſufficiently ſhewed that he believed it. It did not ſtrike him however with much ſurprize or indignation, as would ſeem by his manner of recounting the following adventure.

"It muſt be owned," ſaid the Marquis, "that the caſe of your Bourgeois is rather more lamentable, than that of a certain captain of a man of war in our ſervice, *un peu lourd à la verité d'ailleurs brave, et le meilleur*

meilleur homme du monde. Well, all the ſtorms this officer had experienced at ſea did not frighten him from embarking in the marriage ſtate; he choſe for his mate a very pretty girl, whom he loved a great deal, without eſteeming her much; while ſhe, on her part, had ſome eſteem for him, without loving him at all. They might have lived as comfortably together as many other huſbands and wives with ſimilar ſentiments do; for the Captain was glad to meet with his wife as often as he returned from ſea, and ſhe was by no means miſerable when he was obliged to return to it again.

"During a longer period than uſual, which the Captain paſſed at ſea, the Miniſter de la Marine became acquainted and formed an intimate friendſhip with his wife, and the huſband arrived at one of our harbours when their friendſhip was at the height. He immediately applied, as is uſual, for leave to quit his ſhip and go to Paris. The Miniſter informed him by letter, that he had been for ſome time very impatient to hear of his ſafe arrival, becauſe an important project,

which required to be conducted by an officer of distinguished talents, was in contemplation; that *he* was fixed upon to conduct it; he was therefore required to remain at the port where he then was, to hasten and superintend the victualling and repairing his ship, and then to proceed with all possible expedition to one of our islands in the West Indies, where he would receive the necessary instructions.

"The Captain, who had not hitherto had much reason to be vain of the notice taken of him, rejoiced to find that his merit had attracted the attention of the Court at last; consoled himself the best way he could, for being disappointed of meeting his wife; hurried the preparations for his ship, and sailed in high spirits to the West Indies; where, after having waited a considerable time for particular instructions, respecting the important object of his mission, he received dispatches from the Minister, by which he was informed, that an unexpected incident having rendered the intended enterprize more hazardous than when it was planned, the King was unwilling to risk so

gallant

gallant an officer in so desperate an attempt, which was therefore relinquished.

"The Captain consoled himself for this disappointment by reflecting, that the honour of having been selected on such an occasion still remained with him; and that the same motives which had determined the Minister to recommend him for conducting this enterprize, might prompt him to employ him in some other equally honourable, and more profitable.

"Notwithstanding certain obstructions that were thrown in his way to retard his departure from the West Indies, the Captain arrived in France sooner than was wished by his Lady, or convenient for the Minister. Before he could quit the sea-port, however, he received information from him, that in order to indemnify so active an officer for his late disappointment in the West, a ship was ready prepared to carry him, without loss of time, to the East Indies, where he was to have the conducting of a business of more importance than the former. He went accordingly, and gave so much satisfaction that he was kept there several years,

and would probably have been detained till this hour, had not the Miniſter's friendſhip for the wife undergone ſuch an alteration in this interval, that he became as willing that the huſband ſhould find employment at home as he had formerly been to employ him abroad. The Captain returned accordingly, a good deal improved in point of fortune, and was received by his wife with the ſame affection as at the commencement of their union."

Edward had no farther doubt of the truth of the valet's ſtory, which converted all his paſſion for the woman into averſion; and as ſoon as the Marquis left him alone with his friend, he expreſſed much indignation againſt a Government under which ſuch horrid things could be practiſed and connived at, contraſting it with the Government of Great Britain, where the oppreſſions and unnatural inequalities which attend Monarchy in other countries are precluded, and in a great meaſure ſoftened by equal laws and wiſe limitations. "No wonder," continued he, "that a violent thirſt for liberty, and a deſire of a reformation

reformation of Government is ſo prevalent at preſent among the French."

"Yet," replied Clifton, "there are people who imagine there is ſomething in the character of the French, proceeding perhaps from the nature of the climate, or the effect of that luxury which has been carried ſuch length among them, that renders them incapable of liberty; they are fond of the word, but ſeem to have no juſt notions of the thing itſelf. Thoſe wanton exertions of power and injuſtice which, whether from deſign or miſtake, ſometimes take place among them, do not affect the minds of the generality of the French nation. You heard in what a light tone our friend the Marquis, though himſelf one of the ſweeteſt tempered fellows alive, narrated the odious conduct of the Miniſter towards the naval officer; ſuch a thing would excite univerſal indignation in England; and any Lord of the Admiralty, ſuſpected of it, would be mob'd: it has no ſuch effect here on the minds of high or low;—even the valet, from whom you have learnt all thoſe particulars, ſaw nothing amiſs in all he told

you; that a Bourgeois ſhould be cuckolded by a courtier he thought very entertaining; that he ſhould be ſhut up in priſon when he became refractory and mutinous, he thinks in the natural order of things, and quite *ſelon les regles*. All the valets in France think in the ſame manner; none of them conceive that there is any thing wonderful or ſhocking in a Roturier being inſulted with impunity by a man of Quality. Tell the ſame ſtory to a parcel of Engliſh footmen, and they will be filled with fury, and moſt aſſuredly inſult both the Lady and her lover wherever they ſee them."

"But wherefore impute this," reſumed Edward, "to climate, or any cauſe except the arbitrary nature of their Government, which has ſo long habituated the minds, eſpecially of the inferior orders of this lively people, to acts of injuſtice, that they bear them with more tameneſs than people of even leſs ſenſibility would do, among whom ſuch acts ſeldomer occur? But if by any fatal concurrence of circumſtances, which Heaven avert, it ſhould be thought neceſſary to infringe the free nature of the Go-

vernment eſtabliſhed in Great Britain at the Revolution, by new reſtraints and ſeverer laws, it will then appear whether terror cannot repreſs the national ſpirit, gradually deprive Engliſhmen of that hardihood and energy of character, that hatred of tyranny, that indignation at the ſight of oppreſſion which freedom inſpires, rendering them at laſt as tame to injuſtice as the moſt ſubmiſſive of their neighbours, without even a wiſh for liberty; or like the Romans, in the reign of Auguſtus, deſcribed by Tacitus—*Ceteri Nobilium, quanto quis ſervitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur; ac novis ex rebus aucti, tuta et preſentia, quam vetera et periculoſa mallent.*"

"No concurrence of circumſtances," replied Clifton, "can render ſuch an alteration in the Britiſh Government neceſſary."

"I am of your opinion," ſaid Edward; "and was only ſuppoſing a caſe."

"I hate even the ſuppoſition of ſuch a thing," reſumed Clifton; "but if on any pretence the attempt were ever to be made, I am of opinion, that the ſpirit it would excite would produce an effect diametrically

oppoſite to what was intended, but equally fatal to that happy Conſtitution eſtabliſhed in Great Britain in the year 1688."

"I am not much fonder of your ſuppoſition than you are of mine," ſaid Edward; "and moſt heartily hope that neither will ever be verified."

"In that I cordially join you," rejoined Clifton; "but we have (I don't know how) ſlid into politics, which has produced the uſual effect, and made us neglect the Lady. When do you intend to viſit her?"

"Never! I deteſt the thought of her."

"She is a wicked jade, to be ſure," reſumed Clifton; "and if her guilt has affected her beauty; if it has made her teeth black, or rendered her *uni turpior ungui*, I ſhall rely upon your never going near her."

"I never ſhall."

"You will at leaſt make her one viſit, were it merely to upbraid her for her treachery to her huſband."

"You may be as ironical as you pleaſe; but I certainly never will have any thing more to do with that woman."

"No!

"No! why you did not take her for a paragon of virtue," said Clifton.

"Neither did I take her for such a model of vice," rejoined Edward; "and I now consider her as too shocking a creature to have any sort of connection with."

"There are many who would not shew so much delicacy on such an occasion," said Clifton.

"I hope not many," replied Edward; "for such perfidy, I should imagine, would revolt every heart of common sensibility; for my own part, I cannot help being interested for the husband, and I should be happy if, by any trouble on my own part, I could procure the poor man his freedom; it is painful to think on his situation."

"It is, indeed," added Clifton.

"I think I have heard you mention your being acquainted with the Minister; if either directly, or by the means of some of your acquaintance, you could get this case fairly represented to him, my dear Clifton," said Edward, "it might possibly have the desired effect."

"We

"We may at leaſt make the trial," replied his friend; "and I'll ſet about it directly."

That ſame evening Mr. Clifton ſaw a French nobleman of his acquaintance, whom he knew to be on an intimate footing with the Miniſter, and who gave him good hopes that the man's liberty would be obtained, if the circumſtances were as Clifton repreſented.

Previous to the time of rendezvous appointed by the Lady, Edward ſent her a letter by the valet de place, importing, "that although he could not meet her, yet as he underſtood ſhe expreſſed great ſorrow on account of her huſband's unjuſt confinement, he had the pleaſure to inform her that he would be ſoon at liberty."

A few days after, the nobleman to whom Clifton had applied told him that the Miniſter, at his requeſt, had made inquiry concerning the man's confinement; and as there was reaſon to believe that the expreſſions he was accuſed of having uſed had been, in ſome degree, aggravated and miſ-

repreſented,

repreſented, he would be ſet at liberty, which was done accordingly, after having been very gravely admoniſhed by the Lieutenant de Police to be more prudent in future, and never to allow paſſion or a ſenſe of injury from an individual to impel him to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of the Government, for that was, in ſome meaſure, to ſhew diſreſpect to the ſacred perſon of the Monarch himſelf.

Edward's chief motive in writing to the Lady was, that ſhe might be prepared for her huſband's releaſe; for although he rejoiced in having contributed to it, yet, both on the huſband's and the wife's account, he wiſhed to prevent her being ſurpriſed with the Count by her huſband.

In conſequence of the information in Edward's letter, the Lady, though filled with rage and diſappointment, took ſuch arrangements as prevented any event of that nature; but the huſband, after his enlargement, was informed of enough to prevent his living any more with his wife.

CHAP. LXIX.

Les amitiés renouées demandent plus de ſoins, que celles qui n'ont jamais été rompues. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

EDWARD kept up a conſtant literary correſpondence with Mr. Temple, who reſided generally at his new living, at no great diſtance from the ſeat of the nobleman who had appointed him to it; a more particular knowledge of each other confirmed their reciprocal eſteem, and eſtabliſhed a conſiderable degree of intimacy between them. The Earl happened to conſult Mr. Temple reſpecting a perſon then wanted for a public ſituation of confidence. Mr. Temple named Edward, as a young man in whom all the requiſites which his Lordſhip had enumerated were united. On this occaſion Mr. Temple learnt, for the firſt time, to whom he owed the living; and the ſurpriſe he expreſſed made his Lordſhip recollect that he had inadvertently diſcloſed what he had

promiſed to conceal; but finding it too late to draw back, he acquainted Mr. Temple with all the particulars of that tranſaction.

"What your Lordſhip informs me of," ſaid Mr. Temple, "ſurpriſes me *only* becauſe I did not know that you were at that time acquainted with this young man, for it is entirely of a piece with all his conduct ſince I had the happineſs of knowing him."

A ſhort time after this his Lordſhip informed Mr. Temple, that the affair he had formerly mentioned was nearly arranged; deſiring him to write to Edward to return to England immediately, as the Miniſter wiſhed to converſe with him previous to his going on his intended miſſion.

All Edward's friends, particularly Mrs. Barnet, rejoiced at this news, becauſe they knew that the ſituation accorded equally with his taſte and talents; and as it was known that Mr. Clifton's health was much better, it was not doubted but that Edward would return directly on receiving Mr. Temple's letter.

Clifton

Clifton was perſuaded that Edward would accompany him to the South, and even paſs the winter with him, if he were to requeſt it; but being acquainted with his friend's views in life, the ſteadineſs with which he purſued them, and the honourable motives on which they were founded, he thought that ſuch a requeſt would be unreaſonable; foreboding, however, that he himſelf ſhould paſs a tedious and melancholy winter in the South, if he went unaccompanied by the friend he loved, he reſolved, in ſpite of the advice of the phyſicians, to return to England; for it was in this youth's character to run any riſk rather than endure what he thought tireſome or diſagreeable.

Edward was alone in his chamber when he received Mr. Temple's letter with an account of the ſituation which had been procured for him, and the intreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, that he ſhould return to England as ſpeedily as poſſible. A ſituation of that nature was what he had greatly wiſhed to obtain, ever ſince he had relinquiſhed his hope of going into the army.

He

He was roufed from a reverie, which the perufal of this letter had thrown him into, by hearing Clifton giving orders to his fervant in the paffage, regarding their immediate return to England. This touched Edward fenfibly. Shall I, thought he, connive at my friend's perfevering in a meafure dangerous to him, and which it is in my power to turn him from? Shall I now, from views of ambition, accept what I formerly refufed to friendfhip? He fnatched the pen, and wrote to the Earl and Mr. Temple in the warmeft language of gratitude, but declaring, that as Mr. Clifton's health required his going to the South, he was determined to accompany him, and to pafs the winter there; begging at the fame time, that they would take meafures for preventing Mr. Clifton from being informed of the new propofal that had been made to himfelf.

The following day, on hearing Clifton make fome allufion to his fpeedy return to England, Edward faid, "I will fairly confefs to you, Jack, that being now on the Continent, with very little chance of ever revifiting

reviſiting it, I think with reluctance of quitting it ſo ſoon."

Clifton looked at him with ſurpriſe—"This lively people amuſe me exceedingly," reſumed he; "and what I have heard of Provence and Languedoc has greatly excited my curioſity. I ſhall not indulge it without you; and you will oblige me much if, without farther ceremony, you will agree to our directing our courſe to Lyons, inſtead of Calais."

In ſpite of this colouring, Clifton perceived the motive of this propoſal, and felt it with a degree of ſenſibility which he could not expreſs; he turned round, wiped his eyes, and went out of the room.

The two friends ſet out a few days after for Lyons. After ſpending a week in that beautiful and flouriſhing city, they deſcended the Rhone to Avignon, in company with a French officer, who had ſerved during the late war in America; they ſoon diſcovered that he had more learning than French officers uſually have, and that he had imbibed political opinions, which, however prevalent in France at that time, they did not

not expect in one of his profeſſion. Theſe opinions were ſtrengthened by a recent diſappointment at Verſailles, from whence he came, after two months attendance and fruitleſs ſolicitation for a preferment, which a much younger officer of noble family had obtained through the influence of a Prince of the Blood. This diſappointment, fermenting in the man's mind with the republican ideas he had acquired in America, produced a violent animoſity againſt the Court, the Princes of the Blood, and nobility in general; for this officer was a ſoldier of fortune, who had obtained a certain rank from ſervices, although he was not of the Nobleſſe. He was on his way to join his regiment at Toulon, and accompanied the two gentlemen in the curſory view they took of Avignon. The cathedral is ſituated on a hill, from which there is an extenſive proſpect, not only of the county of Avignon, but of the principality of Orange, part of the provinces of Dauphiny, Languedoc, and Provence. While they contemplated this landſcape, the French officer, in whoſe mind the ideas he had acquired in Ame-

rica were always preſent, began to exclaim at the contraſt between the rich fertility of the country, and the ſqualid poverty of the peaſants: "Why," cried he, "are the inhabitants of thoſe fertile fields half-ſtarved in the midſt of ſuch profuſion? Why is the cordial juice denied to the fainting labourer, and carried to the cellars of thoſe whoſe health is already broken by intemperance? Why is the morſel torn from over-laboured indigence, to ſwell the granaries of ſlothful gluttony? But I am greatly miſtaken if all this will be endured much longer." Then abruptly addreſſing his companions, he ſaid, "Some very curious ſcenes were exhibited in your country, Gentlemen, about the middle and towards the end of the laſt century." And he afterwards explained, that he alluded to the fate of Charles the Firſt, and that of James the Second.

"I thank Heaven!" ſaid Edward, "that there is no probability of any ſuch ſcenes being again acted in Europe."

"The hiſtory of mankind, however," ſaid the Frenchman, "conſiſts of a repeti-

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tion of the ſame ſcenes in different countries at different periods."

"If ſimilar ſcenes were to be repeated," added Clifton, "France is the laſt country in Europe in which they will be acted; the French in general being more attached to their princes than any other people."

"Nous avons un peu changé tout cela," replied the French officer; "the French army caught the Anglomanie in America; and ſince their return have infected their countrymen, and are now as likely to behead or baniſh a tyrant as any of their neighbours."

"Had James the Second poſſeſſed half the humanity and moderation of Lewis the Sixteenth, he never would have needed to have taken refuge at St. Germain," ſaid Edward.

"I wiſh no harm to the King," rejoined the officer, whoſe rancour was chiefly directed againſt that Prince to whom he imputed the loſs of his preferment; "but if any of the Bourbon Princes ſhould be forced to take refuge in your iſland, do you think your countrymen would ſo far over-

come national prejudice as to imitate the hoſpitality of Lewis the Fourteenth to James, by lodging him in a palace?

"As the prejudices of my countrymen are always in favour of the unfortunate, I am convinced they would," replied Clifton.

"I heartily wiſh," rejoined the Frenchman, in a paſſionate tone, "that the experiment was made; and if half the Nobleſſe were included, it would be ſo much the better."

The recollection of the injuſtice he had ſuſtained, by a young nobleman, who had ſeen no ſervice, being preferred to him, enraged the man to ſuch a degree, that he abuſed the whole body of Nobleſſe without mercy; and he indulged his hatred the more freely, becauſe neither of his companions having titles, he concluded that they were not allied to nobility, and of courſe would hear that claſs inveighed againſt with pleaſure.

As he had named the young man who had been preferred to him, Edward recollected that his father was a nobleman of merit, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an excellent officer in the war in Germany.

When

When Edward mentioned this circumſtance, the Frenchman replied—

Malo pater tibi ſit Therſites, dummodo tu ſis
Æacidæ ſimilis, vulcaniaque arma Capeſſas,
Quam te Therſitæ ſimilem producat Achilles.

"You ſeem to have ſtudied Juvenal's eighth ſatire with great attention," ſaid Clifton.

"And you ſeem to have ſtudied it *con amore*," added Edward; "it is the ſevereſt ſatire that ever appeared againſt nobility."

"I have ſtudied the laſt war and revolution in America," ſaid the Frenchman, "ſucceſsfully conducted by merchants and mechanics, in oppoſition to Stateſmen and Generals of high birth and reputation, which I think a ſeverer ſatire againſt nobility ſtill. Something of a ſimilar nature, in ſome people's opinion, is in great forwardneſs in this country at preſent."

From the cathedral the three Gentlemen walked to the church of Cordeliers, a very fine Gothic building, in which there are ſome valuable paintings; but what chiefly draws the attention of travellers to this church is to view the tombs of Laura,

the celebrated miſtreſs of Petrarch, and of Crillon, ſo diſtinguiſhed for his bravery during the war of the League and the reign of Henry the Fourth of France.

Speaking of this celebrated Lady the Officer obſerved, "that whatever other accompliſhments ſhe poſſeſſed, ſhe certainly had no great taſte for poetry, otherwiſe the admired ſonnets which Petrarch had compoſed in her praiſe would have moved her more, and enabled him at length to have carried his point."

"It is not very clear what his point was," ſaid Edward.

"Diable!" cried the officer, with an air of aſtoniſhment; "I ſhould have thought *that* the cleareſt thing in the world."

"Certain hiſtorians aſſert," added Edward, "that Pope Benoit the Twelfth adviſed him to propoſe marriage to Laura, which the poet declined."

"That proves nothing," ſaid the officer; "the point he wiſhed to carry might be clear for all that."

"The reaſon that he aſſigned for declining the Pope's advice," reſumed Clifton, "was

" was left the familiarities of the married ſtate ſhould abate the enthuſiaſm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love."

" Parbleu," exclaimed the officer, " Voila un animal bien delicat; it is," added he, " as if a man was to refuſe to eat his dinner, leſt it ſhould ſpoil his appetite."

From Avignon the two friends proceeded to Aix, and thence to Toulon, accompanied by the officer whoſe regiment was quartered there. He introduced them to his brother officers, and other gentlemen, whoſe lively converſation was ſo agreeable to the natural gaiety of Clifton's diſpoſition, that it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on by Edward to quit Toulon for the village of Hiers, which had been ſtrongly recommended by the phyſicians, as the propereſt reſidence for him during the winter.

The country from Toulon to Hiers reſembles a continued garden, richly planted with olive, fig, and fruit trees, vines, grenadines, and palm-trees. The village of Hiers itſelf is ſituated amidſt extenſive orange gardens, ſcreened from the N. E. wind, by a mountain richly cultivated; while it is

open to the Mediterranean, and within ſight of the iſland of St. Marquerite; the air being more mild and ſalutary here, perhaps, than in any part of France.

They remained in this place during the ſeverity of the winter; after which they viſited other parts of the South of France, and having made a ſecond viſit to Lyons, they turned to Geneva, and made a tour through Swizerland, intending from thence to return to England: but Mr. Clifton having caught a freſh cold, attended with threatening ſymptoms, he was adviſed to paſs the winter in Italy, and being convinced that no conſideration would prevail on Edward to leave him while he was thought in a doubtful ſtate of health, he diſdained the affectation of ever mentioning the ſubject.

CHAP. LXX.

She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the Spittles know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro.

THOMPSON.

AFTER paſſing the Alps, they proceeded by moderate journies through Italy, making a ſhort ſtay in the principal towns, in their way to Naples, where they had been adviſed to make a longer reſidence, the air of that place being thought moſt ſuitable to Clifton's ſtate of health.

Of all the Engliſh, who at that time reſided in Naples, they formed the greateſt intimacy with a Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh; and as this was the commencement of a friendſhip that continued during the lives of all the four, it is proper to make the reader a little acquainted with this Gentleman and Lady.

Mr. Anguiſh had been originally intended for the profeſſion of phyſic, and was a ſtudent of medicine, when by the death of his

his elder brother, he ſucceeded to his father's eſtate. He ſome time after married the heireſs of a fortune more conſiderable than his own, which, however, he could not poſſeſs without changing his own name to that of Anguiſh, which was the name of his wife.

Mr. Anguiſh was a man of good ſenſe, agreeable manners, and a genteel appearance. All thoſe qualities, no doubt, had ſome weight in forwarding his ſuit; but it was ſuppoſed, that the circumſtance which firſt recommended him to the Lady, and moſt contributed to his ſucceſs, was his having ſtudied medicine.

Mrs. Anguiſh was a woman of a moſt benevolent diſpoſition, genteel in her manners, beautiful in her countenance, and to thoſe who judged merely from her looks, agility, appetite, and other obvious ſymptoms, ſhe ſeemed to have an excellent conſtitution, and to be in perfect health. She herſelf, however, was convinced that all theſe ſymptoms were erroneous, and that ſhe was in a dying condition; this diſcovery ſhe had made in conſequence of read-

ing

ing ſome medical books, which had accidentally fallen into her hands, and which ſhe peruſed with equal anxiety and ardor. Being ſoon convinced that her caſe was almoſt deſperate, ſhe conſulted a phyſician, who was a good deal ſurpriſed to hear a woman of a blooming countenance, and in every reſpect a healthful appearance, enumerate a liſt of complaints, belonging to diſeaſes, oppoſite in their nature, and claiming them all as her own.

When he attended to her narrative, he could hardly believe his own eyes, and when he conſidered her looks, he could not believe a word he heard. He thought proper, however, to act as if he believed, and preſcribed ſome innocent medicine. After this ſhe ſeldom thought herſelf in tolerable ſecurity for a ſingle day, without ſwallowing ſome drug, either to remove the diſeaſe ſhe imagined was actually begun, or for the purpoſe of precluding that which was faſt approaching; this practice had almoſt reduced her in reality to the ſtate in which ſhe was before only in imagination: when Mr. Anguiſh paid his court to her, the

intereſt which ſhe ſoon took in this gentleman turned her attention to new objects, and for ſome time after their marriage, they both enjoyed health of body and peace of mind. But her huſband having been ſuddenly called on preſſing buſineſs to London, where he was detained longer than ſhe expected, ſhe unfortunately found a treatiſe on air among his books, and before ſhe had got half through it, ſhe began to be troubled with a difficulty of breathing. As this was a ſymptom ſhe had never perceived before, ſhe was exceedingly alarmed, and told her huſband as ſoon as he returned to the country, that the air of England, particularly in ſummer, was much too thick for her conſtitution: it was immediately decided that they ſhould ſet out for the ſouth of France.

After ſpending a ſhort time in that country, ſhe took a ſuſpicion that the air of Montpellier was by much too thin, on which account ſhe perſuaded her huſband to hurry from it, with as much expedition as if ſhe had heard that the plague had

broken

broken out again at Marſeilles; they made ſhort trials of the different airs, in various towns of Italy, without being long ſatisfied with any, until they arrived at Naples, where they remained longer than they had in any place ſince their leaving England.

Mr. Anguiſh had not only endeavoured to keep books of medicine from his wife's peruſal, but he had alſo laboured to convince her that ſhe had no need of any ſtrict regimen, far leſs of any medicine; for that in his opinion ſhe enjoyed a very ſound conſtitution. This fully ſatisfied his wife that ſhe had been egregiouſly miſtaken, not reſpecting her own conſtitution, but in her former opinion of his ſkill in medicine; ſhe ſtill retained, however, all poſſible eſteem and affection for him, as an amiable man. He on his part, when he perceived that his arguments could not convince his wife, gave up all reaſoning on the ſubject, and accommodated himſelf to her prejudices, as much as an affectionate huſband, who was at the ſame time a man of ſenſe, could poſſibly do.

A little before the arrival of Clifton and Edward, Mrs. Anguish had begun to be tired of the society and amusements of Naples; the consequence of which was, that the air seemed not to agree with her so well as formerly, and had not they arrived she would probably have found it as pernicious as that of Montpellier; but the agreeable manners and entertaining conversation of those two Gentlemen, who lived almost constantly with her husband and her, gave such a new zest to the amusements of Naples, that she became satisfied that the air of that place was in a salutary medium, between that of England and France, and very suitable to her constitution.

While the party passed their time, however, in the most agreeable manner, Mrs. Anguish, by letters from England, received a piece of information which her husband had concealed; namely, that his return was necessary to his carrying a point on which he placed a great importance, but had determined to risk losing, rather than press his wife to go home, while she imagined

gined that her health required her remaining abroad.

Mrs. Anguiſh was of too generous a diſpoſition not to be ſtruck with the delicacy of her huſband's conduct. This diſcovery made her recollect other inſtances of the ſame nature; ſhe reſolved not to be outdone in generoſity, and propoſed to him that they ſhould immediately return to England.—Having expreſſed ſurpriſe, Mr. Anguiſh aſked what had determined her ſo ſuddenly to that meaſure; ſhe gave no other explanation, than that ſhe found her health better. Clifton and Edward uſed their endeavours with both to prevail on them to poſtpone their journey. Mrs. Anguiſh was inflexible, and they ſet out directly. Edward however had the ſatisfaction to know that their reſidence in England was in future to be at Mrs. Anguiſh's eſtate, in a different county, but at no great diſtance from Barnet-hall, a ſpacious houſe having during their abſence been repaired and fitted for that purpoſe.

The two young Gentlemen remained a ſhort time at Naples after the departure

of

of Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh; Clifton's health being entirely re-eſtabliſhed, and both wiſhing to viſit thoſe parts of Italy which they had not yet ſeen. After a pretty extenſive tour they returned to France, paſſing through Franche-Comte and Champagne.

On their arrival at Paris, Clifton found a note at his banker's, informing him that his mother had been there for ſome weeks; —he haſtened to the hotel in which ſhe lodged—ſhe expreſſed infinite ſatisfaction on finding him reſtored to perfect health; ſhe had addreſſed letters to Naples, to acquaint him with her intention of meeting him at Paris; a reſolution ſhe had ſuddenly formed, when ſhe underſtood he was on his return. He had received none of them.

Lady Ann Clifton was ſo rejoiced at ſight of her ſon, and ſo ſenſible of Edward's attentions to him, that her early prejudices againſt that young man were entirely obliterated. She expreſſed her gratitude and regard with equal warmth and ſincerity. Edward paſſed ſome weeks very agreeably

with

with the mother and ſon; but Lady Ann having ſhewn an inclination to make a tour through ſome of the ſouthern provinces of France, her ſon immediately declared that he would accompany her. They ſet out accordingly, and Edward on the ſame day left Paris for London.

CHAP. LXXI.

Le plus dangereux ridicule des vieilles perſonnes qui ont été aimables, c'eſt d'oublier qu'elles ne ſont plus. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN Edward arrived at Barnet-hall, he found Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mr. Wormwood aſſembled there. He was received with kindneſs by Mr. Barnet, with maternal affection by Mrs. Barnet, with every mark of good-will and regard by the reſt of the company.

Mr. Waller was the firſt viſitor who made an agreeable addition to this ſociety. Mr. Barnet afterwards frequently aſſerted that this week was the pleaſanteſt he had ever paſſed in his life; and what is ſtill a ſtronger proof of the truth of the aſſertion, he declared the ſame every day while the week was paſſing.

It was with particular ſatisfaction that Edward was informed of Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh's being eſtabliſhed at their new reſidence,

reſidence, and that they had already been viſited by his friends. Mr. Waller at the ſame time informed him, that he was nearly related to that Lady, and was beſides an old college companion of her huſband, that he had heard them ſpeak with much ſatisfaction of the pleaſure they had enjoyed in his and Mr. Clifton's ſociety at Naples; and as he was then going to viſit them, he propoſed that Edward ſhould accompany him.

Mr. Barnet, who never could conceal his feelings, ſaid, "that if Mr. Waller was determined to go, there was no help for it, but that he ought not to entice others from the company."

Every one preſent was hurt at this rude ſpeech, but it gave ſecret pleaſure to Mrs. Barnet, to obſerve that Louiſa ſeemed more ſhocked than any of them.

"My huſband," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "cannot bear to loſe the company of any of his friends; but if Edward will engage to bring Mr. Waller back with him, I dare ſay, my dear, you will agree to their both going at preſent."

"To be ſure I will," replied Barnet, "provided they both return to-morrow, or the day after at fartheſt."

"I hope Mr. Waller will agree to this compromiſe?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"With the greateſt pleaſure, Madam," replied Mr. Waller.

Matters being thus arranged, Mr. Waller and Edward ſet out together; they were received with the warmeſt welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh. After ſome converſation with Edward concerning their Neapolitan acquaintance, Mr. Anguiſh ſaid, "that before dinner he would preſent them both to a Lady, who equalled in beauty the handſomeſt woman they had ſeen in Italy."

"If my huſband," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "met with any Lady in Italy who equalled her, it muſt have been in ſecret, and unknown to me, for I ſaw nothing that could be compared to the young perſon now with us."

Edward did not think that Mrs. Anguiſh had over-rated her beauty, when he was preſented to her. The name of this young

Lady

Lady was Caroline Huntly. She had lately arrived from the Continent, where she had passed two years with her uncle, a Gentleman of the name of Morton, who had been obliged to reside in the south of France, on account of his health. On the death of Mr. Morton, who left her a very considerable fortune, the young Lady returned to live with Mrs. Nevile, to whose care and protection Miss Huntly's mother had, on her death-bed, in the most pathetic manner, consigned her while a child.

Mrs. Nevile was the widow of an officer in the army, who had been killed while abroad in the service of his country. She was a woman of a most respectable character, related to Mrs. Anguish, for whom she had a great affection. She had brought her young friend to Mr. Anguish's, in the intention of spending several weeks there, but on receiving a letter from her husband's uncle, who was a general officer in the army, pressing her to meet him at London, on some business of importance, she had yielded to the intreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, in leaving Miss

Huntly with them, when ſhe herſelf went to meet the General.

Mr. and Mrs Anguiſh had frequently ſpoken of Clifton and Edward, as the two handſomeſt and moſt agreeable young men they had ever been acquainted with, and at one time, after ſome converſation of that kind, in the hearing of Miſs Huntly, Mr. Anguiſh ſaid, "that their mutual friendſhip was more admirable, and perhaps more extraordinary, than their appearance;" he then related Edward's adventure with the Lady in the ſtocking-ſhop at Paris, which Clifton had imparted to him, with other anecdotes highly to the honour of his friend.

"I confeſs,' added Mr. Anguiſh, "that when I heard this ſtory, I told Mr. Clifton that I ſuſpected his friend's attachment to the Lady had been but ſlender, ſince he could quit her ſo eaſily; to which he made a reply which I never ſhall forget. - It is natural for you (ſaid he to me) to think ſo, becauſe you are unacquainted with the energy of my friend's character; but I can aſſure you that the beauty and ſprightlineſs of that woman had

had made a very deep impreſſion on him —as they might have made on one leſs ſuſceptible of ſuch impreſſions than he is; but the inſtant he became acquainted with the baſeneſs of her diſpoſition, that ſtrong abhorrence which he has againſt all perfidy was ſo rouſed, that,

——the wanton Cupid
Did from his neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from a lion's mane
Was ſhook in air."

This ſtory, which Mr. Anguiſh had related a few days before the arrival of Waller and Edward, had ſtruck Miſs Huntly's fancy, and excited her curioſity to ſee him; and Edward did not, in her eyes, fall ſhort of the expectation which the praiſes of Mrs. Anguiſh and of Mr. Clifton had raiſed. Symmetry united with elegance diſtinguiſhed his perſon, while his countenance announced reflection.

He had been ſo much diſtinguiſhed for an engaging and eaſy air before he left England, that it was thought his manner could not be improved; but while abroad, he acquired a greater degree of frankneſs,

without loſing his former modeſty. His moſt diſtinguiſhed graces, however, he derived from no maſter, either at home or abroad. The expreſſive comelineſs of his countenance, and the elegant proportions of his perſon he inherited from nature; the modeſty, yet manlineſs of his general manner were the product of reflection and conſcious uprightneſs; his behaviour and ſtile of converſation impreſſed the idea of his being a youth of ſenſe, benevolence, and ſpirit—one who would not behave with haughtineſs to a beggar, nor put up with arrogance from a Prince.

Mrs. Anguiſh, when ſhe did not think of her health, was generally gay, and as ſhe had a ſincere eſteem for every individual of the preſent company, which conſiſted of her huſband, Miſs Huntly, Edward, Mr. Waller, and herſelf, ſhe was in high ſpirits all the evening. Perceiving that Edward behaved with rather a ceremonious reſpectfulneſs to Miſs Huntly, who alſo ſeemed more ſerious than uſual, "Do you know," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing Edward, "that you are not ſo great a ſtranger

to

to this young Lady as you imagine; ſhe has known you for ſome time, by the portrait which I drew of you for her."

"She will find the original, I fear, far inferior to the idea which your friendly pencil conveyed," replied he.

"He expects a compliment, but let us diſappoint him," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh in a loud voice, but in the attitude of whiſpering into the ear of Miſs Huntly; then turning to Edward, ſhe added, "What you ſay is very true, *I did flatter*, but how can a poor painter do otherwiſe?—nobody is ſatisfied with his portrait, unleſs it is handſomer than the original; a portrait that reſembles too accurately always diſpleaſes the perſon who ſat for it."

"I do not know why that ſhould be," ſaid Miſs Huntly; "for it is thought that people in general are extremely well pleaſed with their perſons and faces, as well as their underſtandings. One would imagine, therefore, that the ſame partiality that makes people think their own faces handſome, even when they are homely, would

would make them think what reſembles their own faces handſome alſo."

"However natural it is to think ſo," ſaid Mr. Waller, "it certainly is not the caſe; for people, who view their own natural face with wonderful complacency, are often out of humour at the ſight of a portrait which repreſents that face juſt as it is."

"I ſee nothing inconſiſtent in that," rejoined Mrs. Anguiſh; "becauſe it is natural that people ſhould have more partiality for their own fleſh and blood, than for a piece of painted canvas."

"Well, for my part," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh, "I think portrait painters have a very difficult taſk, and are often unjuſtly uſed; when I was laſt in town a friend of mine, an artiſt of great merit, had the portrait of a Lady (whoſe age ought to have rendered her more reaſonable) returned on his hands, although every body, except the Lady herſelf, thought it very like, exceedingly well painted, and that it had no fault, except being a little handſomer than the original."

"The painter's error perhaps was, that he made it *only a little* inſtead of a great deal handſomer than the original," ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"You have preciſely hit it," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh, "as appeared by her accepting with pleaſure another portrait done for her, without the leaſt likeneſs, and infinitely handſomer than ſhe had ever been."

"As my huſband has entertained us with an anecdote of a *Lady*, I beg leave," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh "to give you one of a *Gentleman* who treated a painter with as great injuſtice;—the face of this fame Gentleman, who by the way is a Peer of the Realm, has, unfortunately, no more expreſſion than a diſh of *blanc-mange*; the painter however, conſidering the ſubject he had to work upon, was thought to have ſucceeded wonderfully; yet his Lordſhip, who has no more bowels than features, had the cruelty to throw the portrait on the poor painter's hand, giving as a reaſon, that although it had a great deal of reſemblance, it wanted the *ſpirit* of his countenance."

"This

"This may be a ſubject of pleaſantry to you, good folks," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh, "but it is a very ſerious matter to many poor portrait painters."

Mrs. Anguiſh was at this time making preparations for a concert and ball, to which all the genteel company of the county had been invited.—A celebrated Italian ſinger was engaged for the concert, with which the entertainment was to begin. Mrs. Anguiſh deſired Edward to inform Mr. Wormwood that the Italian was certainly to be with them. "I know," added ſhe, "that Mr. Wormwood is ſo very fond of muſic, that this information will make us ſure of having his company."

"From the moroſe manner of that Gentleman," ſaid Miſs Huntly, "inſtead of being *moved by the concord of ſweet ſounds*, I ſhould have ſuſpected him of a taſte for *treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils.*"

Edward took ſome pains to remove the unfavourable notion Miſs Huntly ſeemed to have of his friend Wormwood, aſſuring her, that in ſpite of his rough

and

and cynical manner, he was a friendly and benevolent man; and he desired her to recollect, that in the very same play from which she had quoted, the *Treasure* was placed in the roughest and least promising of the three caskets.

The conversation was interrupted by a footman who delivered a card to Mrs. Anguish from Lady Bab Maukish: Mr. Anguish, perceiving that his wife smiled as she glanced it over, observed that Lady Bab was certainly more entertaining than usual; Mrs. Anguish handed the card to her husband, who read it aloud: "Lady Bab Maukish presents compliments to Mrs. Anguish,—is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the Signora is to be there, because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present, for, as his Grace the Duke of Illyria says,

"*If music be the food of love, play on.*"

"Well," said Mr. Anguish, "I am *extremely sorry* for her Ladyship's rheumatisms,

matiſms, but I am *extremely glad* that ſhe is not to be here."

The following morning, Mr. Waller hinted to Edward that they had promiſed to return on that day to Barnet-hall; but Edward put him in mind, that they were expected either that day or the next, and that Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh might take it amiſs, if they ſhewed an unneceſſary inclination to be gone.

When they were preparing the next day to take their leave, Lady Bab Maukiſh, to the ſurpriſe of the whole company, was announced. As ſoon as ſhe entered, ſhe addreſſed Mrs. Anguiſh, "When I wrote to you, my dear Madam, I really believed that I ſhould not have been able to leave my bed-chamber for a month, becauſe Dr. Scribble aſſured me that my rheumatiſm was quite nervous, and that the nervous diſeaſe aſſumes all manner of ſhapes, juſt like *Porteus*; but for my own part, I have found it more like Mungo in the farce,—here and there, and every where,—ſometimes in my head, ſometimes

in

in my foot, ſometimes in my ſtomach, and ſometimes——"

As Mrs. Anguiſh had the misfortune to think ſhe was in danger of being ſeized by every diſeaſe ſhe heard deſcribed, however ſlow in its nature and progreſs it might be, no wonder that ſhe now began to imagine it impoſſible to eſcape from one ſo rapid in its motions. She became pale and was ready to faint, which Lady Bab obſerving, interrupted her narrative, and ſaid, "Pray, my dear Mrs. Anguiſh, be not ſo much alarmed, for the apothecary told me this morning, that my complaint was not nervous at all, but only ſpaſmodic, which made me ſo happy, that I ſet out directly to inform you that I will certainly be at your concert, and, if poſſible, will ſtay to the ball."

CHAP. LXXII.

Grace was in all her steps. MILTON.

MR. Waller and Edward returned as they had promised to Barnet-hall. The attention of the former to Miss Barnet became every hour more agreeable to the young Lady herself, while Mrs. Barnet, and by her care her husband, seemed to take no notice of the friendly footing on which they were.—Miss Barnet was highly pleased with the friendship which had taken place between Mr. Waller and Edward, and was much gratified with the praises which each bestowed on the other in his absence.

Mr. Waller's intention was to remain in this part of the country, until the entertainment and ball at Mr. Anguish's should be over; but two days before that, he was informed of an affair which required his presence in London, where

he foreſaw he would be detained ſome days. He happened to be alone with Miſs Barnet when he received the letter which gave him this information, and having communicated to her that he would be deprived of the pleaſure of being at the ball, as he was obliged to ſet out for London immediately, ſhe ſaid with an air of concern, that ſhe hoped it was not any unfortunate accident which made him leave them ſo abruptly. He anſwered, that it was nothing unfortunate, but that ſhe might conclude it was ſomething very important, which was able to drag him from the happineſs of her company. Encouraged by the concern ſhe had expreſſed, he ventured to make a direct declaration of love—and a propoſal of marriage.

Miſs Barnet, notwithſtanding the coquetry in which ſhe ſometimes indulged herſelf, had too much good ſenſe to pretend to be diſpleaſed, or even much ſurpriſed at this declaration. She anſwered, with a ſmile, that it betrayed more raſhneſs than ſhe had imagined belonged to his cha-

racter, for him to wiſh to engage in two important buſineſſes at the ſame time; ſhe begged therefore that he would proceed to London, and finiſh the firſt before he thought farther of the ſecond.

Mr. Waller had no reaſon to be diſcontented with this anſwer, and ſtill leſs with the Lady's manner of giving it.

After taking leave of the family, he ſet out in high ſpirits for London.

On the day of the ball Mrs. Barnet accompanied her daughter to Mr. Anguiſh's. Edward went on horſeback, and having ſtopped at an inn adjacent, to which he had previouſly ſent a ſervant with a change of clothes, he dreſſed there, and arrived at the aſſembly a little after the concert, but before the ball began. The company was numerous. A good many minuets had been danced, when Mrs. Anguiſh, who ſtood by Miſs Huntly, beckoned to Edward:—"I have good news for you," ſaid ſhe; "your friend, Mr. Clifton, thinks of being in England ſoon; my huſband has received a letter from him, but by the way I ſuſpect that

Clifton and you have entered into a treaty to praiſe each other, for in this letter to Anguiſh, he has made a ſketch of you, more flattering, but not ſo like as the portrait I formerly drew to this young Lady; however," continued ſhe, addreſſing Miſs Huntly, "that I may be able to judge more accurately, will you do me the pleaſure, my dear, to dance a minuet with the original?"

"If the original is ſo inclined," ſaid Miſs Huntly.

They had to wait till a couple who greatly engaged the attention of the ſpectators had finiſhed. One was the wife of a newly created peer, whoſe elevation to the upper houſe did not deprive the lower of one particle either of talent or virtue, but wonderfully increaſed the airs of the Lady.

Her partner was related by blood, and ſtill more by diſpoſition, to her Ladyſhip; he was the ſon of a man who, by a long courſe of diſhoneſt induſtry having accumulated a large fortune, died juſt at the time which he had fixed for beginning

to enjoy it. The ſon was then at the Univerſity, which he immediately quitted, and having ſpent five years abroad,

> Returning he proclaimed by many a grace,
> By ſhrugs, and ſtrange contortions of the face,
> How much a dunce, that has been ſent to roam,
> Excels a dunce that has been kept at home*.

During his travels his awkward timidity was converted into pert ſelf-ſufficiency, leaving his original meanneſs unaltered—in his dreſs he combined tawdrineſs with expence, and he performed his minuet in the moſt affected manner.

As ſoon as this couple finiſhed their exhibition, Edward led Miſs Huntly to the bottom of the room. The whole company were ſtruck with the contraſt between them and their immediate predeceſſors. If the natural beauty of Miſs Huntly could have been improved by art, the fine taſte of her dreſs might have had that effect; the eaſy elegance of her movements ſeemed quite unſtudied, and perhaps *ſeemed* ſo the more, that they were in ſome meaſure at leaſt the work of the beſt maſters.

* Cowper.

Edward

Edward had not neglected the accompliſhment of dancing; to excel in which a fine ſymmetry of ſhape, and wonderful eaſe of air had peculiarly fitted him:—theſe, with a blooming manlineſs of countenance, and the moſt engaging ſimplicity of manner, equally modeſt and unembarraſſed, drew the ſilent approbation of the women, as much as the ſtriking beauty of Miſs Huntly did the loud applauſe of the men.

When the country dances began, Miſs Huntly danced the firſt and ſecond with a young man of higher rank than any at the ball;—in the courſe of the evening ſhe and Edward frequently met, but as he perceived that ſhe was continually ſurrounded by Gentlemen of the higheſt pretenſions in the aſſembly, he refrained from aſking her to be his partner in a country dance, a piece of reſerve which ſhe would have been better pleaſed he had waved.

Mrs. Anguiſh, who was fond of dancing, when ſhe forgot that ſhe was in ill health,

ſeeing him diſengaged, propoſed to dance down one country dance with him.

When it was finiſhed, quitting him ſhe went into a room where Miſs Huntly was drinking tea. She whiſpered to her, "Do you know, my dear, that this Edward is one of the moſt agreeable young fellows in the world—don't you think ſo?"

"My acquaintance with him is too ſhort to enable me to give any opinion on the ſubject," replied Miſs Huntly; "I can only ſay from my own knowledge, that he dances a minuet very genteelly."

"He dances country dances full as well, I can aſſure you," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh; "why don't you dance one with him?"

"He has not done me the honour to aſk me," replied Miſs Huntly.

"You are ſo ſurrounded with Lords, that nobody elſe can get near you," reſumed Mrs. Anguiſh.

"That is my misfortune, but not my fault," ſaid Miſs Huntly; "I can dance with none but thoſe who aſk me, although they ſhould be Lords."

"Well,

"Well, my dear, I'll try to relieve you with a Commoner," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, leaving her to go in ſearch of Edward, who, without having ſeen Mrs. Anguiſh, came up ſoon after to Miſs Huntly. She, feeling a difficulty to inform him on what errand Mrs. Anguiſh was gone, hoped that he would aſk her for the next dance, before any other perſon ſhould put it out of her power to grant his requeſt.—Edward however did not immediately profit by the opportunity, which vexed Miſs Huntly ſtill more when ſhe ſaw two Gentlemen hurrying towards her: he who had the ſtart of the other, was the wealthy heir above-mentioned; he immediately begged ſhe would be his partner in the dance that was then forming; Miſs Huntly ſeeming a little diſconcerted, he repeated, "if you are not already engaged, Madam, I hope you will do me that honour."

"I am afraid—I mean, I believe I am not, Sir," ſaid ſhe, throwing a look of leſs good humour than was her uſual at Edward.

She had no ſooner joined in the dance, than Mrs. Anguiſh accoſted Edward; "I have been looking for you," ſaid ſhe; "I wiſh to ſee you dance a country dance with Miſs Huntly;—do you know what is become of her?"

He anſwered, "that ſhe had juſt left him to join in the dance."

When Mrs. Anguiſh ſaw who Miſs Huntly had for her partner—"Why did you not ſave her from that affected fool?" ſaid ſhe.

Edward ſeeming uneaſy, "Come," reſumed Mrs. Anguiſh, "it is no great matter, you ſhall engage her for the next dance; in the mean time walk a little this way, and let us not look at them, for I know that ridiculous creature will put her out of countenance."

The dance was no ſooner finiſhed, than Mrs. Anguiſh went to the relief of her friend, who was fretted and diſconcerted with the affected airs of her partner.—She led her to the end of the room, under the pretence of having ſomething to communicate.

Edward

Edward joined them juſt as Miſs Huntly had declared to her friend that ſhe had got a complete ſurfeit of dancing.

"Let me preſcribe for your ſurfeit, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh; "you know I am a great doctreſs."

"On condition that you will take fewer preſcriptions yourſelf, I will be your patient," replied Miſs Huntly.

"Then I order you to dance your ſurfeit off with this Gentleman," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"That is preſcribing as a remedy ſome more of the very drug that made me ſick," reſumed Miſs Huntly.

"The drug will be ſo differently applied, that it will have a very different effect," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"After what I have ſaid, I am bound to make the experiment," Miſs Huntly anſwered.

Edward thanked her for the honour intended him, and they waited only till the dance was ended, that they might join in the next; but the gaiety of the aſſembly was interrupted by an unexpected incident.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool) is ſenſe and ſpirit with humanity. ARMSTRONG.

MISS Barnet's old acquaintance, Sir Charles Royſton, having found means to make a compromiſe with his creditors, had returned to England. He had written ſeveral pathetic letters to her from the Continent, and one ſince his return, aſſuring the young Lady of the perſevering and diſintereſted nature of his love, the ſeverity of his ſufferings, &c. &c. &c. but the ſlight impreſſion he had made on her fancy was now effaced, and ſhe knew the juſt value of theſe expreſſions.

In anſwer to his firſt letter ſhe informed him, in polite but deciſive terms, that his purſuit would be vain; and ſhe intreated him, for her eaſe as well as his own, not to continue it. On his perſevering, ſhe returned his letters unopened.

Sir Charles, however, thought this conduct was not dictated by the genuine ſenti-

ments

ments of the young Lady, but entirely proceeded from parental conſtraint. He was a diſtant relation of Mr. Anguiſh, who knew nothing of his former adventure with Miſs Barnet. He had a few days before come to the houſe of a friend of his, who lived at no great diſtance from Barnet-hall; and having received an invitation to the ball, he attended in the hopes of meeting her. He did not think proper to make up to her, however, in the preſence of her mother, next to whom Louiſa conſtantly ſat, except when ſhe was herſelf dancing. Colonel Snug came and invited her to dance juſt as ſhe had taken her ſeat, but ſhe begged to poſtpone it a little, upon her mother's obſerving that ſhe ſeemed already overheated. A female acquaintance of Mrs. Barnet's came a little after, and deſired to ſpeak to her in an adjoining room.

"I will return to you immediately, my dear," ſaid ſhe to her daughter as ſhe went out of the ball-room.

Sir Charles Royſton, who watched the opportunity, immediately accoſted Miſs Barnet. She received him with coldneſs, and

and walked to that end of the room where Mrs. Anguiſh was ſitting with Miſs Huntly; a group of Gentlemen ſtood near, admiring the latter. One of them wiſhing to ſpeak to Edward, had drawn him a little aſide; meanwhile Sir Charles, following Miſs Barnet, preſſed her to dance with him.

"I have already danced a great deal; I am tired, and beg to be excuſed," ſaid ſhe.

"Be pleaſed to be ſeated, Madam," reſumed he; "when you have reſted a little I hope you will do me the honour of dancing with me."

"I do not know that I ſhall dance any more to-night," ſaid ſhe, a little peeviſhly.

"What, Madam! not to night!" ſaid he with a tone of ſurpriſe, not entirely free from anger.

"No, Sir," anſwered ſhe briſkly, "very probably not."

"You ſeem to be out of humour, Madam. Pray what is the matter?"

"Truly, Sir, I ſee no neceſſity for my rendering any account to you," replied ſhe with warmth.

"I cannot

"I cannot help being concerned, Madam, at ſeeing the ſweet ſerenity of your temper diſturbed," he rejoined ſneeringly.

"I deſire you will leave me, Sir," ſaid Miſs Barnet, with paſſion.

"Let me firſt aſk, Madam," ſaid he, "if you now imitate the tone of your papa, when his chicken is overdone, or his carp is underſtewed?"

"You are extremely impertinent," ſaid ſhe, flinging from him, and ſeating herſelf oppoſite to Miſs Huntly.

Sir Charles, with a loud laugh, joined the cluſter of Gentlemen, among whom was Colonel Snug.

"Sir Charles," ſaid one of them, "Miſs Barnet ſeems not to be in the humour of dancing with you."

"If ſhe is not in the humour of dancing with me, ſhe ſhall dance with nobody this night, *that* I engage for," anſwered he, with a haughty air.

Colonel Snug heard this, and obſerved that Miſs Barnet looked to him, as if to invite him to renew his requeſt that ſhe would

would dance with him, which was precisely her meaning.

The Colonel, however, not thinking this the most favourable moment, slunk to the bottom of the room, and from thence into the garden.

Edward had heard Royston's words indistinctly; he begged of the person who was talking with him, to repeat what Sir Charles had said; which being done, Edward stepped up to him saying, "Whether that Lady shall dance again or not will depend entirely on her own inclination, Sir."

"I would not advise you, young Gentleman, to attempt dancing with her this night!" replied Sir Charles.

Edward walked directly to Miss Barnet, and begged that she would do him the honour of dancing with him.

Full of indignation at Sir Charles, whose insolent speech she had overheard, she presented her hand to Edward, saying, "With the utmost pleasure."

"I thought, Madam," said Sir Charles, again accosting Miss Barnet, "that you had not

not been to dance any more to-night. I think you told me ſo."

"If I did," replied ſhe, "you now ſee that I have altered my mind."

"Is that a cuſtom of your's, Madam?" ſaid he.

"I do not wiſh to have any farther converſation with you, Sir," replied Miſs Barnet.

"You are mighty obliging, Madam," ſaid he, with an ironical ſmile.

"You heard, Sir, what the Lady ſaid," reſumed Edward.

"I did, ſweet Sir," ſaid Sir Charles; "but although the Lady declines converſation," added he in a low voice, "I ſhall expect to exchange a few words with you, if you perſiſt in dancing with her."

"When the dance is over, I ſhall be at your ſervice," Edward replied, in the ſame low voice.

Mrs. Anguiſh, who knew nothing of the diſpute, came up to deſire Sir Charles and Edward to be ſeated, for the dance was about to begin. The Baronet immediately withdrew,

drew, and ſhe ſaid to Edward, "Why do you not go to your partner? She certainly waits for you. On which, leading Mrs. Anguiſh a little aſide, he ſaid, "My dear Madam, I am under an abſolute neceſſity of dancing this dance with Miſs Barnet; pray make my excuſe to Miſs Huntly, and do not put an harſh conſtruction on a conduct which I am unexpectedly *obliged* to adopt, as will be explained hereafter."

"Such conduct never can be explained," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"Pray ſpare me, deareſt Madam, and be aſſured, that nobody can reſpect Miſs Huntly more than I do; or can be more ſenſible than I am of the honour ſhe has done me."

The firſt couple having arrived at the place where Miſs Barnet ſtood, Edward was called to join her.

Miſs Huntly, who ſat in expectation of his leading her to the dance, was ſurpriſed when ſhe ſaw him engaged as the partner of Miſs Barnet. When he arrived at the top, immediately before he began to dance down, he went to Miſs Huntly, and,

with agitation, and an accent of much concern, ſaid, "The obligation under which I am to act as I now do is indiſpenſable. Were this not the caſe I ſhould be the greateſt brute on earth. When you know the circumſtances which have brought me under this neceſſity, I hope it will prevent you from regretting the honour you intended me."

"I believe, Sir, you are waited for," replied ſhe drily.

Edward returned to his place, and reſumed the dance.

Mrs. Anguiſh then came, and ſeating herſelf by Miſs Huntly, "Did you ever know any thing ſo extraordinary?" ſaid ſhe.

"If we were to meet with nothing new, my dear," replied Miſs Huntly, with an air of indifference, "we ſhould ſoon tire of this world."

"His conduct is inexplicable," rejoined Mrs. Anguiſh. "I ſhall never forgive him."

"That would be giving the affair more importance than it deſerves, even ſhould

it never be explained," rejoined Miſs Huntly.

"It never can be explained," added Mrs. Anguiſh; "do you think it can?"

"Why truly," anſwered Miſs Huntly, "it is hardly worth while to beſtow much thought on the ſubject; though it is ſo very ſingular, that one muſt ſuppoſe he has ſome reaſon for his conduct that we do not comprehend."

"You are more ready to forgive than I ſhould be on ſuch an occaſion," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"You imagine, then, that I have met with a great misfortune," rejoined Miſs Huntly.

"On the contrary, all the world muſt think that the misfortune is his," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"Let us not then, my dear, be inexorable to the unfortunate," rejoined Miſs Huntly. "Let us not condemn the unhappy youth," added ſhe, with aſſumed gaiety, "till we know what he has to move in arreſt of judgment."

When

When the dance was ended Mrs. Barnet took her daughter into a room where there were refreſhments, forbidding her to dance any more, as it was near the hour when ſhe had ordered the carriage.

As they were retiring, Sir Charles Royſton paſſing cloſe to Edward, whiſpered, "You'll not go, Sir; you'll receive a meſſage from me ſoon."

"I will not ſtir until I hear from you," replied Edward.

Within half an hour an officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, quartered in the neighbourhood, touched him on the ſhoulder, and leading him aſide, ſaid, "I have a meſſage from Sir Charles Royſton to deliver to you."

"Come this way, then," replied Edward, walking out of the room.

When they were in the garden, "Sir Charles deſires you to meet him to-morrow morning," reſumed the officer; "and expects you will bring your piſtols and a friend with you."

Edward anſwered, "That he would readily meet Sir Charles at the time appointed;

yet," added he, "I am ſomewhat at a loſs with regard to piſtols, having none with me; and to aſk for them now may create ſuſpicions."

"I am glad that it is in my power to accommodate you, my dear Sir," ſaid the officer; "you ſhall have mine: they are as ſweet a pair as any in the three kingdoms, and have done execution before now."

Edward thanked him in polite terms.

"I never travel without them," ſaid the officer.

"I have never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country," ſaid Edward.

"Nor I," replied the officer; "and if I had, I ſhould not trouble myſelf to carry the piſtols on their account. Highwaymen are a ſpecies of ſharks who are not fond of attacking us lobſters; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear Sir, highwaymen know that ſoldiers have not much money; and what they have they fight for."

"Since that is the caſe," reſumed Edward, "how come you to travel always with piſtols?"

"Becauſe,"

"Becauſe," anſwered the officer, "I find them very uſeful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another."

"By the way," ſaid Edward, "I fear I ſhall have ſome difficulty in finding a friend to accompany me; for there is no gentleman here whom I ſhould like to acquaint with our intended meeting, leſt he ſhould divulge it."

"If any friend of mine were to ſerve me ſuch a trick," ſaid the officer, "I ſhould wring his noſe from his countenance, and throw it in his face, the very firſt time I chanced to meet with him, were it in a church."

"In church!" cried Edward.

"Ay, d—n me," continued the officer, "in the beſt in Chriſtendom, and in the middle of the ſervice."

"To prevent *my* being put to any ſuch diſagreeable neceſſity," ſaid Edward, "I will meet Sir Charles without ſpeaking to any body elſe. I am ſatisfied that you are a man of honour; your preſence will an-

ſwer every purpoſe; and I deſire no other ſecond."

"No, no," replied the officer, "that can hardly be; though I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, my dear fellow; and I heartily wiſh it were in my power to accommodate you."

Edward ſeemed uneaſy at his not agreeing.

"Come," reſumed the officer, "ſince you are at a loſs, I will ſhew you that I am not unworthy your confidence; and I am determined to attend on this occaſion as *your* friend, inſtead of Sir Charles's; for I know he can eaſily find another ſecond; and I will go and tell him ſo directly."

Edward was a great deal ſurpriſed at ſuch a ſingular inſtance of friendſhip from a ſtranger, for which, however, he thanked him in the warmeſt manner.

"It is nothing at all, my dear fellow," interrupted the officer, "but merely what I ſhould expect from you or any other Gentleman, when I chance to be at the ſame pinch."

Edward

Edward repeated, "that he was very ſenſible of his kindneſs."

"We ought to do as we would be done by on all ſuch occaſions, like good Chriſtians," ſaid the officer.

"It is more, however, than I had a right to expect from you," reſumed Edward; "and what I ſhould not have taken the liberty to aſk."

"Yet it is a liberty," replied the officer, "which all Gentlemen ought to *damus & petimus viciſſim*, as we uſed to ſay at College," rejoined the officer.

"Well," ſaid Edward, "I believe we had beſt return to the company, leſt we ſhould be obſerved. You will arrange every thing as you have ſo generouſly undertaken. I ſhall be at the inn where you lodge in proper time, that we may go together to the place where Sir Charles appoints."

"You are a gallant young fellow," ſaid the officer, taking Edward by the hand; "and I will tell you a ſecret before we part, which you may keep to yourſelf; or, if you pleaſe, you may proclaim it to all the world, for I value the reſentment of no man, when

I know that I have reaſon on my ſide: and what I have to tell you, my dear, is this, that I was witneſs to what paſſed between you and Sir Charles, and I do think, in my conſcience, that he was to blame; and if you had not anticipated me, I ſhould have aſked the young Lady myſelf to take a trip with me, although I am not acquainted with her; for I never balked a handſome young woman in my life, when ſhe was in the humour."

"I am happy that you approve of what I did," ſaid Edward.

"I do from my ſoul," the officer added; "for the devil a right had he to prevent her from dancing with another, although ſhe was not in the diſpoſition to dance with him."

"He certainly had no right," reſumed Edward.

"And even if he had a right," continued the officer, "he ought not to have talked in ſuch a threatening tone as muſt naturally prompt men of ſpirit to diſpute it; and ſo I will honeſtly confeſs that I am eaſier in my conſcience in my being on your ſide than

than his; for although one is obliged in honour, on occaſions like this, to attend whoever applies firſt, whether he is in the right or wrong, yet it is always ſome conſolation for an honeſt man to think that he is on the ſide of juſtice; and ſo, my dear boy, I hope you will give this haughty genius ſuch a quieting pill to-morrow morning, as will make him leſs outrageous all the reſt of his life."

On ſeparating from the officer Edward returned to the rooms. As he could not at that time explain the motives of his conduct, he wiſhed to ſhun meeting Miſs Huntly; but when he returned to the ball-room, he ſaw her ſitting alone; Mrs. Anguiſh had juſt left her. The young Lady's eyes met his when he entered, and he could not avoid going to her. He again aſſured her, in the moſt earneſt manner, that the idea of even ſeeming to have behaved with want of reſpect to her rendered him very unhappy.

"You take unneceſſary trouble in apologizing to me for an injury of which I do not complain," replied ſhe.

"Your goodneſs, Madam, is an aggravation of my apparent crime," Edward rejoined; "yet, however guilty I may be in appearance, I am innocent in reality; notwithſtanding of which, the light in which I muſt appear to you gives me very great pain."

Edward pronounced theſe words with ſo much earneſtneſs and ſincerity, that Miſs Huntly, with a frankneſs natural to her, ſaid, "There is no need of your being uneaſy on that head, Sir; I am much inclined to believe that you were under an obligation to act as you did. It would be doing injuſtice to the diſcernment of ſome, whoſe judgment I highly reſpect, to doubt of it."

"Without ſuch a neceſſity, Madam," reſumed he, "could I have acted with ſeeming diſreſpect to the perſon on earth for whom I have the higheſt eſteem, and to whom I ſhould conſider it as an honour and happineſs to render a ſervice, even at the hazard of my life?"

Miſs Huntly gently bowed to him, and was going to reply, when Mrs. Anguiſh joined

joined them, and led her into another room. The instant she saw Miss Huntly conversing with apparent ease and good humour with Edward, she supposed he had explained his behaviour in a satisfactory manner; and she was so impatient to know the particulars of the explanation, that she led Miss Huntly abruptly away to have her curiosity satisfied.

"Pray tell me quickly, my dear Caroline," said she, "how did he account for his unaccountable conduct."

"I am unable to satisfy you in that point," replied Miss Huntly.

"What!" resumed Mrs. Anguish, "has he given you no explanation?"

"He possibly might if you had not taken me away," replied Miss Huntly.

"He ought to have *begun* by an explanation the instant he presumed to address you; and if he did not, you should have cut short all conversation with him."

"That would have been shewing more anger than I really feel," replied Miss Huntly; "for I cannot doubt of his in-

clination to clear up this matter; but the ſame reaſon, which made him decline an explanation at firſt, perhaps ſtill exiſts."

"I can ſee no reaſon," reſumed Mrs. Anguiſh, "for his dancing with Miſs Barnet, when he was engaged to dance with you."

"Nor I," ſaid Miſs Huntly; "but neither can I ſee any reaſon to induce him to behave with incivility to your friend and gueſt. There are difficulties both ways; but I am convinced that, for his own ſake, he will clear them up as ſoon as he can with propriety; and I do not wiſh it ſooner."

"I do not deſire it ſooner more than you, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Anguiſh; "only I ſhould very much like to have the whole explained immediately; not from impatience or idle curioſity, for I do not approve of people being curious to know what perhaps may be improper to reveal."

"If not from impatience, my dear," ſaid Miſs Huntly a little ſlily, "from what motive

motive do you wish him to explain this matter *immediately?*"

"Not in the least from impatience," replied Mrs. Anguish; "but merely becauſe it would be a ſatisfaction to have a thing cleared up which appears ſo odd; for my part, I am ſure I ſhall not have a ſound ſleep until I get to the bottom of it."

CHAP. LXXIV.

Si on vous accuſoit d'avoir tué un homme, vous en iriez tuer un ſecond pour prouver que cela n'eſt pas vrai—toute la réparation due à ceux qu'on outrage eſt de les tuer, et toute offenſe eſt également bien lavée dans le ſang de l'offenſeur ou de l'offenſé. Dites; ſi les loups ſcavoient raiſonner, auroient-ils d'autres maximes? J. J. ROUSSEAU.

WHEN Captain Gore returned to Sir Charles, he related what had paſſed at his interview with Edward, adding, that as the young fellow was quite at a loſs for a ſecond, he could not help offering himſelf, becauſe if he had not, there might have been no meeting at all; and he had a better opinion of both, than to ſuſpect that was the wiſh of either. "And ſo, Sir Charles," continued Mr. Gore, "you have nothing to do but to provide another perſon to attend you; and this young Gentleman, who I can aſſure you is a very ſpirited youth, will meet you preciſely at five to-morrow morning at the appointed place."

Sir

Sir Charles was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at this unexpected arrangement; but ſeeing Colonel Snug, he aſked the favour of him to ſupply the place of Captain Gore. This was the only favour which the Colonel was more ready to grant than to aſk: he agreed to it at once.

Mrs. and Miſs Barnet had gone away about one; Edward remained in the rooms till the aſſembly broke up; he then walked to the inn, and underſtanding that Captain Gore was gone to bed, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Barnet, expreſſive of his gratitude, to her huſband and herſelf, for their unexampled goodneſs towards an unknown and forſaken orphan, declaring, that one of the firſt objects of his life, and on account of which he chiefly wiſhed it to be prolonged, was, that he might have had opportunities of diſcharging, in ſome degree at leaſt, the vaſt debt of obligation he lay under to both; that, perhaps, thoſe ſeeds of virtue which, with maternal affection, ſhe had ſown in his breaſt might have produced fruit worthy of her approbation; that his chief regret in quitting life was, that the trial had

not

not been fully made. He mentioned, in terms of the warmeſt eſteem, Miſs Barnet, and Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and incloſed within this letter one addreſſed to Mr. Clifton, which was alſo an effuſion of friendſhip and affection; this he begged that Mrs. Barnet might ſend to that gentleman. Having addreſſed the cover to Mrs. Barnet, he left the packet on the table, and perceiving that it was four o'clock, he entered Mr. Gore's bed-chamber, and waked him.

"I hope I have not over-ſlept myſelf," cried Gore. "No," continued he, looking at his watch, "we ſhall have plenty of time to do our buſineſs deliberately, and without precipitation." So ſaying, he put his clothes on; and then taking up his piſtols, "There," ſaid he, "is as pretty a pair of hair-triggers as any in the three kingdoms: you have only to take a cool aim, and, at the ſlighteſt touch, off they go, as ſweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping."

"I ſuppoſe," ſaid Edward, "Sir Charles has piſtols of the ſame nicety, otherwiſe it would be fair tha he ſhould have one of theſe."

"If

"If he is pleaſed with his own piſtols," replied Mr. Gore, "it is no buſineſs of your's to put him out of conceit with them; he firſt began to bully you, and becauſe you would not be bullied, he aſks ſatisfaction. Your cauſe, my dear, is as clear as day-light, and as ſtraight as an arrow; and you may give him his belly-full of ſatisfaction without ſcruple or remorſe."

They then walked to the place appointed, which was at ſome diſtance from the inn, in a field near Mr. Anguiſh's houſe; they were on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time. Sir Charles and his friend were not arrived.

"Perhaps," ſaid Mr. Gore, "this is the firſt buſineſs of the kind in which you were ever engaged."

Edward acknowledged that it was.

"Nay, I do not blame you, my dear," ſaid Mr. Gore; "becauſe I am convinced the reaſon is, that no proper opportunity has occurred, and you are ſtill very young; but, for my own part, I was twice *out* before I arrived at your age. The firſt time was with a relation of my own, who

ſaid he would like to ſee my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchaſe of my firſt commiſſion; ſo I ſent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning; and when we met, I touched him ſo ſmartly in the leg, that he has halted ever ſince. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the reſt of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever ſince."

"Pray what gave occaſion to the ſecond?" ſaid Edward.

"How it began originally is more than I can tell," anſwered Gore; "all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we ſat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a ſtate of forgetfulneſs, and was awaked in the morning from a profound ſleep by a Gentleman, who began a long ſtory, how I had ſaid ſomething that required explanation; and alſo that I had accidentally given him a blow, but he ſuppoſed I had no intention to affront him; and ſo he continued talking in a roundabout kind of a way without coming to any point.

So

So I was under the neceſſity of interrupting him, 'Upon my conſcience, Sir,' ſaid I, 'I am unable to declare with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, becauſe my head is ſtill a little confuſed, and I have no clear recollection of what paſſed; nor do I fully comprehend your drift at preſent, but I conjecture that you wiſh to have ſatisfaction; if ſo, I muſt beg you will be kind enough to ſay ſo at once, and I ſhall be at your ſervice.' Finding himſelf thus cut ſhort, he named the place and the hour. I met him preciſely at the time. His firſt piſtol miſſed fire, but I hit him in the ſhoulder. At his ſecond ſhot the bullet paſſed pretty near me, but mine lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite ſatisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himſelf ſatisfied, I ſaid I was contented."

"You would have been thought very hard to pleaſe," ſaid Edward, "if you had made any difficulty."

"I thought ſo myſelf," rejoined the officer, "and ſo the affair ended, he being carried home in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot."

"Pray," reſumed Edward, "may I aſk if you ever was in a battle?"

"No, Sir," replied the officer with a ſigh, "I never was. The briſkeſt ſervice I ever ſaw was at the quelling of a mob, where there were ſeven men killed, and nineteen wounded; but if the mob had not diſperſed it might have come to be *ſerious*."

"I think it *was* ſerious," ſaid Edward.

"Why, yes," rejoined the officer, with an air of half aſſent, "as you obſerve, pretty well, perhaps, for a mob; but I confeſs I never had the good fortune to be in a battle, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at leaſt triple the ſum, to be in one to-morrow."

"Provided you had a good cauſe," replied Edward.

"I ſhould not be ſqueamiſh reſpecting the cauſe," replied Captain Gore, "provided

vided I had a good battle: that, my dear, is what is the moſt eſſential to a conſcientious officer, who wiſhes to improve himſelf in his profeſſion. I have much reaſon, therefore, to wiſh for a war; and at the preſent juncture it would be much for the advantage of the nation in general."

"How for the advantage of the nation?" ſaid Edward.

"Why, becauſe it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants," ſaid the Captain; "but, thank God, there is now ſome glimmerings of hoſtilities; beſides, this damned peace has been ſo violent, that it cannot poſſibly laſt much longer."

"If ſo, you will have the pleaſure of being in a battle," rejoined Edward.

"Ay, and I hope of being *after having been in one* alſo, my dear lad; for you muſt know that I am pretty fortunate, having already ſtood thirteen ſhot, and I never was hit but once."

"Thirteen! What have you fought thirteen duels?" cried Edward.

"No, no!" replied Gore, "the laſt ſhot fired at me completed only my ſixth duel."

"Pray what gave riſe to that?" ſaid Edward.

"Why that one originated," replied Mr. Gore, "in a diſpute I had only laſt week with a ſhopkeeper in the town where my troop is quartered. Plays are acted there about this ſeaſon, and I happened to go to *Venice Preſerved* with a friend who is a little hard of hearing, and of courſe I was obliged to ſpeak to him pretty loud, or not to ſpeak to him at all; and juſt as I was obſerving to him that the talleſt of the Senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment, this ſhopkeeper cried—Silence. 'Upon my word, friend,' ſaid I, 'you give the word of command a little too imperiouſly.' 'You muſt not diſturb the company,' anſwered he. 'I am afraid,' ſaid I, 'that both you and I diſturb the company; and ſo if you will pleaſe to walk out with me, we will ſettle our buſineſs

buſineſs quietly ourſelves, without diſturbing any body.' He declined this, and muttered ſomething, none of which I diſtinctly heard, except the word *impertinent*, which reduced me to the neceſſity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. He called me out the next morning; and as this was acting like a Gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuſe putting myſelf on a footing with him. We met accordingly, and I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that he fired his piſtol very prettily for a tradeſman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that, on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not chooſe to kill the poor fellow, and ſo I fired my piſtol in the air. 'Now, friend,' ſaid I, 'you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; ſo, if you are ſatisfied, our diſpute may end here, if you are not, you may take another ſhot.' He declined the laſt, and agreed to the firſt propoſal—but here comes Sir Charles Royſton and his ſecond. And now, my dear boy," continued Mr. Gore, "if you get the firſt ſhot,

take a good aim, and remember, the leaſt touch of the trigger is ſufficient."

The ground being meaſured, it was propoſed to toſs up a guinea to decide who ſhould have the firſt fire.

"I give it to Sir Charles," cried Edward.

"On my conſcience," ſaid Gore, "that is being very young; you ought to leave it to chance."

Edward perſiſted.

Sir Charles took aim with great deliberation, and then fired. The ball lodged in Edward's body; but as he ſaid nothing, it was ſuppoſed to have miſſed him.

"Now it is your turn," cried Mr. Gore to Edward.

"I bear no malice againſt Sir Charles Royſton," ſaid Edward, "and therefore ſhall take no aim at him."

So ſaying, he fired his piſtol in the air.

"On my ſoul it is generouſly done, and I think this buſineſs ſhould be carried no farther," cried Mr. Gore.

"Is the Gentleman willing to declare that he did not aſk Miſs Barnet to dance with a view to provoke me?" ſaid Sir Charles.

"I neither

"I neither conſidered nor regarded how Sir Charles Roy ſton would be affected by my aſking Miſs Barnet to dance," replied Edward. "I did it becauſe I was determined that his threat ſhould not prevent her from dancing, if ſhe was ſo inclined."

"We muſt go on," cried Sir Charles.

"Now, my dear lad," ſaid Mr. Gore to Edward, "you ſee how raſh and inconſiderate it was in you to throw your fire away; how he miſſed you the laſt time I cannot conceive; for I know he is a practiſed ſhot with piſtols, and has often ſplit a bullet on the edge of a knife. I am much afraid he will bring you down this time."

"Perhaps not," replied Edward; "and I ſhall afterwards fire without ſcruple. I am ready, Sir," added he, looking at Sir Charles.

"Stop!" cried Captain Gore, "upon my ſoul I believe the young Gentleman is already wounded."

"I believe ſo too," cried Colonel Snug; "the blood appears through his waiſtcoat."

On examination it appeared that Edward was wounded by the firſt ſhot; a veſſel of ſome importance had been torn, for the

wound bled profuſely, and produced weakneſs, which Edward endeavouring to conceal, cried, "It is nothing, Sir Charles may proceed."

"He is no Gentleman, if he does," ſaid Mr. Gore, ſupporting Edward, who ſtaggered from inability to ſtand.

"We muſt retire, without loſs of time," ſaid Colonel Snug; "this young man is dangerouſly hurt."

"Whatever befalls me," ſaid Edward, "obſerve I now declare, that Sir Charles ought not to be brought to trouble; he took no unfair advantage, and I wiſh him no ill."

Edward had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than he ſunk to the ground; and two labourers approaching, Sir Charles and his ſecond withdrew from the field.

By the aſſiſtance of Mr. Gore, Edward was carried to the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh.

CHAP. LXXV.

La source de toutes les passions est la sensibilité, l'imagination determine leur pente. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

THE labourers carried Edward by a foot-path to the back door of Mr. Anguish's garden, into which they were admitted by one of the gardener's servants, who was then at work. Edward was taken into the parlour, which opened to the garden. The noise awakened Miss Huntly, whose bed-chamber was above the parlour. She sprang from her bed, and looking through the window, perceived three men carrying a fourth, whose face she could not see. Slipping on some of her clothes, she desired her maid to go and see who this sick or wounded person was; but before the maid was ready, leaning over the rail of the stairs, Miss Huntly asked the chamber-maid, who ran from the parlour, what was the matter?

"Lord, Madam!" cried the chamber-maid, "one of the handsomest young men

my

my eyes ever beheld lies bleeding to death in the parlour."

"Have you ſent for a ſurgeon?" ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"Yes, Madam," replied the maid; "the houſekeeper has ſent for the apothecary, who cures all outward wounds like a ſurgeon, and all inward diſeaſes like a phyſician; but I was going for ſome ſpirit of hartſhorn for the wounded Gentleman."

"If you do not make haſte, Molly," cried a footman, "Mr. Edward will bleed to death."

"Mr. Edward!" exclaimed Miſs Huntly.

"Yes, Madam, it is young Mr. Edward, who lives at Mr. Barnet's," ſaid the footman, while the chamber-maid ran to bring the ſpirit of hartſhorn.

Miſs Huntly being greatly ſhocked, ſtood undecided what to do, till ſhe heard the houſekeeper call, in a loud voice, "Some volatile ſpirits, for God Almighty's ſake!" On which, thruſting her hand into her pocket, and finding her ſalts, ſhe ruſhed down the ſtairs, and into the parlour, exclaiming, "here, here, are volatile ſalts."

The

The group that presented itself on her entering the room consisted of Edward extended fainting on a couch, his breast and shirt stained with blood, his head supported by Captain Gore, a servant sprinkling water upon his face, and the housekeeper, who pressed a piece of linen cloth to his breast to stop the bleeding; she snatched the salts from Miss Huntly, and held them to Edward's nose, whose face was of a deadly paleness, and his eyes half shut.

Finding that he moved not, the housekeeper said, "Alas! the poor youth bleeds to death; this is full of blood—has nobody a cambric handkerchief?"

Miss Huntly eagerly tore her's from her neck, and gave it to the housekeeper, who applied it to the wound, which was immediately beneath the nipple of the right breast.

After a short time Edward opened his eyes with a kind of sob, but seemed unable for a little to distinguish the persons around him. The first object he recognized was the lovely form of Miss Huntly, in loose robes and flowing tresses, bending over him with

with the compaſſionate look of a miniſtering Angel, appointed to convey a departing ſoul to Heaven.

"Am I in Paradiſe?" ſaid he, in a feeble voice.

"I hope you are better, Mr. Edward," ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"How can I be otherwiſe?" he replied, with a look expreſſive of pleaſure and admiration.

"I have good hopes of you now, my dear boy," cried Gore; "for in my conſcience I believe an Angel has deſcended to perform your cure."

This ſpeech from Mr. Gore, whom Miſs Huntly, in the confuſion of her ſpirits, had not before remarked, reſtored her recollection. Obſerving the diſorder of her dreſs, her face inſtantly exchanged the hue of the lilly for that of crimſon. She turned in confuſion from the eyes of thoſe preſent, and with the aſſiſtance of her maid regained her bed-chamber, from whence ſhe ſoon after diſpatched the maid, with orders to give whatever aſſiſtance ſhe could to the houſekeeper, till the ſurgeon ſhould arrive.

This happened sooner than was expected, the messenger having met the apothecary near the house; and, most fortunately for Edward, Mr. Sound, a surgeon of distinction, was in company with him. This Gentleman had been called from London by the apothecary, to perform an operation on a person in a neighbouring village. They had remained all night with their patient, and were returning to the apothecary's when they were met by the servant.

As soon as the apothecary was informed of the nature of the case, he begged of Mr. Sound to go with the servant, pretending that he himself had some indispensable business which called him home directly. The truth was, that although this same apothecary would, without scruple or hesitation, have taken the sole direction in a medical case, even of the most intricate nature, and where the most enlightened practitioner must grope his way; yet he often declined taking the management of surgical cases, where the right road is far more certain and obvious. His reason for this was, that in the former, where darkness alone is visible,

error

error is more eaſily concealed, and the cures performed by nature are oftener imputed to art, than in the latter.

Mr. Sound agreed to accompany the ſervant the more readily, that he was acquainted with Mr. Anguiſh, and alſo knew the apothecary's incapacity.

Mr. Anguiſh had been informed of the accident a little before Mr. Sound arrived, and had directly ordered a bed-chamber, and every accommodation, to be prepared for Edward. He alſo ſhewed great ſatisfaction at the arrival of Mr. Sound, whom he knew to be a man of probity, and great profeſſional knowledge.

Mr. Sound having examined the wound, found that the ball had not pierced into the cavity of the cheſt, but that a conſiderable laceration was made by a button of Edward's coat, which was driven by the bullet into the fleſhy part of his right breaſt. The ball was diſcovered at ſome diſtance from this, and extracted with dexterity by the ſurgeon, who having ſtopped the bleeding, and applied the proper dreſſing, deſired that the patient might be

be kept as undiſturbed as poſſible; he then accompanied Capt. Gore into the dining room, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh, with Miſs Huntly, were now aſſembled, waiting with impatience to know his opinion.

Mr. Sound informed them in a few words, free from the pedantry of technical terms, that the wound was more formidable in appearance, than dangerous in reality; that the fainting was owing to the bleeding of a veſſel torn by the button, and to the fatigue of the preceding evening; that the bullet had been ſoon found, and eaſily extracted; and that it would be proper to keep the young Gentleman quiet for ſome days, and he had no doubts of his perfect recovery at the end of a few weeks.

"Had you ever a patient who behaved with more fortitude?" ſaid Gore.

"Never," anſwered the ſurgeon; "nor is it poſſible for any man to diſplay more manly compoſure and reſignation, than this youth."

"He never winced," reſumed Gore, "or altered his countenance when you

probed the wound, nor even when you made the inciſion to find the ball."

"Inciſion!"—cried Miſs Huntly, who inſtantly became quite pale.

"That was neceſſary, Madam," ſaid the ſurgeon, "for the extraction of the ball; it ſaved him pain on the whole."

"I preſume, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "that you will order him ſome cordial julep, after ſuch a painful operation."

"Believe me, Madam," replied the ſurgeon, "the beſt cordial julep for him at preſent, is ſleep."

"Some cordial will be proper for this young Lady," ſaid Capain Gore, "who was lately as roſy as a cherubim, and is now as pale as a ghoſt."

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" cried Mrs. Anguiſh, looking at Miſs Huntly.

The young Lady being unable to anſwer, Mrs. Anguiſh, addreſſing the ſurgeon, ſaid, "Pray, Sir, order her ſomething, ſhe ſeems very ill."

"Here, Madam," ſaid the ſurgeon, filling up a glaſs of water, and preſenting it

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to Miſs Huntly, "pray take a little of this."

"Water!" cried Mrs. Anguiſh, in aſtoniſhment; "Good God, Sir! would you have a ſick perſon drink cold water?"

"Yes, Madam, cold water is a favourite cordial of mine, in ſome caſes," replied the ſurgeon.

Miſs Huntly having drank the water, ſaid ſhe felt herſelf better, and would ſoon be well.

"Will you not," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh to the ſurgeon, "order her ſome medicines to *keep* her well?"

"Her beſt chance of keeping well, Madam," replied the ſurgeon, "is by not taking medicines; becauſe, although they ſometimes are of uſe in removing a diſeaſe, they never can make a perſon who is in good health better."

"I aſſure you, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "that when Dr. Scribble has cured me of any complaint, he always orders a courſe of medicines to prevent a relapſe."

"And do they prevent a relapſe, my dear?" ſaid Mr. Anguiſh.

"Were it not for them I might relapſe ſooner," rejoined Mrs. Anguiſh; "you may ſmile as you pleaſe, Mr. Anguiſh, but I am quite convinced of that."

"This young Lady," reſumed Mr. Sound, "I believe, has no need of drugs at preſent; but to prevent her from relapſing, it will be neceſſary to abſtain from the mention of wounds or inciſions in her preſence."

Miſs Huntly coloured a little at this obſervation, and requeſted Mrs. Anguiſh's aſſiſtance, while ſhe walked to her own apartment.

CHAP. LXXVI.

The wiſe muſt into Nature's ſecrets pry,
The weak believe, they know not what, nor why,
And we may equally deluded call,
Who doubt of nothing, and who doubt of all. POPE.

THE Ladies being gone, Mr. Anguiſh ordered breakfaſt; but Capt. Gore wiſhing to join his troop, took his leave directly. After drinking a diſh of coffee, Mr. Sound ſaid that he had buſineſs at the apothecary's, but that he would viſit Edward again in the evening.

Mr. Anguiſh. I muſt beg that you will not think of returning to London until this young man is out of danger; I fear this will be inconvenient for you; but I will take care that your complaiſance in that point ſhall be properly conſidered.

Mr. Sound. I am already engaged to remain ſome time in this country, with the patient on whoſe account I left town; before it will be in my power to leave

him, this young man will be out of all danger. My attendance here is in no way inconvenient to me.

Mr. Anguiſh. To tell you the truth, I am the more ſolicitous for your punctual attendance, becauſe I underſtand my wife has ſent expreſs for her oracle, Dr. Scribble, in whoſe ſkill I have little faith.

Mr. Sound. I am not perſonally acquainted with the Doctor, but I hear he is much employed.

Mr. Anguiſh. I have known a very dull man employed as principal Secretary of State, yet I remain convinced that acuteneſs and clearneſs of intellect are neceſſary in that ſituation.

Mr. Sound. The moſt lively and agreeable is not always the moſt ſkilful phyſician, however.

Mr. Anguiſh. I do not inſiſt on my phyſician's being a wit, or a man of much pleaſantry, but I do expect to find him a man of diligence, and of a clear underſtanding;---if I find him deficient in theſe, I acknowledge that all the other qualities

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he may poſſeſs, would not tempt me to employ him as a phyſician.

Mr. Sound. Dr. Scribble I underſtand has had much experience;---do you lay no ſtreſs on that?

Mr. Anguiſh. Very little, if connected with the deficiency above-mentioned. To trace the effects we obſerve to their *real* cauſes, and to avoid aſſigning them to concomitant circumſtances, which in no degree influenced them, requires very acute diſcernment; for the want of which I have known ſeveral experienced practitioners impute the removal of a diſeaſe to drugs, which removed nothing but the returning appetite of their patient; therefore I have always conſidered natural ſagacity, and a clear diſcriminating judgment, as eſſentially requiſite to render experience uſeful.

Mr. Sound. The laſt time I had the pleaſure of meeting you in London, there was a phyſician in company, who I ſhould imagine to be preciſely to your taſte.

Mr. Anguiſh. You mean Dr. Gloſs.

Mr. Sound. I do.

Mr. Anguiſh. Dr. Gloſs is certainly a man of uncommon acuteneſs and ſagacity.

Mr. Sound. He is alſo very attentive to his buſineſs.

Mr. Anguiſh. He is ſo, for his buſineſs is to get money,---and he gets a great deal.

Mr. Sound. The beſt way for a phyſician to get money is by exerting all his powers to acquire knowledge in his profeſſion, and by applying it to the cure of diſeaſes.

Mr. Anguiſh. That is unqueſtionably the *beſt* way, but not the eaſieſt, nor the moſt univerſally followed. Thoſe practitioners who ſtudy their patient's prejudices, and attend to his humours, often ſucceed better than thoſe who ſtudy his diſeaſe, and attend only to his cure;---and medicine, which frequently proves unprofitable to him who applies to it as a ſcience, has been very lucrative to many who purſue it merely as a trade.

Mr. Sound. That may ſometimes be the caſe; but it alſo not unfrequently happens,

pens, that phyſicians are accuſed of duping their patient, when they themſelves are duped; for they may be divided into two claſſes, one of which entertain a much higher opinion of the power of their art than it deſerves, and the other think it leſs efficacious than it really is. The former in general are weak credulous men, apt to ſtuff their patients with drugs, but they believe all the while that they are doing much good.

Mr. Anguiſh. My obſervation applies to the other claſs, who having obſerved that nature often does a great deal, and medicine frequently little or nothing, towards the cure of diſeaſes, and being unwilling to take the trouble of obſerving all the variations of the diſorder, and of watching the moment when art can effectually aſſiſt nature, they content themſelves with laying hold of the moſt prominent ſymptoms, preſcribing according to the moſt faſhionable practice, and, after ſaying ſomething flattering to the patient, they hurry away with oſtentatious precipitancy, and think no more of the caſe till the

next visit. This is called experience ;—if the patient chances to recover, so much the better—if he dies, so much the worse for him, but the event affects neither the feelings nor reputation of the Doctor.

Mr. Sound. If the death of the patient does not affect the feeling of the physician, I should think it would somewhat affect his reputation.

Mr. Anguish. Not when his reputation is as well established as Dr. Scribble's is, with some in this county :—a certain Lady of rank, who first introduced him into business here, insists that he can cure every disease except *death* ;---when the patient recovers, her Ladyship says with a triumphant voice, " Did not I tell you so? the Doctor never fails." But when the patient dies, she says, " it is now clear that this has been a mortal disease,---I never said he could cure death."

Mr. Sound. Nothing can be more convenient for Dr. Scribble than to have patients who reason in that manner ; but if the Doctor reasons so himself ; if he really believes, as you seem to imply, that all his

his patients who die, are carried off by incurable diſeaſes, and that all who recover owe their lives to his preſcriptions; whatever you may think of his diſcernment, you cannot think him a knave, or wonder that he ſhould allow himſelf to be very well recompenſed for his attendance.

Mr. Anguiſh. I certainly do not put him on a footing with the man who, day after day, for a month together, encourages the fancies of a vapouriſh woman, or an hypochondriacal man, and takes their money for preſcribing ſugar and water, with a few ſpiceries in draughts, or other forms, when he perfectly knows that a glaſs of wine or a draught of porter would do more good;---yet ſome do this with as little remorſe, as when they attend patients whoſe diſtempers it is in the power of medicine to remove.

Mr. Sound. Even in the caſe you have put,---if the vapouriſh Lady, or hypochondriacal man, inſiſt on the phyſician's viſiting them every day, what can he do?

Mr. Anguiſh. Do as *you* do; honeſtly tell them that drugs and confinement are prejudicial, and that air and exerciſe can alone be of uſe to them.

Mr. Sound. They would immediately ſend for another phyſician.

Mr. Anguiſh. Let them :---if a fool were to offer gold for a commodity of no value, an honeſt man would refuſe to deal with him.

Mr. Sound. Suppoſe the fool to put little or no value on the gold he offers, and of which he has a ſuperfluity, whereas the commodity he wiſhes to procure, however uſeleſs in reality, affords a temporary relief to his imagination; and laſtly, ſuppoſe that there is a certainty that although one may refuſe to ſell this uſeleſs commodity, the fool will purchaſe it from another;---do you not think that this will render the vender more excuſable?

Mr. Anguiſh (after ſome heſitation). ---Perhaps it may, but the caſe muſt be accompanied with all the circumſtances you have enumerated, and after all, a fortune accumulated in this manner, found-

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ed on the weakneſs and ignorance of mankind, where the Doctor is conſcious that he has been of little or no uſe, how highly ſoever his ſkill may be rated by his patients, muſt produce very different ſenſations from what are felt by thoſe phyſicians whoſe induſtry and ingenuity have improved the art of healing, whoſe genuine merit is acknowledged, not by the ignorant, but by the moſt intelligent, and whoſe uſeful lives are paſſed, like yours, my good Sir, in removing real diſorders, and performing indiſputable cures.

Mr. Sound. I am much obliged by your favourable opinion, though your ſentiments in general, I fear, would give offence to many of the medical tribe, if they were known.

Mr. Anguiſh. The judicious and upright practitioner will not be offended, and even thoſe of an oppoſite character will not find their profits much diminiſhed, by any reaſoning on this ſubject, however well founded;---for what reaſoning will deter ſuffering credulity from trying the cure that is advertiſed to be infallible? or

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will prevent the victims of indolence and caprice from preferring thoſe who flatter their humours, to the candid phyſician, who fairly unfolds the origin and nature of their complaints, and tells them they are to look for a cure, only by following a plan which croſſes their ſtrongeſt propenſities; ſo that thoſe who are ſo much alarmed at the voice of reaſon, ſhew as great ignorance of human nature, as they betray eagerneſs to profit by its weakneſs. ---The liberal and enlightened phyſician gives no attribute to his art, but what juſtly belongs to it---undertakes nothing but what there is a poſſibility of his being able to perform, and rejoices at the detection of trick and impoſture; he deſpiſes all the attempts of ridicule againſt his profeſſion, when they are ill founded---and joins in the laugh when they are juſt; whereas the narrow-minded practitioner betrays the cauſe he wiſhes to defend, by ſilly rage and rancour againſt all who preſume to remove a ſingle remnant of the old hieroglyphical tapeſtry, with which, ever ſince the days of Gothic ignorance,

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the deficiencies of the art were attempted to be concealed.

Mr. Sound. The ſame remark may be with equal juſtice applied to other profeſſions. When the pen of ſatire is pointed againſt the impoſtures and abuſes which have crept into divinity or law, who are thoſe who are moſt likely to take offence?

Mr. Anguiſh. Moſt aſſuredly not the truly pious divine or upright lawyer;---no, no, it is the galled jade that winces; the hypocritical and knaviſh feel ſore and are fretted; they ſound the alarm and bellow atheiſm and ſedition, and the long-eared multitude bray forth that the State and Church are in danger.

Mr. Sound. Well, my good Sir, I ſhall only ſay, that it is fortunate for you that you are not obliged to adhere to the line of life in which you ſet out,---if you had, with *your* turn of thought, you would have been in danger of having all the drones of the profeſſion buzzing againſt you---but now I muſt take my leave.

Mr.

Mr. Anguiſh. I will not attempt to detain you, that I may have the pleaſure of ſeeing you ſooner return; for I am truly anxious about the health of this fine young man.

It will now be proper to acquaint the reader with what paſſed at Mr. Barnet's.

That gentleman, his wife, and daughter, being aſſembled at breakfaſt, "I am ſurpriſed," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "that Ned, who uſed to be the earlieſt, is the lateſt in the parlour to-day."

"He will come when he is ready, my dear," ſaid Mr. Barnet. "Hand me ſome toaſt."

"At what hour did Mr. Edward arrive," ſaid Mrs. Barnet to a ſervant who entered the room.

"Mr. Edward is not yet arrived," replied the ſervant.

"Not yet arrived!" cried Mrs. Barnet, with an alarmed voice.

"I ſaw Lady Virginia ſpeaking to him when we came away," ſaid Miſs Barnet.

"O! then he *muſt* have ſlept at the inn," ſaid Mr. Wormwood; "ſhe would not leave him ſtrength to ride home; ſhe exhauſts the ſpirits like an air pump, and had very near whiſpered me to death at the concert."

"I hope he will come ſoon," reſumed Mrs. Barnet.

"If he does not, he will be too late for breakfaſt," added her huſband.

After waiting a little longer, Mrs. Barnet growing more uneaſy, ordered a ſervant to ride to the inn to inquire if Mr. Edward had ſlept there, and what was become of him.

The ſervant, returning almoſt directly, delivered a letter to Mrs. Barnet, which he ſaid a country lad had juſt brought.

This was the letter which Edward had left at the inn when he went to meet Sir Charles Royſton.

"It is a letter from Ned," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Why did he not come himſelf?" ſaid her huſband peeviſhly.

"The letter will inform us," ſaid Mr. Wormwood.

Mrs. Barnet had not read half the letter before ſhe ſeemed agitated and very uneaſy.

"Why, there is bad news!" cried Miſs Barnet. "Dear Madam, what has happened?"

"Heaven knows what has happened! Where is the perſon who brought this letter?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

The meſſenger being called in, related, "That the innkeeper had found the letter in Mr. Edward's bed-chamber; and on hearing afterwards what had happened, he diſpatched him to Mrs. Barnet, to prevent miſchief."

"Well, but what *has* happened?" cried Mr. Wormwood.

"Nothing more, but, as I was going to tell you," replied the lad, "as how Mr. Edward was killed."

Miſs Barnet ſhrieked. Mrs. Barnet fell back on her chair, overcome with the ſhock. Mr. Barnet ſat ſpeechleſs, not ſo much from the violence of his emotion as from his not knowing what to do or ſay.

"Who

"Who did your maſter receive this report from?" ſaid Wormwood to the lad.

"I can't tell," replied he; "but young Mr. Edward was the laſt man in the country that I would have thought any one would have had the heart to kill—he was ſo loved."

"Do you know who killed him?" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"May-hap he is not quite killed yet," anſwered the lad.

"D—n you, why did you ſay he was?" cried Wormwood.

"Bleſs you, friend, for that hope," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"I can't be poſitive certain one way or t'other, pleaſe your Ladyſhip," ſaid the man; "but only I heard, as I came along, that he was not dead after all."

"Why then did you ſay at firſt that he was killed, you brute you?" exclaimed Wormwood.

"If your honor will not be ſo bloiſterous," ſaid the lad, "I will tell you the whole."

"Pray do," cried Mrs. Barnet.

"So I will, pleaſe your Ladyſhip, if this here Gentleman would only have patience, and give me time. Well, then, you muſt know, that my maſter told me at firſt, when he gave me the letter, that he heard that Mr. Edward was killed, and deſired me to make haſte with it to your Ladyſhip to prevent miſchief, as I told you before; but as I came along, who ſhould I meet but Mr. Anguiſh's under-gardener, and I ſaid to him, 'Jenkins,' ſays I, 'this is ſad news concerning young Mr. Edward.' 'Ay, ſad enough, Nightingale,' ſays he."

"Is your name Nightingale?" ſaid Mr. Barnet, interrupting the man.

"Yes, pleaſe your honor," anſwered he; "and it was my father's name likewiſe."

"Pray, friend, go on," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

Having thanked her for this permiſſion, twiſting and turning his hat with both hands, the lad reſumed.

"'Sad news enough, Nightingale,' ſays Jenkins to me; 'but, howſomever, my maſter is reſolved to perſecute Sir Charles Royſton

Royſton before the Old Bailiff of London, if ſo be that Mr. Edward chance for to die.' 'The Bailiff of London muſt be mortal old, now, Jenkins,' ſays I; 'for I have heard my father ſpeak of him as an old man, when he was ——"

"Curſe your nonſenſe," cried Wormwood; "can't you tell what you know reſpecting Edward?"

"So I will, Sir," ſaid the lad. So I told Jenkins, that I hoped the Old Bailiff was ſtill young enough to condemn Sir Charles to death, if there was occaſion; and ſo I left Jenkins. But as I came along with the letter, may-hap, thinks I to myſelf, Mr. Edward may not be quite dead."

"What made you think ſo with yourſelf?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Becauſe," replied the lad, "Jenkins ſaid to me, which I forgot to mention before, that he ſaw him carried alive into Mr. Anguiſh's houſe; and that he had heard ſince that he was ſomewhat better."

"Mr. Edward is now at Mr. Anguiſh's houſe then?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Jenkins told me ſo," replied the man; "but I know nothing more or leſs from my own certain knowledge."

"And he alſo told you," ſaid Miſs Barnet, "that Mr. Edward was better?"

"Yes, Jenkins told me ſo," anſwered he; "but, to be ſure, all he ſays is not to be counted on, being that he is a little given to lying."

"Why ſhould he lie in this caſe?" ſaid Mr. Wormwood.

"I hope he ſpoke the truth, for once," replied the lad, "both for young Mr. Edward's ſake, and for her Ladyſhip's, who, I ſee, is ſorrowful on his account."

"What were the expreſs words the gardener made uſe of?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"I cannot charge my memory with all his words," replied the lad; "for I did not much mind what he ſaid, being in haſte to bring the letter to your Ladyſhip, as in duty bound; only I do remember that he did ſay, Young Mr. Edward, ſays he, is not quite killed dead, but only ſhot through with a piſtol; and ſo, ſays he, Surgeon Sound from London thinks him a great deal better."

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet gave orders for the chariot to be made ready with all ſpeed, ſaying ſhe would drive to Mr. Anguiſh's herſelf.

"I pray God you may find young Mr. Edward better," ſaid the man.

"I thank you friend," ſaid ſhe, giving him money.

"For none of all the gentlefolks was more kinder to the poor," added the man.

"Well, well, you may get you gone," cried Mr. Barnet a little angrily.

"I meant no diſparagement to your honor," rejoined the lad; "and far leſs, God knows, to her Ladyſhip there, whom all the country praiſes with one univerſal diſcord."

"Pray get you gone, *Mr. Diſcord*," cried Wormwood.

"My name is Nightingale, Sir," ſaid the lad ſulkily as he retired.

Mr. Wormwood then propoſed to go himſelf, and bring a diſtinct and certain account of Edward's condition; but Mrs. Barnet begged that he would remain with her huſband, as ſhe was anxious to ſee Edward herſelf.

Miſs Barnet deſired to accompany her mother.

"I ſee no reaſon for your going, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

The young Lady repeated her requeſt to her mother, looking to her father.

"Since Louiſa wiſhes to go, you had beſt take her with you, my dear," ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"If you pleaſe, my dear," replied the wife.

"For," reſumed he, "there is little or no chance that Mr. Waller——"

"Come, Louiſa, the chariot waits," cried Mrs. Barnet, haſtily interrupting her huſband; for ſhe feared that he would ſhew a partiality for Mr. Waller, that might injure that Gentleman in the fancy of her daughter.

"I hope you will bring us good accounts of Ned, my dear," cried Mr. Barnet as they were going; "for I am ſtill very uneaſy about him; but remember that I ſhall order dinner at the uſual hour; and that I make it a rule to wait for nobody."

CHAP. LXXVII.

——— Falſis terroribus implet. Hor.

WHEN Mrs. and Miſs Barnet arrived at the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh, they found that Gentleman and his Lady by themſelves, Miſs Huntly having, under pretence of a ſlight indiſpoſition, withdrawn to her own apartment. Mr. Anguiſh aſſured his viſitors that there was reaſon to think that Edward was not ſo dangerouſly hurt as had been firſt imagined. He enumerated all the circumſtances of the duel as he had received them from Captain Gore.

During the narrative, Miſs Barnet broke into frequent invectives againſt Sir Charles Royſton. This gave uneaſineſs to her mother, becauſe ſhe knew he was related to Mrs. Anguiſh; and to bring this circumſtance to her daughter's recollection ſhe obſerved, "that he was unworthy of the family to which he belonged."

"I do

"I do assure you, dear Madam," said Mrs. Anguish, "I am as convinced as Miss Barnet can be, that he alone was to blame."

"My daughter was, in some degree, to blame," said Mrs. Barnet soothingly to Mrs. Anguish; "for she certainly ought not to have danced with any body after refusing Sir Charles."

"I have suffered so much uneasiness from this unlucky accident, that I might have been spared my mother's censure," said Miss Barnet.

"Of all who suffer from it," replied Mrs. Barnet, "you ought to remember, my dear Louisa, that you are the only one who had any share, however innocently, in producing it; you cannot, therefore, be more blameless than Mrs. Anguish, who feels the more uneasiness, on account of the misfortune's being the work of so near a relation."

Mr. Anguish interposed, by repeating the favourable report of the surgeon. His wife added, that she had sent an express for

Dr.

Dr. Scribble; and expatiated on the wonderful ſkill of that phyſician. Her eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the Doctor himſelf, who received a more cordial welcome from Mrs. Anguiſh than from her huſband, who informed him briefly of what had happened; and that the young Gentleman's wound was already dreſſed. Mrs. Anguiſh lamented that the Doctor had not been preſent at the dreſſing, that he might have pronounced with certainty reſpecting the degree of danger, and have ordered proper medicines.

"That I ſhall do immediately after I have felt the patient's pulſe, and aſked him a few queſtions," ſaid the Doctor, going to the door.

"I underſtand that he is aſleep," ſaid Mrs. Barnet. "Would it not be beſt to wait till he awakes?"

"Truly, Madam," replied the Doctor, "it is very ſeldom in my power to wait; it was with great difficulty I could come hither at preſent, for Lady Megrim has had a relapſe; but this Lady," added he, bowing to Mrs. Anguiſh, "knows I never withſtand

withſtand her ſummons. As for this young man, I dare ſay I ſhall be able to order him ſomething that will more than compenſate for the interruption of his ſleep."

"That is more than the ſurgeon could do," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh; "for he acknowledged that he knew nothing better for his patient than ſleep."

"There can be nothing ſo good," added her huſband.

"Sleep is certainly very proper on ſome particular occaſions," ſaid the Doctor; "but at other times it is dangerous; and we have it in our power to order narcotics, which will make patients ſleep at any time."

"But do they not ſometimes make patients ſleep too long?" rejoined Mr. Anguiſh.

"I fear our patient ſleeps too long at preſent," ſaid the Doctor, "and therefore I wiſh to ſee him immediately."

"You will be ſo obliging as to delay till he awakes," reſumed Mr. Anguiſh. "The ſurgeon who dreſſed the wound gave the ſtricteſt injunctions that he ſhould not be diſturbed."

"I ſhould imagine," replied the Doctor, "that thoſe injunctions were not meant to extend to me."

Mrs. Anguiſh being convinced that her huſband would not permit Edward to be diſturbed at that moment, and fearing that the Doctor might refuſe to wait until he awaked, ſaid, "I had almoſt forgot, Doctor, that there is another patient in the houſe. I will conduct you to her directly.

Mrs. Anguiſh and the phyſician being withdrawn, "I have heard Doctor Scribble much commended for his ſkill in nervous complaints," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"What his ſkill in nervous complaints may be," replied Mr. Anguiſh, "is difficult to aſcertain; but this I do know, that he has had the ſkill to perſuade half the country that all their complaints are nervous. I have been told, that before he ſettled here, there were fewer complaints of every kind, and no ſuch thing as a nervous complaint heard of."

"As for this young man," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "he is ſubject to no complaint whatever;

whatever; he has enjoyed good health and good humour all his life.

"I hope this Doctor will not make him fancy he has any nervous complaint, as he did poor Nancy Bloſſom, who has been ſwallowing pills and pining ever ſince he viſited her," added Miſs Barnet.

"Give yourſelves no uneaſineſs, Ladies," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh; "I ſhall take care that he ſhall not have it in his power to injure either the health or good humour of this young Gentleman."

While this converſation was paſſing in the parlour, Mrs. Anguiſh conducted the Doctor up ſtairs to a room adjacent to Miſs Huntly's bed-chamber. "I have brought Dr. Scribble to ſee you, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, introducing him.

"I am glad to ſee the Gentleman," replied Miſs Huntly, with her uſual affability, though ſomewhat ſurpriſed.

"Tell him all your complaints," reſumed Mrs. Anguiſh, "and he will order what is proper directly."

"My complaints! I have no complaints," cried Miſs Huntly. "How could you, my

dear Madam, give the Gentleman the trouble of——"

"Was you not indiſpoſed before you left the parlour?" ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh; "I am ſure you need ſomething to compoſe your ſpirits. Does ſhe not, Doctor?"

"My ſpirits are perfectly compoſed," cried Miſs Huntly.

"There, Madam, I muſt take the liberty of differing from you," ſaid Dr. Scribble; "your ſpirits are in evident agitation, and your whole nervous ſyſtem is——"

"I beg you will not talk ſo, Sir," ſaid Miſs Huntly; "I have no nervous ſyſtems, and wiſh to hear nothing about them."

"Indeed but you have, my ſweet young Lady," ſaid the Doctor; "a very fine one, though I apprehend it is endowed with a little too much ſenſibility; and if——"

"You muſt excuſe me, Sir," ſaid Miſs Huntly, with an air of impatience, and offering to go.

"Only allow the Doctor to feel your pulſe, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"This

"This is the ſtrangeſt fancy," cried Miſs Huntly. "I aſſure you my pulſe is quite as it ought to be."

"Permit me to touch your arm, Madam," ſaid the Doctor.

"Pray do, my dear Caroline," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "were it only to make me eaſy."

"I will certainly do much more to make you eaſy, my dear Madam," ſaid Miſs Huntly; "but you never had leſs reaſon to be uneaſy on account of my health. There, Doctor, (continued ſhe, holding out her arm,) ſatisfy Mrs. Anguiſh, that I am perfectly in good health."

The Doctor, pulling out his watch, felt her wriſt with a look of ſagacious deliberation; and, after a becoming pauſe, ſaid, "I will not declare quite ſo much; but this much I will venture to ſay, that after you have taken a few draughts, for which I ſhall write directly, you will feel yourſelf much better."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir; but I never could take any draughts in my life," ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"Can you ſwallow pills, Madam?" rejoined the Doctor.

"I can

"I can ſwallow nothing, Sir," ſhe anſwered.

"If that is the caſe, you muſt have ſomething to mend your appetite," ſaid the Doctor; "pray, Ma'am, let me ſee your tongue."

"This is too much!" cried the young Lady, riſing with impatience.

"I muſt entreat you, my dear Caroline, not to be ſo obſtinate in a matter of ſo much importance as your health. If Mrs. Nevile were here, ſhe would perſuade you, I am ſure, to follow the Doctor's directions. If your health ſhould ſuffer while you are in my houſe, it would give me double concern; for my ſake, therefore——"

"I hope," reſumed the Doctor, "the young Lady will do what is proper, for all our ſakes; for it is impoſſible to ſee her without taking a warm intereſt in her welfare."

Miſs Huntly now perceived that the ſpeedieſt way to get rid of their importunity was by ſeeming to comply.

"Well, Doctor," ſaid ſhe, "although I am not fond of drugs, ſince my friend here

and you think them neceſſary, pray order whatever you pleaſe."

"What I ſhall preſcribe will be by no means diſagreeable," ſaid the Doctor; "I will order it in the form of a julep."

"If you pleaſe, Sir," anſwered Miſs Huntly with reſignation.

"Pray, Madam," reſumed he, as he prepared to write, "do you ever feel any flutterings at your breaſt, any——"

"I am perfectly convinced you underſtand the caſe fully," ſaid ſhe; "it will therefore be unneceſſary to aſk any more queſtions."

"I will leave you a few minutes with the Doctor," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, offering to withdraw.

"I beg you will not ſtir, Madam," cried Miſs Huntly, laying hold of her friend's arm. "I am perſuaded that your preſcription will be effectual, Sir," continued ſhe, addreſſing the Doctor; "and I return you many thanks for this trouble." So ſaying, ſhe fee'd him liberally; and at that inſtant a maid entered the room, who informed him that Mr. Edward was awake.

"I am

"I am happy to hear it," said Mrs. Anguish, conducting the Doctor to the door of Edward's bed-chamber, where she left him.

The sleep had proved so effectual a restorative, that Edward felt himself greatly refreshed, and tolerably easy. The Doctor told him that he should not trust to flattering appearances, because various bad consequences were still to be apprehended, but which he hoped would be prevented by the medicines he would prescribe.

"Upon my word, Doctor," said the youth, "I imagine I have no need of medicine; for I feel myself pretty easy in all respects, except that I am rather hungry."

"My dear Sir," resumed the Doctor, "that alone proves that something is wrong; for hunger, in your present state, is an unnatural sensation, and therefore the medicine for which I am writing is the more necessary."

"If it is intended to remove hunger," said Edward, "I am sure it will be effectual; for I never took a drug in my life that did not take away my appetite for that day at least. But Mr. Sound the surgeon assured

me, Doctor, that I did not need any medicine."

"Mr. Sound the ſurgeon," replied the Doctor, "is a very good ſurgeon, I dare ſay, and underſtands very well, no doubt, what plaſter ſhould be applied to your wound; but does that prevent or mitigate a fever? Do you imagine, my dear young Gentleman, that plaſters or ointments, or any external means, will cure that?"

"Perhaps not," replied Edward; "but extracting the ball, I ſhould humbly hope, would do ſome good."

The Phyſician, without taking notice of this obſervation, gave his preſcription to a ſervant to carry to the apothecary; took the fee, repeated his injunctions that Edward ſhould take his medicine punctually according to the direction, and then returned to the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh were with Mrs. and Miſs Barnet.

As ſoon as Doctor Scribble appeared, the company eagerly ſurrounded him, to know what he thought of Edward.

The Doctor, aſſuming a look of as much reflection and acuteneſs as the vacancy of his

his features would admit, answered, "that he was as well as could be expected, considering——"

"Considering what?" cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Considering," resumed the Doctor, "that I did not see him sooner; but still I hope it is not too late to prevent fever."

"Fever!" cried Mrs. and Miss Barnet in the same moment.

"Yes, Ladies," replied the Doctor; "there *is* such a thing as a fever in consequence of gun-shot wounds."

"But as every body agrees that the ball was happily and speedily removed," Mrs. Barnet observed, "and as the young man has had such calm and refreshing sleep, and seems so easy, we were in hopes, Sir, that there was little or no danger of fever."

"I find," replied the Physician, "that a great deal too much importance is placed on the removal of the ball—a thing very easily accomplished, indeed; but it must be remembered, that the passage of this same ball through the muscles must have, in some degree, deranged the animal œconomy, and of course, the whole nervous system; and

the various effects which this may produce on the moſt delicate and moſt eſſential part of the animal machine, are not removed with the bullet. Why, good God! Ladies, I have known a wound look well for ſeveral weeks, and ſeem almoſt ſkinned over, when, all of a ſudden, for want of due attention on the part of thoſe who had the cure of the wound, and, perhaps, of a proper knowledge of the internal ſtructure of the human machine, with all its various ſprings, connections, and combinations, a fever ſupervened, accompanied with alarming ſymptoms, and terminating in a locked jaw, and——"

"For Heaven's ſake, Sir," cried Mr. Anguiſh, "do not terrify the Ladies with your knowledge and learning, which really ſurpaſſes all our comprehenſions."

"I only mean to warn the young Gentleman's friends," replied the Doctor, "that appearances are not always to be relied on; for unlucky ſymptoms ſometimes occur when leaſt expected."

"For the ſatisfaction of the young Gentleman's friends," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh, "I beg

beg a plain anſwer to a plain queſtion, Doctor. Do you not think that the bullet being extracted, the patient having had ſeveral hours of calm ſleep, and feeling refreſhed, cool, and eaſy ſince, are all favourable circumſtances?"

"Unqueſtionably, Sir," replied the Doctor.

"I am glad to hear you ſay ſo, Doctor," reſumed Mr. Anguiſh; "for I believe the Ladies thought your harangue implied the reverſe."

The Doctor then looked at his watch, expreſſed ſurpriſe at its being ſo late, and impatience to viſit Lady Megrim, leſt her Ladyſhip might ſuffer from his abſence.

As he withdrew he was followed by Mrs. Anguiſh, who never allowed him to go without having ſome converſation concerning her own health. She led him into another room for this conſultation. After having felt her pulſe, and examined her tongue, he aſked if ſhe ever felt any uneaſineſs at her ſtomach? She at firſt anſwered, that ſhe never did; but on the Doctor's repeating the queſtion, and deſiring her to

recollect attentively, she said, that she sometimes did feel a kind of uneasy sensation there.

"Generally in the evening, I suppose," said the Doctor.

"No, never in the evening," replied Mrs. Anguish; "but rather immediately before dinner."

"Ay, that is a proof that all is not quite right," rejoined the Doctor; "but do you never perceive any sensation after dinner?"

On recollection, she answered, "that she sometimes felt a slight sensation of *fullness* at that time."

"I thought so," said the Doctor; "that proceeds from a swelling in the stomach; but pray (continued he) have you not something of a head-ach at present?"

Mrs. Anguish hesitated a little at this question, as if she was not quite sure whether she had a head-ach or not. The Doctor repeated the question, on which, shaking her head from side to side, and backward and forward, she at last answered, that she believed she really had something of a head-ach.

"I sus-

"I ſuſpected as much," rejoined the Doctor. "I perceived ſomething of a *latent* head-ach by your pulſe; and it is fortunate that it has been detected before it arrives at a height; for the ſhock which your nervous ſyſtem has ſuſtained from the accident that has befallen this young man may, without proper care, lay the foundation of various complaints of dangerous tendency, and reduce you to a far worſe condition that that of the wounded Gentleman; for bullets, my dear Madam, (continued he,) are ſoon extracted, and external wounds eaſily healed; but it is a nice operation, and a far more difficult taſk, to ſooth the diſordered nerves, to compoſe the diſtracted ſpirits, to ſweeten the acrimonious bile, and remove diſeaſes from thoſe unſeen parts, which can be reached by the ſubtilty of the moſt penetrating medicines only with ſafety to the patient. And now, my dear Madam, I will order a few draughts to ſtrengthen your weakened ſolids, dilute your thickened fluids, brace your unſtrung nerves, and put your whole conſtitution in tune." Having finiſhed this comfortable harangue, he

wrote

wrote his prescription, took his fee and his leave.

Mrs. Barnet understanding that the surgeon had promised to return that same day, and being desirous of seeing him, was easily persuaded by Mr. Anguish to remain till he came. As soon as Miss Huntly heard that the Doctor was gone, she joined the company in the dining-room, and was sitting with them when the surgeon entered. He had quietly slipped up to Edward's chamber, and examined accurately into his situation before any of the company knew of his arrival, so that they were equally pleased and surprised when he assured them that he found his patient in all respects as he could wish; and that although he had not looked at the wound, which it would not be proper to do for some time, yet he could almost venture to pronounce his patient out of danger.

"Is there no danger of fever, Sir?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"There will be something of an increased heat or feverishness some time hence,

hence, Madam," replied the Surgeon; "but it will not be dangerous."

"Perhaps what the Doctor has preſcribed," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "will prevent that feveriſhneſs."

"I dare ſay," replied the Surgeon, "that the Doctor would preſcribe what is very proper."

"What ſhould he drink during the feveriſhneſs?" ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"Water, Madam," replied the Surgeon.

"Water!" cried Mrs. Anguiſh; "nothing but plain water?"

"If you pleaſe, you may put a toaſt in it, Madam," ſaid Mr. Sound.

"A toaſt!" rejoined ſhe; "why even then it will be only *toaſt and water*."

"Nothing more," replied he; "and, having aſſured the company that he would viſit his patient the following morning, he took his leave.

Mrs. Anguiſh's houſekeeper had from the beginning imagined that Edward's wound would prove mortal; unfortunately ſhe had declared to every ſervant in the houſe, and others who were aſſembled in

the ſervant's hall, that, in *her opinion*, he could not poſſibly ſurvive it. This woman was a good deal mortified, therefore, when ſhe heard Mr. Sound give ſuch a favourable account of him in the parlour; and ſhe could not help ſhaking her head with an air of incredulity as ſhe retired.

Miſs Barnet obſerved this, and following the woman into her own room, begged to know what ſhe meant.

The woman anſwered, "that ſhe had ſhaken her head for ſorrow to ſee them all deceived; for, to her certain knowledge, the poor young man would not recover."

"Do you pretend," ſaid Miſs Barnet, "to more knowledge than Mr. Sound?"

"Mr. Sound," replied the houſekeeper, "like all doctors, conceals his real opinion, for he is quite ſenſible that the young Gentleman is in great danger."

"How dare you ſay that Mr. Sound is quite ſenſible of the young man's being in danger, when he has aſſerted the contrary in the moſt ſolemn manner?" reſumed Miſs Barnet.

The

The houſekeeper being provoked at the young Lady's incredulity, like thoſe who have the habit of lying, added a new falſehood to give ſtrength to the former, by declaring, that Mr. Sound himſelf had told her that Mr. Edward was in the utmoſt danger, though he did not chooſe to ſay ſo to his friends, while there was the leaſt glimmering of hope. She begged at the ſame time, that Miſs Barnet would not betray her, by informing Mr. Sound, or any other perſon, of what ſhe had now related. This, Miſs Barnet promiſed, and being at the ſame inſtant told that her mother was already in the carriage, ſhe followed without queſtioning the houſekeeper any farther.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

Come, Chearfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the hovering cloud of Care;
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend, and Pleaſure's queen!
Fair Guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of home-bred ſtrife;
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by.

AKENSIDE.

AFTER Mrs. Barnet and her daughter were gone, Mrs. Anguiſh began to think of her latent head-ach, and became impatient for the medicines the doctor had preſcribed. She ſent another ſervant to the apothecary's to haſten them. This ſervant at his return delivered her a whole baſket full of medicines, ſome directed for Edward, ſome for Miſs Huntly, and ſome for herſelf. While ſhe was examining the parcel directed for herſelf, Miſs Huntly joined her. "Merciful Heavens, my dear!" cried ſhe, "what are you going to do with all theſe drugs?"

Mrs. Anguiſh then told her what the Doctor had ſaid concerning her latent head-ach, and the acrimony of her bile.

"As

"As for your head-ach," said Miss Huntly, who was naturally of a very chearful turn of mind, "the longer it remains *latent* so much the better; and with regard to bile, I am apt to think you have very little; but I am sure you have none that is acrimonious, for a sweeter-blooded woman does not exist."

"The Doctor, my dear," replied Mrs. Anguish, "is the best judge in such matters:" so saying, she swallowed one of the draughts.

"Well, my dear friend," said Miss Huntly with fervour, "I must declare that it gives me great uneasiness to see you thus tamper with an excellent constitution; and I must remind you of the Italian, who, having destroyed his health by the same means, became sensible of it when it was too late, and ordered this sentence to be inscribed on his tomb:

Stavo bene, ma par star meglio, sto qui."

In answer to this observation, Mrs. Anguish declared, that she felt herself better already.

"Better,

"Better, in what reſpect?" ſaid Miſs Huntly; "I hope the head-ach is not leſs *latent* than it was before."

Mrs. Anguiſh anſwered, that "the head-ach was much the ſame; but ſhe felt a little ſickneſs at the ſtomach, which was generally the caſe when a medicine was to do her good."

Mr. Anguiſh, entering the room with a gay air, began to ſpeak on ſome indifferent ſubject; but his Lady endeavoured to turn the converſation on her own complaint. This was a topic which the huſband never encouraged, for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe he was ſomewhat of Miſs Huntly's turn of mind; and in the ſecond place, becauſe he imagined, that however fond Mrs. Anguiſh was of ſpeaking of her complaints, it always had an ill effect. Without ſeeming to have heard her, therefore, he continued the ſubject he had begun. Mrs. Anguiſh made ſeveral attempts to draw the attention of the company to her favourite topic, but without ſucceſs; for her huſband evaded all her hints, and dexterouſly ſtarted new ſubjects of diſcourſe.

Mrs. Anguiſh, having been in this manner repeatedly baulked, at laſt imputed her huſband's behaviour to indifference about her health; and ſhe was on the point of burſting into tears, which Miſs Huntly obſerving, ſaid, "Do you know, my dear Mrs. Anguiſh, I have a great notion that your dancing the other night, and the buſtle you have been kept in ever ſince, have acted as bracers, for I never ſaw you look better."

"Nor more lovely," added Mr. Anguiſh, who now obſerved how his wife was affected; and taking hold of her hand, "I'll defy Dr. Scribble, or all the Doctors among them," continued he, "to make you look otherwiſe than you do at this moment, my dear Eliza, without taking from your beauty."

This did not prevent the tears from coming into Mrs. Anguiſh's eyes; but it converted them into tears of pleaſure.

"Do not imagine," ſaid ſhe, wiping her eyes, and ſmiling, "that I am ſuch a fool as not to diſtinguiſh flattery."

"To be sure, my dear, women are most apt to be flattered by men when they are most beautiful; but here is your friend Caroline, I appeal to her, if there is any flattery in what I say?"

Mrs. Anguish looked cheerfully at Miss Huntly.

"Well, upon the honour of a wise and upright judge," said Miss Huntly, assuming a serious and solemn air, "I do pronounce, that I never saw you look handsomer than at present—you may take it as you please."

"A most learned and upright judge! —A second Daniel!" cried Mr. Anguish.

"Pshaw, you both flatter," said his wife with a tone of satisfaction.

"Nay, my dear, I speak only of your looks. You may, for aught I know, be in better health when you look worse," said Miss Huntly with a sly accent; "for as you said just now, *the Doctors are the only judges in such matters.*"

"Confound the Doctors!" cried Mr. Anguish; "she is always best when she has the least to do with them; and I impute

the

the delightful bloom my wife has at preſent to her having taken no medicine ever ſince you have been with us, my dear Miſs Huntly."

"Forgive me, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "I took a draught juſt before you came."

"Then it has not produced the uſual effect of making you look worſe."

"Do you ſincerely think they have that effect?" ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh with earneſtneſs.

"I do moſt ſincerely think ſo," anſwered he.

"I am abſolutely certain of it," added Miſs Huntly.

"I am likewiſe convinced, my dear," reſumed Mr. Anguiſh, addreſſing his wife, "that you would be even handſomer than you are, were it not for the drugs you take, which, I believe, are of no ſervice to your health in general; but which, I am certain, are hurtful to your looks."

At this inſtant a footman delivered a meſſage to Mr. Anguiſh, who withdrew; and ſoon after his wife went to her own apartment, and after contemplating her-

ſelf for ſome time in the looking-glaſs, ſhe threw all the remaining draughts out at the window.

Mr. Anguiſh was ſitting in Edward's bed-chamber, when the medicines directed for him were brought. Edward changed colour at the ſight of them.

"What is the matter?" ſaid Mr. Anguiſh; "you ſeem to be taken ill all of a ſudden."

"No great matter," Edward anſwered, wiping the ſweat from his face.

"You ſeem faintiſh," rejoined Mr. Anguiſh. "Does your wound give you pain?"

"No, it is not that," ſaid the unhappy youth.

"Pray what is it then?" ſaid Mr. Anguiſh.

"Why, to confeſs the truth," replied he, "I feel ſuch a loathing at preſent, that if I attempt to ſwallow any of thoſe medicines, I am certain they will ſet me a vomiting."

"Don't attempt it then," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh.

"I ſhould be ſorry to ſeem obſtinate, or to diſoblige the Doctor," reſumed Edward,

"and ſhall try to get ſome of them down my throat as ſoon as I am tolerably well, and poſſibly can; though I own that I ſhould prefer obliging him in any other way."

"Indeed, my dear fellow, you ſhall not oblige him in this way," cried Mr. Anguiſh, laughing at this mark of Edward's complaiſance; then opening the door, and calling to his groom, who was going through the paſſage, "Here, Will," ſaid he, "take and throw theſe phials into the river."

Edward felt as much gratitude for this as for any mark of attention he had received ſince he was brought to Mr. Anguiſh's houſe.

When that Gentleman had left him, and had gone down ſtairs, he met the Apothecary, who, on finding ſuch a quantity of medicines ordered for one family, thought it his duty to call and inquire for the patients.

Mr. Anguiſh took him into the parlour, ſaying that he had juſt left the wounded Gentleman, who was diſpoſed to ſleep.

The Apothecary, in the courſe of converſation, told Mr. Anguiſh that he had been viſiting three or four patients in a neighbouring village, who were ill of an influenza, which had prevailed for ſome time in that part of the country.

"Pray," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh, "how do you medical Gentlemen treat that complaint?"

"Why," replied the Apothecary, "there is no ſaying how the phyſicians treat it; for ſome of them order one thing, and ſome of them another; but the ſurgeons generally *bleed* for it; and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*."

"Ay, that is natural enough," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh ſmiling; "but you know I once ſtudied phyſic myſelf, and have ſome general notions on the ſubject: ſo when this epidemic began among my ſervants and tenants, I ventured to preſcribe barley-water for them."

"Barley-water!" cried the Apothecary with diſdain; "you might as well have ordered them water-gruel."

"I might

"I might ſo," replied Mr. Anguiſh; for which reaſon I gave them the choice; and what do you think was the effect?"

"Why, barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect," ſaid the Apothecary.

"It is indeed a little difficult to aſcertain what is the effect of many things that are preſcribed," reſumed Mr. Anguiſh; "but I can at leaſt tell you what was the *conſequence*."

"That is the ſame thing," ſaid the Apothecary.

"Not quite," replied Mr. Anguiſh; "though in the practice of phyſic the one is often miſtaken for the other."

"Well, what *was* the conſequence?" the Apothecary aſked.

"Why, they all recovered!" replied Mr. Anguiſh.

The Apothecary having remarked that there was a great difference in conſtitutions, and the ſame plan which did well enough for the poor would not ſuit the conſtitutions of the better ſort of people, he took his leave a little abruptly, and without recollecting that he had promiſed to viſit one of the

chamber-maids, who was taken ill about the time he arrived. On this maid's growing worſe, an old woman who came with a ſecond meſſage for the apothecary, began to make a pathetic lamentation on hearing he was already gone.

"Here is plenty of doctor's ſtuff, if that be what you want," ſaid the groom, to whom Mr. Anguiſh had given the medicines preſcribed for Edward. "Here they be," repeated he, "if you like to take them."

The old woman accepted of them with thankfulneſs, and carrying them to the room where the ſick maid lay, gave them to the houſekeeper, who had already adminiſtered burnt brandy, peppermint water, and various other cordials, without affording the patient relief. The maid complained of a cholic, which attacked her at intervals with great violence.

The houſekeeper obſerving that the ſignature on a parcel of the medicine was, *Quieting draughts—one to be taken every two hours*; "if theſe draughts," ſaid ſhe, "can quiet the pain in Mr. Edward's breaſt, it

it ſtands to reaſon, that they may alſo relieve the pain in Margaret's belly; for the belly is at no great diſtance from the breaſt, particularly in poor Margaret's, who is but a ſhort woman."

On this theory, by no means the leaſt rational, on which medical practice was ever founded, the houſekeeper gave one of the draughts to Margaret, with what effect will appear hereafter.

On their return from the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh to Barnet-hall very little converſation paſſed between Mrs. and Miſs Barnet. Notwithſtanding the favourable report which Mr. Sound had made, the former could not help being ſtill uneaſy; and what the houſekeeper had told Miſs Barnet made that young Lady ſtill more ſo; but ſhe concealed this from her mother, on account of the promiſe ſhe had made the houſekeeper.

When they arrived, Mrs. Barnet informed her huſband that Edward was thought to be in the way of recovery.

Mr. Barnet himſelf was by no means free from concern about this young man; and the following morning, while at breakfaſt with

with his wife and daughter, he said to the former, "I am sorry that this cursed gout prevents my going to see Ned; but I fancy you would like to drive to Mr. Anguish's, my dear."

"If you have no objection, I will set out immediately after breakfast," replied she. And then addressing her daughter, she added, "You will keep your father company, Louisa, till I return."

Besides her desire that her husband should not be left alone, Mrs. Barnet had another motive for wishing her daughter to remain at home; she expected that Mr. Waller would arrive in the course of the day.

Miss Barnet, on the other hand, had relied upon accompanying her mother to Mrs. Anguish's; and her anxiety for Edward had deprived her of sleep most part of the night. Whether it was owing to Miss Barnet and Edward being brought up together somewhat like brother and sister, or from what cause it proceeded, the fact is certain, that neither ever entertained for the other that sentiment which is peculiarly called love. Edward sincerely wished the happiness

happineſs of Miſs Barnet, and would have done all in his power to promote it; he was pleaſed and entertained with her company and converſation; but ſhe never had touched his heart. Her eſteem and friendſhip for him was alſo very great; and the idea of his imminent danger engroſſed her thoughts to ſuch a degree, that they, in ſome meaſure, ſuſpended thoſe ſentiments of love which her heart had entertained for ſome time, and which had been hourly increaſing towards Mr. Waller.

As ſoon as Mrs. Barnet had deſired her daughter to keep her father company until ſhe ſhould return, ſhe roſe to leave the room, on purpoſe to prevent any objection or difficulty being made. At that inſtant a footman entered and announced the arrival of Mr. Waller, and that he was in the dining room.

So eager was the young Lady to go, and ſo predominant was her concern for Edward, that ſhe immediately ſaid to her father, "As Mr. Waller will entertain you much better than I can do, my dear Sir, you

you will have no objection, I am ſure, to my accompanying my mother."

"You are miſtaken, Louiſa," replied Mr. Barnet with the utmoſt ſimplicity, "in imagining that Mr. Waller can entertain me better than you can do; though I dare ſay, my dear, that he can entertain you better than I can do."

"Well, but," reſumed ſhe, "I wiſh very much to accompany my mother to Mr. Anguiſh's."

"I ſhould have no objection, my dear," replied Mr. Barnet, "if I did not think that Mr. Waller will expect that you ſhould remain at home, when you know that he is arrived. I am convinced that he would be better pleaſed if you did."

"Truly, Sir, I ſee no reaſon for minding what he may expect, or for my remaining at home to pleaſe him."

"I hope you will think it reaſonable, however, my dear, to remain to pleaſe your father and me," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, and immediately left the room, ſtepped into the carriage, and drove away.

On

On this occaſion Mrs. Barnet, perhaps, did not act with her uſual prudence; her anxiety about Edward, and a deſire that Mr. Waller ſhould not be diſappointed of her daughter's company, prevented her from reflecting that ſhe was left in ill-humour; and that, conſidering the temper of the young Lady, this ill-humour was likely to influence the reception that ſhe would give him.

Indeed Louiſa's reſerve was ſo apparent after Mr. Waller was introduced, that even Mr. Barnet obſerved it, and he thought proper to make an apology for her. "My daughter," ſaid he, addreſſing Mr. Waller, "is extremely affected by the accident which has befallen Edward; it is that which puts her in low ſpirits: is it not, Louiſa?"

To this appeal ſhe made no anſwer.

"That is the reaſon alſo," reſumed Mr. Barnet, "for her being ſo ſilent at preſent; for ſhe is not naturally ſilent, I do aſſure you, Mr. Waller, any more than other women."

"I hear," ſaid Mr. Waller, "that Mr. Edward is better."

"Yes,

"Yes, he is ſo," replied Mr. Barnet; "but Louiſa is alſo a little out of humour, becauſe ſhe has been prevented from going with her mother to ſee him; for ſhe always had a very great regard for him, and I believe her affection now is warmer than ever."

"I ſhould be ſorry to think, Madam, that you have altered your deſign on my account," ſaid Mr. Waller.

"Make yourſelf eaſy, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "it was in obedience to my mother that I altered it." Saying this, ſhe left the room.

"I underſtood," ſaid Mr. Waller, "that Miſs Barnet paſſed the moſt part of yeſterday at Mr. Anguiſh's."

"Yes, that ſhe did," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "but ſhe was deſirous of going to-day alſo, for ſhe is much concerned for Ned, and can think of nobody but him."

"He is a very happy man," ſaid Mr. Waller.

"Not at preſent," reſumed Mr. Barnet; "for his wound is not quite healed; but it is to be hoped that he will be happy ſoon."

"I mean," ſaid Mr. Waller, "that he is happy in the concern that Miſs Barnet takes in him."

"My daughter is of an affectionate diſpoſition," reſumed Mr. Barnet, "and has a great deal of kindneſs for thoſe ſhe loves, as her huſband will find, although ſhe has too much prudence to ſhew it before marriage."

Mr. Waller making no immediate anſwer to this obſervation, and the converſation afterwards becoming a little languid, Mr. Barnet rung the bell, and deſired the ſervant to tell his daughter to return.

The footman brought for anſwer that Miſs Barnet had a head-ach.

"A head-ach!" cried Mr. Barnet; "I really thought that ſhe had ſlipped out on quite another account. Did you not think the ſame, Mr. Waller?"

To this wiſe queſtion Mr. Waller made no anſwer; but Mr. Barnet repeated, "A head-ach! it muſt have ſeized her very ſuddenly, for ſhe was quite well this morning, only a little ſorrowful, as I ſaid before, on account of poor Ned's illneſs. I knew from the

firſt

firſt that her *heart* was greatly affected, but I had no ſuſpicion of her *head*. However, you need not be very uneaſy, Mr. Waller; for I am in hopes that her head-ach will abate when ſhe ſhall hear that Ned ſhall be better; and then, perhaps, ſhe will be able to bear ſeeing you."

To this flattering obſervation Mr. Waller bowed, and ſoon after took his leave, notwithſtanding that Mr. Barnet preſſed him very much to ſtay to dinner, aſſuring him that he had one of the beſt turbots that he had ſeen that ſeaſon.

CHAP. LXXIX.

—— Tantum medicamina poſſunt. OVID.

CAPTAIN Gore arrived at the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh two hours before Mrs. Barnet; he found Mr. Sound there, who informed him that Edward had paſſed a good night; that he was ſatisfied with the ſtate in which his patient was, but that it would not be proper for him to ſee any company until a ſlight degree of feveriſhneſs, the uſual conſequence of ſuch a wound, was entirely over, which he expected would ſoon be the caſe.

The Captain was delighted with this account; and after Mr. Sound had taken his leave, he ſaid to Mr. Anguiſh, "To tell you the truth, I was a little uneaſy when I heard you had ſent for Dr. Scribble; for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and upon my conſcience he ſtuffed the poor lad ſo unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued ſick a fort-

night after he was quite well; and he cannot paſs an apothecary's ſhop, ever ſince, without breaking out into a cold ſweat."

"As for the Doctor's potions and draughts," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh, "Edward has taken none of them; but they were not altogether loſt, for my houſekeeper thought proper to give one of them to a ſick chamber-maid; and what do you think it produced?"

"Sickneſs and vomiting, I'll be bound," replied the Captain.

"A luſty child!" exclaimed Mr. Anguiſh.

"The devil it did!" ſaid Gore.

"The poor girl was ſafely delivered half an hour after ſhe ſwallowed the draught," rejoined Mr. Anguiſh. "You cannot think what a ſcandal it created; the moſt rigid of the maids, with the houſekeeper at their head, were for carrying the culprit out of the houſe, declaring they would not ſleep under the ſame roof with her; but Mrs. Anguiſh, who forgets the faults of her fellow-creatures when they need relief, told the houſekeeper ſhe might ſleep where ſhe pleaſed, but that Margery ſhould remain here

here until ſhe recovered; and ſhe has been employed ever ſince in ordering what is neceſſary for the poor woman in the ſtraw, and for the young gueſt who has ſo unexpectedly appeared among us."

Mr. Anguiſh had no ſooner given this account than Dr. Scribble, who had juſt viſited Edward, came into the room. He ſaid that he had found his patient pretty well, which he imputed to the draughts, and had therefore ordered them to be repeated.

"Upon my word, Doctor, thoſe ſame draughts of your's have produced a wonderful effect," ſaid Captain Gore.

"They are cooling and fæbrifuge," replied the Doctor.

"They have done in one hour," added Captain Gore, "what ſome worthy painstaking men of my acquaintance have laboured in vain all their lives to perform."

"I was convinced that they would produce a very ſalutary effect," ſaid the Doctor.

"One of them has produced a very healthy child," rejoined the Captain.

"I do not understand your meaning, Sir," said the Doctor staring at the Captain.

"My meaning is very plain, Sir," said Captain Gore; "but if you will only step into the chambermaid's room, it will be still plainer; for there you will find a poor woman who, to relieve her of the cholic, took one of your draughts, which operated so effectually, that she was delivered of a healthy child an hour after."

"The draughts I ordered for Mr. Edward!" repeated the Doctor, with astonishment.

"Only one of them," rejoined Captain Gore; "if she had taken two she might, perhaps, have been delivered of twins."

"I am quite at a loss to make out what this Gentleman means," said the Doctor, looking round to the company; "but I should be glad to know whether or not Mr. Edward has taken the medicines I prescribed."

"Then, Doctor, I will plainly tell you," replied Captain Gore, "that he has not, which is thought a piece of great luck; for the effect they have had on this young woman is so wonderful, that people tremble at

what

what they might have produced, if they had been given to a young man."

To the Doctor's great relief, a meſſage came to him from Mrs. Anguiſh. He readily obeyed the ſummons, and was ſoon aſſured of the full meaning of all Captain Gore's myſterious alluſions. He put the beſt face on the matter he could; but, inſtead of returning to the company, he ſlipped away quietly, very contrary to his uſual practice.

Mrs. Barnet arrived juſt as he was ſtepping into his carriage; ſhe called to his poſtillion to ſtop, as ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak to the Doctor; but he, affecting not to hear her, repeatedly ordered him to be gone, and the man drove away.

This behaviour alarmed Mrs. Barnet; ſhe though he wiſhed to avoid being the firſt reporter of bad news. She entered the houſe in trepidation, and was infinitely relieved and comforted when Mr. Anguiſh met her with a ſmiling countenance, and told her all was well. Her ſpirits had been ſo much agitated, however, that ſhe could not reliſh the Captain's raillery; and being

informed that Mr. Sound had required that his patient ſhould ſee as few people as poſſible, until the fever ſhould be entirely gone, ſhe made a very ſhort ſtay, telling Mrs. Anguiſh that ſhe would probably not return for ſome time, but would daily ſend a ſervant to know how Edward was. On her way home ſhe met Mr. Waller, and expreſſed her ſurpriſe at his having left her huſband ſo ſoon. As he ſeemed in low ſpirits, and did not mention any reaſon for his ſudden departure, ſhe at laſt ſuſpected the true cauſe. He had ſaid that he was going to Mr. Anguiſh's. She hinted, that as ſtrict orders had been given that Edward ſhould be kept very quiet for ſome days, the company of any ſtranger would be inconvenient to that family, and preſſed him to return to Barnet-hall with her. He conſented, gave his horſe to his ſervant, and ſeated himſelf in the chariot with her. Miſs Barnet met them when they were yet at a conſiderable diſtance from the houſe. She inquired with impatient yet fearful concern, how Edward was. Before ſhe had quite finiſhed the queſtion, Mr. Waller anſwered,

ſwered, "He is out of danger, and within a ſhort time will be quite well."

"God Almighty bleſs you, my dear Sir, for that news," exclaimed Miſs Barnet, ſeizing his hand, and ſhaking it affectionately in both her's. She then looked eagerly at her mother.

"Mr. Sound has declared, my dear, that all danger is over, and that we ſhall ſee Edward very ſoon," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Ah! how happy you make me, my dear Madam," cried the daughter, throwing her arms around her mother's neck as ſoon as ſhe entered the chariot.

"My daughter," ſaid Mrs. Barnet to Mr. Waller, "entertains the ſentiments of a ſiſter for this young man."

"He has ever behaved to me like the beſt of brothers and of friends," rejoined Miſs Barnet. "I never was fully ſenſible of his worth until I was tortured with the idea of loſing him, and with ſenſations of remorſe; for I acknowledge, my deareſt mother, that your reproof was juſt; Edward's diſpute with that wretch Royſton *was* owing to my

imprudence, and ſeverely have I ſuffered for it."

Mrs Barnet affected, and ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the vehement manner in which her daughter expreſſed herſelf, ſaid, "I am certainly very happy, my dear Louiſa, to find that Edward is ſo well as he really is; but I confeſs I never thought him in ſo much danger as you ſeem to have done."

Miſs Barnet now informed her mother of the very alarming account ſhe had received from the houſekeeper, which had preyed on her ſpirits ever ſince, and ſo diſturbed my mind, added ſhe, looking with the moſt expreſſive kindneſs at Mr. Waller, "that I fear I have behaved not only with petulance to the beſt of mothers, but with impropriety to others." The extreme vivacity of Louiſa Barnet's temper was apt, as the reader muſt long ſince have obſerved, to hurry her into improprieties; but the candid, amiable, and ingenuous manner in which ſhe acknowledged her fault, on the preſent occaſion, was conſidered as more than a compenſation.

Nothing

Nothing could ſurpaſs the ſatisfaction of Mrs. Barnet and the happineſs of Mr. Waller in conſequence of this young Lady's behaviour. Mr. Barnet rejoiced to ſee them all return in ſuch ſpirits, and found no difficulty in prevailing on Mr. Waller to remain at Barnet-hall, inſtead of returning to his own houſe, or even going to that of Mr. Anguiſh.

Edward bore his confinement and ſpare diet with great patience, as long as what is called the ſymptomatic fever laſted. When that was at an end, however, he became impatient for more liberty; and one morning, after Mr. Sound had dreſſed the wound, he declared that he felt himſelf ſo well, and expreſſed ſo much impatience to be allowed to join the company in the parlour, that Mr. Sound agreed to it; and Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh were agreeably ſurpriſed, when they ſaw him enter leaning on that Gentleman's arm.

Edward's face was pale, and a languor prevailed over thoſe fine features which were wont to diſplay the bloom of health as well as the animated expreſſion of intelligence. He was ſeated between Mr. Sound

and

and Mrs. Anguiſh, when Miſs Huntly, without knowing he was there, entered the room. She appeared ſurpriſed at ſight of Edward, who was reſtrained to his ſeat by Mr. Sound, on his attempting to riſe as entered.

"I conſented to your coming here," ſaid the Surgeon, "only on condition that you ſhould remain quiet. I muſt inſiſt on your keeping your ſeat, therefore, were a Queen to come into the room."

"And I," replied Edward, keeping his ſeat, "give a ſtronger proof of my obedience than I could if a Queen were to enter."

"However obedient you may make this patient," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, addreſſing the Surgeon, "it is plain you cannot prevent him from being gallant."

"I am ſorry for it, Madam," replied Mr. Sound; "for I do not approve of gallantry in my patients."

"That is diſintereſted, however," ſaid Miſs Huntly; "ſince it is owing to this Gentleman's gallantry to a Lady that he *is* your patient."

"I object

"I object not to the gallantry of any one when he is well," said the Surgeon; "but I expect that he will abstain from it when he is my patient."

"That is expecting more than will be granted," said Mr. Anguish; "since in the presence of Miss Huntly, even your patients are inspired with gallantry."

"Now it is time for me to look about me," cried Mrs. Anguish; "the contagion of gallantry spreads, and I fear my husband is in danger of being infected."

Before Mr. Sound took his leave, assuming a more serious air, he recommended that few people should be admitted for some days at least; and that Edward should still keep his own apartment the greater part of the day. Mr. Anguish, intending to visit a neighbouring family, rode out at the same time with Mr. Sound; and some visitors, who were not of Miss Huntly's acquaintance, calling soon after, Mrs. Anguish went to entertain them, leaving Edward and Miss Huntly together.

It is probable that neither found the interval tedious; for although it lasted a full hour,

hour, yet when Mrs. Anguiſh returned, they did not think ſhe had been abſent above a few minutes; nor did they join in ſentiments with her, when ſhe called her viſitors troubleſome intruders.

For ſeveral days after Edward was permitted to come to the parlour, Mrs. Barnet was prevented from viſiting him, by company at her own houſe; and as Mr. Anguiſh was obliged to ſpend every forenoon, and ſometimes the whole day, in paying viſits to the Gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Edward paſſed ſeveral hours every day with Mrs. Anguiſh and Miſs Huntly, and part of that time with the latter alone when the former was called out for the reception of occaſional viſitors.

CHAP. LXXX.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ach;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place. SWIFT.

THE day on which Miſs Caroline Huntly had agreed to join Mrs. Nevile was now at hand. Since the death of Mrs. Huntly they never had been ſo long ſeparate, except during the time that the young Lady had accompanied her uncle to France. Caroline's affection for Mrs. Nevile was founded not only on her being the moſt intimate friend of her mother, but alſo on her being the moſt agreeable companion that ſhe herſelf had ever known. Miſs Huntly had even found the pleaſure of the moſt amuſing ſociety diminiſhed almoſt to annihilation in the abſence of Mrs. Nevile. Of this an inſtance occurred ſoon after that Lady left her with Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh; for although Caroline highly eſteemed that Gentleman, and had a ſincere affection for his

his wife, yet ſhe began to think the period tedious that ſhe was paſſing with them; and ſhe had been ſometimes employed in calculating the number of days and hours that were to intervene before ſhe could join her valued friend. Of late, however, Caroline's mind had not been ſo engaged; and the day appointed for her departure from the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh ſeemed, of a ſudden, to approach with awful rapidity; ſhe became at laſt of opinion, that for her to leave her friend Mrs. Anguiſh at this time would be in the higheſt degree improper; ſhe wrote, therefore, the following letter to Mrs. Nevile:

"My deareſt Mrs. Nevile,

"A very unfortunate affair happened at this place the day after the ball, in conſequence of a quarrel between two Gentlemen; one of them was dangerouſly wounded, and brought to Mr. Anguiſh's houſe, where he ſtill is. All accounts are in favour of the wounded Gentleman, who engaged in this quarrel from the moſt generous motive, and behaved in the moſt

honorable manner. He is under the care of a ſkilful Surgeon, who, to the joy of every body, gives hopes of his recovery; but, perhaps, he does not entertain all the hopes he communicates; for medical perſons are apt to conceal their real opinion: yet this Surgeon has much the manner of a man of veracity. I am inclined, therefore, to be of opinion, that he ſpeaks what he thinks. Perhaps, indeed, he himſelf may be miſtaken; yet I can hardly think ſo neither, as every body talks highly of his profeſſional ſkill. But it is evident, that the hopes of all around are ſupported by their wiſhes, for I confeſs I never knew a man ſo much beloved as this young wounded Gentleman. I have been the more particular, my dear Madam, on this ſubject, becauſe it explains to you why it would be improper, and, indeed, cruel, to leave Mrs. Anguiſh at the time I once propoſed; for, beſides the great ſolicitude for the recovery of this Gentleman, her mind is much agitated by a very diſagreeable incident that has occurred in her family. I am fully perſuaded that you will approve of my not doing ſo harſh a thing

a thing as to abandon her at a moment when she stands so much in need of a friend and companion.

"I hope, my dear Mrs. Nevile, you pass the time agreeably with the General, to whom I desire to be respectfully remembered.

"I remain, my dear Madam,

"Your affectionate, and ever obliged servant,

"CAROLINE HUNTLY."

That she should remain on purpose to aid and comfort Mrs. Anguish, on the present emergency, appeared to Caroline so indispensable an act of friendship, that she had no doubt of its being approved of by Mrs. Nevile.

Some days after this, however, while Caroline was sitting with Mrs. Anguish and Edward, who was now allowed more freedom than formerly by Mr. Sound, a letter was delivered to her, which she knew, by the direction, came from Mrs. Nevile. After reading it, she seemed a little disturbed, and was about to retire to her own apartment, when she was prevented by the sudden appearance of Mrs. and Miss Barnet.

As ſoon as thoſe Ladies entered, Edward, forgetting the injunctions of his Surgeon, flew into the arms of the former.

Mrs. Anguiſh reminded him of his wound.

"The preſence of this Lady," ſaid he, "has ever proved a cordial to my heart, and a balm to my ſevereſt wounds."

Mrs. Barnet expreſſed the greateſt ſatiſfaction at ſeeing him ſo well. The ſatiſfaction of her daughter was alſo very evident. They having heard of Edward's being greatly better, had become impatient to ſee him, and wiſhed to know whether he might not be tranſported with ſafety to Barnet-hall. After ſome converſation, Mrs. Barnet aſked Edward, whether he had ventured to take an airing in the carriage?

He anſwered, "that he had not, but that he imagined he might ſafely."

Mrs. Anguiſh obſerved, that the ſhaking of the carriage might retard the healing of the wound.

"Perhaps," ſaid Miſs Barnet, "a long journey might; but his being carried ſlowly to Barnet-hall could not."

Miſs Huntly threw at Miſs Barnet a look devoid of that ſweetneſs and benignity which her countenance uſually expreſſed.

"That point," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, in anſwer to Miſs Barnet, "muſt be left to Mr. Sound."

"I believe Mr. Sound declared that the motion of a carriage would be *prejudicial*," added Miſs Huntly, addreſſing Mrs. Anguiſh.

"He certainly did ſo," replied that Lady, who looking to Mrs. Barnet, added, "I hope there is no intention of depriving us of the pleaſure of Mr. Edward's company, before he can be removed with ſafety."

Mrs. Barnet, having bowed to Mrs. Anguiſh, ſaid, "Well, my dear Edward, my huſband's deſire and my own to have you with us again muſt not oppoſe Mr. Sound's directions; but I hope the hoſpitality of this family will not prevent your coming to us as ſoon as you can with ſafety."

"The

"The danger is greater, that Mr. Edward will be inclined to leave us too ſoon, than that he will ſtay too long," replied Mrs. Anguiſh; "as he will find nothing here to compenſate his abſence from your family."

The eyes of Edward, which had been fixed on the ground during this ſpeech, glanced inſtantaneouſly at Caroline at its concluſion; and meeting with her's, which had at the ſame inſtant been involuntarily directed to him, the colliſion was felt at the heart of both. The crimſon ſuffuſion that this occaſioned over their faces did not eſcape the obſervation of Louiſa Barnet, to whom it fully explained the angry look that Miſs Huntly had given her. Louiſa had taken an affection for Caroline, and had a great deſire to be on a footing of intimacy and friendſhip with her. Caroline, on the other hand, from a motive which the young Lady herſelf was unconſcious of, but which the reader may ſuſpect, received her advances with ſome degree of coldneſs. Prevented by this unknown ſentiment from having for Louiſa all the eſteem

and affection ſhe merited, and which that young Lady profeſſed to have for her, Caroline was too ingenuous to affect what ſhe did not feel; yet, through all the coldneſs ſhe was able to aſſume, the native ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition was ſeen; and from the moment that Louiſa ſuſpected the cauſe of her reſerve, ſhe became more anxious than before to remove it, and to acquire Caroline's friendſhip.

When Mrs. Barnet roſe to go, and while the uſual compliments were paſſing between her and Mrs. Anguiſh, Louiſa ſaid to Edward, ſo as to be heard by Miſs Huntly, "After what Mr. Sound has declared, it would be madneſs in you, Edward, to move from this, till your wound is perfectly healed. My mother has told you ſhe does not expect you ſooner; and I now tell you neither does your *ſiſter*." She then paid her compliments to Mrs. Anguiſh, and took her leave of Miſs Huntly with an air of frankneſs and cordiality, which ſeemed, in a great meaſure, to ſubdue the reſerve of that young Lady.

Mrs. Barnet and her daughter arrived at Barnet-hall juſt time enough to dreſs before

fore dinner, at which there was a good deal of company, particularly one Lady, who had been conſidered as the greateſt beauty of the county, until Louiſa Barnet divided the public opinion on that ſubject. As Louiſa was ſome years younger, and at leaſt as handſome as her rival, the majority of ſuffrages began to be in her favour. Of courſe Miſs Pine, which was the name of the Lady, hated Louiſa more than any handſome woman in the county, although ſhe hated all the others very much. Her father, who was an old acquaintance of Mr. Barnet, had brought his daughter with him that particular day, notwithſtanding the reluctance ſhe had often ſhewn at being in the company of Louiſa Barnet.

Miſs Pine had ſeen Miſs Huntly at the ball, and in the courſe of that ſingle night, ſhe conceived fully as much averſion againſt her as ſhe had accumulated againſt Louiſa in the courſe of two or three years. What made her conſent more readily to accompany her father at this viſit, was her being perſuaded that Louiſa muſt have as great a diſlike of Miſs Huntly as ſhe had herſelf,

and would aſſiſt in abuſing her, an amuſement in which ſhe took peculiar pleaſure.

When the Ladies withdrew after dinner, Miſs Pine, who had refrained from mentioning Caroline hitherto, becauſe ſhe found the men prejudiced in her favour, did not finiſh her firſt diſh of tea till ſhe ſaid, "Pray, Miſs Barnet, what do you think of this Miſs Huntly that is come among us?"

"I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accompliſhed young woman," replied Louiſa.

"That I am convinced is preciſely her own opinion," ſaid Miſs Pine; "I was not ſo certain of its being your's."

Miſs Barnet. It is aſſuredly my opinion, but I never perceived any thing in that young Lady's manner or converſation that led me to ſuſpect that it was her own. I am, therefore, at a loſs to know, how you come to be convinced that ſhe thinks ſo highly of herſelf.

Miſs Pine. O, it is quite evident; the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear,

dear, that ſhe is elegant, beautiful, and accompliſhed.

Miſs Barnet. If the men tell this to women whom they do not think beautiful and accompliſhed, it is not ſurpriſing that they ſhould hold the ſame language to Miſs Huntly, whom they muſt think ſo in the higheſt degree.

Miſs Pine. I am by no means convinced that this is the men's real opinion, although they tell her ſo.

Miſs Barnet. Don't you remember how loud all the Gentlemen were in her praiſe, when ſhe danced at Mr. Anguiſh's ball?

Miſs Pine. Well, for my part, I do not think the men half ſuch good judges of female beauty as the women; and I heard ſeveral Ladies object both to Miſs Huntly's perſon and face at the ball; beſides, ſhe has too great a quantity of hair, conſidering how ſmall her head is.

Miſs Barnet. What fault did they find with her perſon?

Miſs Pine. She is too tall.

Miſs Barnet. She is not above an inch taller than yourſelf.

Miſs Pine. I do not pretend to ſay ſhe is *a great deal* too tall.

Miſs Barnet. Can you pretend to ſay ſhe is too ſhort?

Miſs Pine (peeviſhly). She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

Miſs Barnet. That ſettles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find ſomething very engaging in her countenance?

Miſs Pine. Engaging do you call it?

Miſs Barnet. Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

Miſs Pine. She is apt, indeed, to ſmile; but that is to ſhew her teeth.

Miſs Barnet. She would not ſmile for that purpoſe, however, unleſs ſhe had good teeth; and they are certainly the fineſt I ever ſaw.

Miſs Pine. What ſignifies teeth?

Miſs Barnet. Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

Miſs Pine. They are not black.

Miſs Barnet. No; but they are the ſweeteſt blue in nature.

Miſs

Miſs Pine. Blue eyes have been long out of faſhion; black are now all the mode.

Miſs Barnet. It will be fortunate for you and me, if that mode continues; but I have ſome ſuſpicion that blue ones are coming round again; for thoſe of Miſs Huntly are much admired.

Miſs Pine. Her fortune would procure her admirers among the men, although ſhe had no eyes at all. I appeal to you, Madam, if it would not (addreſſing Mrs. Barnet).

Mrs. Barnet. Perhaps it would; but that ſtroke lights entirely on the men, and miſſes the perſon againſt whom it was aimed.

Miſs Pine. Aimed! I have no ill will againſt Miſs Huntly.

Mrs. Barnet. I am glad to hear it.

Miſs Pine. Lord! not I; why ſhould I?

Mrs. Barnet. I am ſure I cannot tell.

Miſs Pine. She never did me any injury.

Mrs. Barnet. I was afraid ſhe had.

Miſs Pine. No, not the leaſt that I know of. I dare ſay ſhe is a good enough ſort of a girl; but as for beauty, I muſt acknowledge

ledge her pretenſions to that are very moderate indeed.

Here the converſation took a different turn, and Miſs Pine ſoon after took her leave, much mortified at being diſappointed in the chief object of her viſit.

Mrs. Barnet had not taken part in the preceding converſation, till Miſs Pine directly appealed to her, becauſe ſhe was delighted to hear her daughter defend Miſs Huntly, and to find that the ſuperior beauty of that young Lady had produced no ſuch effect on the mind of Louiſa, as it had done on that of Miſs Pine. No child was, indeed, ever more obliged to a mother than Miſs Barnet was to her's; under leſs ſkilful management ſhe would have turned out very different from what ſhe now was. Her natural vivacity, encouraged by the indulgence of her father, would have rendered her violent and capricious, had it not been reſtrained and corrected by the counſels and example of her mother. The original impetuoſity of her temper and impatience of control ſometimes appeared, as in the inſtance when,

being

being prevented from going to Mr. Anguiſh's, ſhe behaved with impropriety to Mr. Waller; but at that time her mind was greatly agitated with apprehenſion for Edward, for whom ſhe had the pureſt friendſhip, founded upon a knowledge of his excellent qualities, and a ſtrong ſenſe of obligation. The capricious and diſobliging manner in which ſhe had ſpoken to Mr. Waller, while ſhe was under the apprehenſions above-mentioned, turned out advantageous for that Gentleman, for ſhe was deſirous of repairing it by the moſt winning attentions to him afterwards.

CHAP. LXXXI.

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each ſpring its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjuſt it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's reſiſted. BURNS.

MR. Anguiſh, who had been abſent during Mrs. Barnet's viſit, returned to his own houſe after ſhe and her daughter left it.

Edward felt himſelf ſo well, and expreſſed ſo ſtrong an inclination to remain with the company, that Mr. Sound conſented to his dining in the parlour. The party conſiſted of Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh, Miſs Huntly, and Edward. They continued long at the table. Mr. Anguiſh did not ſecond his wife, when ſhe admoniſhed Edward to retire, becauſe he was certain it would give him preſent pain, and not certain that it would be of future benefit.

Miſs

Miſs Huntly probably imagined that it would be unbecoming in her to take any part in the queſtion, and although ſhe had ordered her maid to have her writing deſk in readineſs, as ſhe intended to write in her own apartment, yet ſhe did not retire till the whole company broke up after ſupper. She then gave Mrs. Nevile's letter a ſecond peruſal; it was in the following terms:

"My dear Caroline,

"I AM concerned for the unfortunate affair that you mention, eſpecially as the wounded Gentleman is of ſo eſtimable a character. While you ſay ſo much in his favour, you have entirely forgot to mention his name and family, which are probably known to the General, and perhaps to me. The attention paid by Mrs. Anguiſh to a perſon brought in ſuch circumſtances to her houſe is natural, and becoming one of her humane and hoſpitable diſpoſition; but I confeſs, my dear, that I ſhould not have thought that this accident would have retarded your joining me at the General's; becauſe a gueſt extraordinary remaining in a houſe into which a wounded ſtranger has been un-

expectedly brought might be conſidered as an inconveniency rather than otherwiſe to the family. I muſt ſuppoſe, however, that you have been prevailed on by the earneſt ſolicitations of Mrs. Anguiſh; yet you do not give this as a reaſon, nor do you mention what the other diſagreeable incident is that makes your remaining with Mrs. Anguiſh neceſſary at preſent; but if it is not of a nature which renders your preſence of peculiar uſe and importance, I hope you will ſet out the day after the receipt of this, as you are expected with impatience by the General, and, my deareſt Caroline, by

"Your ever affectionate

"MARIA NEVILE."

Miſs Huntly had been diſappointed at her peruſal of this letter, in finding that the reaſons ſhe had given for prolonging her viſits did not appear ſo ſtrong to Mrs. Nevile as they did to herſelf. By repeated peruſals of the letter, ſhe carefully ſearched for ſome expreſſion more favourable to her own wiſhes than ſhe had obſerved on the

firſt

firſt reading, but ſhe found nothing which could be conſtrued to that purpoſe, except this ſentence, *I muſt ſuppoſe that you have been prevailed on by the earneſt ſolicitations of Mrs. Anguiſh*; for by this, Mrs. Nevile ſeemed to admit, that thoſe earneſt ſolicitations would have formed a good reaſon for her ſtaying; but unfortunately ſhe had never offered to go, and of courſe Mrs. Anguiſh had no cauſe to ſolicit her to ſtay. This reflection deprived Miſs Huntly of the comfort ſhe at firſt felt from the ſentence in queſtion, until it occurred to her, that *if ſhe had offered to go*, Mrs. Anguiſh would unqueſtionably have ſolicited her very earneſtly to ſtay: and it naturally followed, in the progreſs of the young Lady's reflections, that it was more friendly to remain ſpontaneouſly with Mrs. Anguiſh on ſuch an emergency, than after putting her friend to the trouble of preſſing her.

In compoſing an anſwer to Mrs. Nevile's ſecond letter, Caroline was ſomewhat embarraſſed how to explain the *additional occurrence* to which ſhe had alluded in her own letter, and which Mrs. Nevile in her's

ſaid ſhe could not gueſs the meaning of; for as this entirely referred to the accident which happened to the chamber-maid, ſhe was at a loſs to make out how ſhe could be of any great utility to Mrs. Anguiſh on ſuch an occaſion. After throwing ſeveral unfiniſhed letters into the fire, ſhe reſolved to defer anſwering Mrs. Nevile's letter till the next morning. Caroline then went to bed, but not to ſleep, the agitation of her mind kept her awake the greater part of the night. She had never before heſitated to acquieſce in Mrs. Nevile's opinion. If the young Lady happened to be in doubt on any ſubject, the moment that Mrs. Nevile declared her ſentiments, Caroline's doubts were at an end. In the preſent inſtance, however, ſhe could not help thinking her guardian unreaſonable.

The ſagacious reader, no doubt, has long ſince diſcovered that Miſs Huntly's great inclination to comfort Mrs. Anguiſh by her company proceeded from the intereſt the young Lady took in Edward. And if the reader is of the feminine gender, and diſtinguiſhed for the auſterity of her maxims,

and

and perhaps of her countenance, she will declare that this very inducement, namely, the pleasure she took in the company of Edward, ought to have determined her to abandon the house in which he was. Could any thing be more improper, this Lady will say, than for a young woman in Miss Huntly's situation to take pleasure in the company of a young man in Edward's circumstances; or, indeed, for a woman in any situation to permit her thoughts to dwell on any man, young or old, without the approbation of her parents or guardians?

We agree in sentiment with the respectable Lady who makes these reflections, and moreover admit, that it would be *prudent*, on various occasions, to avoid what is most agreeable; and even to fly from particular persons the moment that we feel a desire to remain in their company. But while we acknowledge the wisdom of the Lady's maxims, we cannot help perceiving the difficulty of acting up to them; and although the Lady herself, no doubt, would surmount that and every other difficulty, yet we beg leave to put her in mind of the different situ-

ation in which she at present is from that in which Miss Huntly was. Pray be so good as to recollect, my dear Madam, that you are at present calmly reading in your closet, and making the most of whatever laudable resolutions come into your mind in this state of tranquillity and retirement. Whereas Miss Huntly was in the house of an indulgent friend, in the company of an amiable young man, of whom she had previously received a favourable opinion, and who appeared in a most interesting point of view, having just escaped an imminent danger, into which he had thrown himself from a generous impulse of mind. I will venture also to assert, that although the young woman whose conduct you so much condemn, was not able to *act* with the same prudence which you are certain you should have done, yet she might have had sufficient strength of mind to have given the same good advice. And without laying an improper stress on the difference of your age and Miss Huntly's, you must also admit, my dear Lady, that people of all ages are more quick-sighted to the faults of others than to their own;

own; for although your penetration has diſcovered the ſecret ſpell which fixed Miſs Huntly to the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh, that young Lady herſelf was, in a great meaſure, unconſcious of it, and imputed her unwillingneſs to leave it to friendſhip for Mrs. Anguiſh, and a pure deſire of being of uſe to her at a troubleſome period.

When ſhe roſe in the morning, Miſs Huntly was ſtill undetermined in what terms to write to Mrs. Nevile; ſhe reſolved, however, before ſhe wrote at all, to mention to Mrs. Anguiſh, that ſhe feared ſhe would be under the neceſſity of leaving her the next day. This ſhe did at breakfaſt, in the preſence of Edward; but aſſuredly ſhe did not announce her reſolution to go, with ſuch a firmneſs of voice and manner as to preclude all hope of her being to be perſuaded to ſtay; not becauſe ſhe thought it likely that Mrs. Anguiſh would allow her to go without making ſome attempt to detain her, but ſhe was not quite ſure of being preſſed with ſuch earneſtneſs as would fully juſtify her for delaying to comply with the requeſt of Mrs. Nevile. But Mrs. Anguiſh

ſurpaſſed the young Lady's expectation, and inſiſted on her ſtaying, with ſuch friendly warmth, as would have rendered it a difficult matter for her to get away, had ſhe been really deſirous of going.

Edward was not an unconcerned witneſs of this diſpute between the two Ladies; and the ſatisfaction viſible in his countenance, when Mrs. Anguiſh obtained the victory, was no way diſpleaſing to Miſs Huntly, who directly retired, and wrote to Mrs. Nevile how extremely anxious Mrs. Anguiſh was for her ſtay, and how peculiarly diſtreſſing it would be to her to be left without a friend and companion at that time, without taking notice of every part of Mrs. Nevile's laſt letter.

Having finiſhed her epiſtle, Caroline returned to the parlour, where Mrs. Anguiſh and Edward ſtill remained. Mr. Anguiſh had rode out before breakfaſt, leaving word that, as he would probably be detained to dinner at one or other of the houſes where he meant to viſit, he would not return till late in the evening.

CHAP. LXXXII.

—— Securely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT was about the middle of Auguſt, the weather was ſultry; Venetian blinds excluded, in ſome meaſure, the ardent beams of the ſun, and produced a kind of twilight in the room in which Mrs. Anguiſh, Miſs Huntly, and Edward ſat. The two latter ſeemed fully ſatisfied with their ſituation, and certainly had no wiſh to be any where elſe. Mrs. Anguiſh, although a friendly and well-diſpoſed woman, was rather an inconvenient companion to people who were inclined to remain where they were; ſhe was apt to diſturb enjoyment, by propoſing alterations, and generally thought ſhe ſhould be happier or eaſier where ſhe was not, than where ſhe was. "Lord!" ſaid ſhe, "I do not know why we ſhould ſit here mewed up in the dark, when we can be as cool, and more comfortable, in the new ſeat

I have made in the garden; for there we ſhall be equally ſkreened from the ſun, and ſhall alſo enjoy the breeze."

"I believe there is no breeze, my dear," ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"There will be ſome ſoon," rejoined Mrs. Anguiſh.

"Is it apt to riſe about mid-day at this ſeaſon?" ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"We ſhall be much better at my new ſeat. Come, Caroline, take my advice, and let us go," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh.

"Allons donc," cried Caroline, ſpringing from her ſeat.

"As for this convaleſcent," ſaid Mrs. Anguiſh, "perhaps it will be better for him to remain where he is."

"Pardon me," replied Edward, "I would rather enjoy with you a little of the *cooling noontide* air."

They proceeded gaily to the garden, and ſeated themſelves in a kind of bower. Caroline and Edward, however unwilling they had been to move, were ſoon reconciled to their new ſituation; but Mrs. Anguiſh recollected that ſhe had had no exerciſe that day,

day, and that exercise was good for nervous complaints, she therefore proposed a walk.

"I hope it will be a very short one, my dear," said Caroline; "for the heat of the sun is unsufferable."

"We shall have nothing to do with the sun," said Mrs. Anguish; "for the avenue begins exactly at the back door of the garden."

They accordingly went out at this back door, and immediately entered an avenue formed of rows of venerable trees, whose intermingling branches excluded the rays of the sun, except in a few spots distinguished by a scanty checkering of light and shade upon the ground.

"Ay, now," said Mrs. Anguish, "we shall be better than sitting either in the house or garden; for here we can enjoy walking, without which it is impossible to keep free of nervous complaints."

Having continued their walk a little way, Mrs. Anguish hinted, that, perhaps, a little exercise in a carriage would be more agreeable; but before any thing farther could be said on that subject, all of a sudden, a large

dog, with open mouth and foaming jaws, who had rushed from a neighbouring village, came running directly down the avenue. He was pursued by some cottagers, shouting as they ran, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Mrs. Anguish, who first observed him, immediately turned, and ran with all her might to the garden door, calling to her friend to follow her.

"O, Mr. Edward!" cried Miss Huntly, "what will become of us?"

"Follow your friend as fast as you can," cried Edward, "and you will soon be in safety."

"But *you*," cried she; "what will become of *you?*"

"This will defend me," said Edward, raising a kind of long staff or pole, which he held in his hand. "Pray, Madam, run! for Heaven's sake run!" added he.

Miss Huntly had scarcely taken six steps when, her foot striking against a clod, she fell to the ground, and the enraged animal pushed directly towards her. The staff with which Edward was armed happened fortunately to be one of those poles with an iron

iron ſpike at one end, which are uſed in the country as walking ſtaffs. With ſteady attention he watched the motions of the dog, who, regardleſs of him, continued his courſe towards Miſs Huntly, and had almoſt reached her, when Edward ſtruck him with ſuch force on the ſide, with the armed end of the pole, as broke one of his ribs and overſet him at the ſame time. Before the wounded animal could recover his feet, Edward redoubled his blows ſo rapidly, that the dog was killed before the peaſantry, who were in purſuit of him, came up.

Miſs Huntly had ſprung from the ground with agility; but throwing back her eyes, and ſeeing Edward engaged with the dog, inſtead of continuing her flight, ſhe ſtopt ſhort, as if by enchantment; her feet were motionleſs, but all the features of her countenance were in rapid variation, as her hopes and fears roſe or fell.

"God Almighty be praiſed!" exclaimed ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the furious animal ſtretched breathleſs on the ground.

"I hope you are not hurt by the fall," ſaid Edward.

"Dear

"Dear Sir!" exclaimed she, "how infinitely I am obliged to you!"

"I am already overpaid," exclaimed he.

"Never! never! can you be overpaid, Sir; you have more than saved my life," continued she. "In what a shocking situation might I have now been; a situation far more dreadful than death. Merciful Heaven! how I shudder to think of it. From this calamity, at your own risk, you have saved me. My dear Sir, I must be your everlasting debtor!"

Those and such like rapturous expressions burst from the lips of this young Lady, while her heart yet quivered with a sense of the danger she had escaped; and as often as Edward attempted to undervalue the service he had rendered her, it drew a new effusion of grateful acknowledgments from the feeling breast of Miss Huntly. This young couple returned to the house in a state of such delightful enthusiasm, as none but minds of exquisite sensibility can form an idea of.

Before Miss Huntly and Edward reached the garden gate, they met the gardener and

two

two labourers running to their aſſiſtance; they had been ſent by Mrs. Anguiſh as ſhe paſſed through the garden. The moment ſhe arrived at the houſe, ſhe alſo hurried all the footmen to the protection of her gueſts; and ſoon after, being exhauſted with fatigue and terror, ſhe fell into repeated fits of fainting, in which ſtate ſhe was carried to bed. In the intervals of the faintings ſhe bewailed the fate of her young friend, expoſed to the fury of an enraged animal. Thoſe repeated lamentations had ſuch an effect on the terrified imaginations of the maid and houſekeeper, who ſat by her bedſide, that they thought Miſs Huntly muſt by that time be half devoured by the dog. They were very much alarmed, therefore, when they ſaw that young Lady ruſh into the room, and they both flew from her with precipitation.

The maid, rolling herſelf up in one of the bed-curtains, exclaimed, "For Chriſtiſes ſake, come not near me."

"Nor me!" cried the houſekeeper, from behind a large eaſy chair, which ſhe kept between her and Miſs Huntly.

"What

"What is the matter! Are you mad?" ſaid that young Lady.

"We are quite the contrary," ſaid the maid; "but it is eaſy to ſee what *you* are, by your aſking ſuch a queſtion."

"You ought to get yourſelf three times dipped in the ſea," cried the houſekeeper.

Miſs Huntly, who had ſtopped ſhort at their exclamatoins, now moved towards Mrs. Anguiſh, on which the maid addreſſed her in a pathetic tone of voice, "Pray ſpare my poor innocent Lady, Madam; conſider, ſhe was once your friend; and a bite of her will not cure you."

Miſs Huntly, ſmiling at this remonſtrance, calmly aſſured them that nobody had been bit, and that the dog was killed. On which the maid, unrolling herſelf from the curtains, declared, "That ſhe had not been half ſo much afraid on her own account, as on that of her dear Lady." The houſekeeper was making a ſimilar declaration in more tedious terms, when Mrs. Anguiſh, recovering from the conſternation which this ſcene had occaſioned, deſired them to withdraw.

Miſs Huntly then related the circumſtances with which her friend was unacquainted, inſiſting on the generous and intrepid behaviour of Edward.

The narrative exalted the ſpirits of Mrs. Anguiſh ſo much, that, riſing from the bed on which ſhe had hitherto reclined, ſhe walked out of the room, exclaiming, "Where is he? O! where is the brave fellow?" And meeting Edward in the paſſage, ſhe embraced him, and poured forth the moſt rapturous expreſſions of gratitude and admiration. Miſs Huntly, who cloſely followed Mrs. Anguiſh, was witneſs, as well as ſome of the ſervants, to this ſcene, which ſurpriſed and confuſed Edward himſelf ſo much, that he was unable to pronounce an articulate ſentence. Miſs Huntly, although her countenance indicated that ſhe partook of Edward's confuſion, had preſence of mind ſufficient to conduct her friend into the drawing-room, where all the three in a ſhort time recovered a greater degree of compoſure. They paſſed the reſt of the day and the evening in the enjoyment of as pleaſing recollections as human nature is acquainted

acquainted with. The hearts of two of them overflowing with benevolence and gratitude; the third, conſcious of having, by a meritorious action, been the cauſe of their ſafety and happineſs; and all of them rejoicing in the thoughts of having eſcaped a great and imminent danger.

Mr. Anguiſh was dining at the houſe of a Gentleman in the county, when the ſervant arrived with a confuſed, but alarming ſtory of a mad dog having bit many people in the country, and in particular ſeveral of Mr. Anguiſh's family. He immediately ſtarted from the table, and returned home, under great apprehenſion of ſome very dreadful cataſtrophe; where, to his unſpeakable ſatisfaction, he found Mrs. Anguiſh, Miſs Huntly, and Edward, ſitting together as above deſcribed. Mrs. Anguiſh flew into her huſband's arms, and hardly giving him time to aſk a queſtion, with all the eagerneſs with which we tell thoſe we love what we know will give them pleaſure, related to him the hiſtory of that eventful day.

The

The tranſition from a ſtate of the moſt painful apprehenſion to that full ſatisfaction he now felt, put Mr. Anguiſh on a level in point of happineſs with the company he had joined.

Mrs. Anguiſh dwelt with rapture on the praiſe of Edward, while Caroline, though ſparing of verbal panegyric, expreſſed in her countenance aſſent and approbation of all her friend uttered. In the fulneſs of her joy, Mrs. Anguiſh ſaid, gaily, to her huſband, "You never had reaſon to be jealous until this day; but I muſt tell you fairly, I do love this young man."

"Well, my dear, ſince it is ſo," replied Mr. Anguiſh, "I am glad, for your ſake as well as mine, that you openly avow your love; and thus ſhall

> Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> *Not* feed on your damaſk cheek."

"I hate concealment," Mrs. Anguiſh replied; "but were it otherwiſe, concealment is now out of my power; my paſſion is known to the whole family; for the inſtant I ſaw Edward, when he returned from preſerving Caroline, I threw my arms

around his neck and ſaluted him, with as much cordiality as ever I ſaluted a man in my life."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Anguiſh; "but I hope this young Lady expreſſed her gratitude to the Gentleman in the ſame manner."

"If ſhe did not, ſhe ſhall," cried Mrs. Anguiſh, ſeizing Miſs Huntly by the hand, and pulling her towards Edward.

The face of Miſs Huntly was inſtantly covered with bluſhes—and reſiſting her friend, ſhe ſaid, with a diſturbed voice, "Are you mad?"

"No, my dear, not quite," replied Mrs. Anguiſh; "but had it not been for this Gentleman, you might have been raving mad; ſo come, ſhew your gratitude, and thank your deliverer with your *own lips*."

"Then, I do thank you, Sir, from my ſoul," ſaid Miſs Huntly, with a burſt of gratitude, which animated her voice, in ſome degree overcame her confuſion, and made her advance her lovely face a little towards Edward, who, with rapturous emotion, ſeized the moment, and preſſed his lips to hers.

"Now,

"Now, my dear," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh to his Lady, "as Caroline has given the ſame mark of gratitude that you did, I ſhall bear the paſſion you profeſs for Mr. Edward with a better grace; for I have hopes, that at moſt you will be able only to divide his heart with her."

Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh continued this kind of ſportive dialogue for ſome time, without interruption from Miſs Huntly or Edward; both of whom ſeemed entirely engroſſed with their own reflections, and no way diſpoſed to attend to or join in the converſation.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

——— Quis enim celaverit ignem,
Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo? OVID.

THE family of Mr. Anguish did not long enjoy this happiness and tranquillity. When Mr. Sound called the following day, he found his patient feverish; he imputed this to the irritation of the wound by the exertions which Edward had made in killing the dog, but expressed a hope that it would abate in consequence of repose and the regimen he recommended, after having taken some blood from the patient's arm.

The following morning, however, Mr. Sound was informed that Edward had passed a painful and sleepless night, and he found the fever greatly augmented, and therefore wished to consult with a Physician.

Mr. Anguish expressed much uneasiness on Edward's account, but added, "that no part of it would be removed by the attendance of Dr. Scribble."

Mr.

Mr. Sound ſaid, "that as Dr. Scribble had already viſited the young Gentleman, and was uſually employed by Mr. Anguiſh, he ſhould of courſe be ſent for; but that the patient, on whoſe account he himſelf had come from London, was attended by a Phyſician of ſkill and integrity, and, if Mr. Anguiſh pleaſed, he would bring him alſo when he returned in the evening."

Mr. Anguiſh approved greatly of this propoſal. He ſpoke lightly, however, of Edward's illneſs to his wife and Miſs Huntly. This did not prevent the former from ſhewing concern for her young gueſt, whoſe amiable qualities ſhe dwelt upon with gratitude and affection. The latter, unwilling, and, perhaps, unable to expreſs what ſhe felt, retired to her chamber.

Captain Gore, who had called to inquire after Edward, was ſitting with Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh, when the ſervant who had gone for Dr. Scribble, returned and informed them, that the Doctor refuſed to come, ſaying he was obliged to viſit a Gentleman, whom he named, who was in great danger.

"I ſaw the Gentleman yeſterday," ſaid Mr. Anguiſh; "he has a ſlight complaint, and is in no manner of danger."

"He might be in no danger, yeſterday, when you ſaw him," ſaid Captain Gore, "but as the Doctor is now called, I am clearly of opinion, that the Gentleman is in very great danger."

Mr. Anguiſh then informed his wife, that Mr. Sound was to bring another Phyſician with him. On his being named, Mrs. Anguiſh obſerved, "that he was celebrated only for his knowledge in the diſeaſes of women."

"If he underſtands the diſeaſes of women," ſaid Captain Gore, "it is to be preſumed he knows ſomething of thoſe of men alſo; for after all, there is nothing ſo like a woman as a man, particularly ſome men of my acquaintance. But as for Dr. Scribble, I confeſs that there is only one diſeaſe which I would truſt to his management, either in man or woman."

"What diſeaſe is that?" Mrs. Anguiſh aſked.

"On

"On my conſcience, it is not one of the diſeaſes of women, Madam," replied Captain Gore.

"Well, but what is the name of this ſame diſeaſe; what is it called?" repeated ſhe.

"A locked jaw, Madam," anſwered he; "a diſeaſe for which Dr. Scribble may ſafely be allowed to preſcribe, becauſe in it the patient can ſwallow no drugs."

Mr. Sound arrived ſooner than was expected, accompanied by the Phyſician. After having viſited Edward, and conſidered his caſe, he returned to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh waited with anxiety to know his opinion. Without having recourſe to the equivocal language ſo often adopted to conceal ignorance, and ſuit either event, he honeſtly told them, that he could not ſpeak with certainty, becauſe he was himſelf doubtful; that he had ordered ſome medicines, from which he expected a good effect, although it might not appear ſo ſoon as in the courſe of that night. That Mr.

Sound was to call in the evening, and would then determine whether another bleeding might not be neceſſary; and that he himſelf would viſit the patient again the next morning.

Caroline met him as he was going away, and queſtioned him reſpecting the ſtate of his patient; he candidly told his opinion. She returned to her apartment, where ſhe remained during the reſt of the day, being, as ſhe ſaid, and as ſhe really was, a good deal indiſpoſed.

Mr. Sound did not return till very late. He had accidentally heard of a poor man, whoſe leg had been broken and dreadfully lacerated, juſt as he was going to reviſit Edward. Prompted by that humanity which never forſook him, he haſtened, in the firſt place, to the cottage in which the poor man lay; and having ordered two of his own ſhirts to be cut into bandages, for the man's uſe, and given him every neceſſary aſſiſtance, he arrived a good deal fatigued at the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh, but found it neceſſary to take ſome more blood from Edward,

ward, and afterwards declared that he would remain with him that night.

Caroline's maid carried her intelligence of what had paſſed. When ſhe heard of the ſecond bleeding, ſhe burſt into tears. She took ſome pains afterwards to aſſure the maid, that ſhe could not hear of any perſon whatever being brought into danger on her account without being ſo affected. She then took up a book, ſaying ſhe would read a little to compoſe herſelf, and deſired the maid to go to bed.

When the maid diſappeared, Caroline threw down the book, and burſt again into tears. Her bed-chamber was in the ſtory beneath that of Edward, ſo that ſhe could hear any uncommon movement in his. Between two and three in the morning his fever roſe higher than before; he talked loud and incoherently; the ſymptoms became ſo alarming, that a meſſage was ſent to Mr. Sound, who went directly to Edward's bed-chamber, where he remained a full hour. He was returning to his own, when Caroline, who had waited

all that time, met him in the paſſage, and inquired how his patient did.

Mr. Sound told her that the attendants had been greatly alarmed; but now there was reaſon to hope that the diſorder was beginning to abate.

"You leave him at a critical time," ſaid ſhe.

"I go to my own chamber for ſomething that is wanted," replied Mr. Sound; "but I ſhall return and remain in his through the reſt of the night."

"You muſt then think him in a very dangerous condition," added ſhe.

"That does not follow," replied Mr. Sound; "but I do not chooſe to leave him at a time which his friends think critical."

"How good and humane you are!" ſaid Miſs Huntly.

"I never was more intereſted in the recovery of any patient," ſaid he.

"Ah," cried ſhe, "had you the ſame cauſe that I have!"

"I know the young Gentleman rendered you a great ſervice," ſaid he.

"He

"He preſerved me from worſe than death, Sir. I ſhould be a barbarian, were I not concerned for any perſon to whom I lay under ſuch an obligation."

"The concern you ſhew is very natural," anſwered Mr. Sound; "and the gratitude you expreſſed ſeems to have made a ſtrong impreſſion on *his* mind."

"On *his* mind!" ſaid ſhe.

"He ſometimes talks incoherently, Madam," rejoined Mr. Sound; "and in his wanderings often pronounces your name."

Miſs Huntly's face became extremely red; her heart beat quick, and ſhe attempted to ſay ſomething; but, perceiving a tremor in her voice, and that her tears were ready to flow, ſhe turned from the Surgeon, and walked into her own bed-chamber. Mr. Sound ſoon after returned to that of Edward. He remained till the morning was far advanced, and left his patient much calmer than he had been in the night.

The Phyſician arrived about the hour of breakfaſt. Edward had fallen aſleep after Mr. Sound had left him, and awaked cool

and

and refreshed a little before the Doctor came.

Mrs. Anguish and the attendants imputed this to the medicines which the Physician had prescribed, and which Edward had taken regularly.

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Mrs. Anguish, the moment she saw him, "what a blessed effect has your prescription had! your patient is greatly better."

"He owes his life to you, and you only," cried the nurse; "for he grew better from the moment he began to take the medicines you ordered."

The Physician proceeded to Edward's bed-chamber, without making any precise answer. After examining the state of his patient, whom he found in all respects better, he desired the nurse to follow him to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish waited for him.

This Physician was a man of strict probity, as well as sense and professional knowledge; he possessed that pride and dignity of mind which makes a man at once despise the praises of ignorance, and

disclaim merit which does not belong to him.

"I am happy to be able to confirm your opinion—this young man is, indeed, greatly better."

"How fortunate it was that you chanced to be in the country at this time," cried Mrs. Anguish.

"It is so far fortunate, Madam," said the Physician, "that my attendance has made your mind easier than, perhaps, it otherwise would have been."

"I am persuaded you have saved his life," cried Mrs. Anguish.

"That is as certain as death," cried the nurse.

"Believe me, Madam," said the Physician, "we neither save nor destroy lives so often as it is imputed to us. But whatever benefit this young man has had from medicine in the present instance he would most certainly have reaped, whether I had been here or not. The medicines I prescribed, and the method of cure I advised, were what Dr. Scribble would have ordered, had he been here; and exactly what Mr. Sound adopted

adopted previous to my arrival, though the good effects had not time to appear till now."

The Phyſician having ſaid this, left Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh delighted with his behaviour.

Miſs Huntly was ſo much indiſpoſed by the fatigue of the preceding night, that ſhe kept her own apartment this and moſt of the following day; when, Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh being in the parlour waiting for the Phyſician, who was with Edward, the arrival of an unexpected gueſt was announced. This was no other than Mrs. Nevile.

When this Lady was writing again to preſs Caroline's return, ſhe had received an anonymous letter, adviſing her to remove Miſs Huntly, with all poſſible ſpeed, from the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh; inſinuating, that ſhe had a partiality for a young man confined there, who had been firſt received into the family of Mr. Barnet by the contrivance of his wife, an artful woman, who had the entire government of her huſband; and that this pretended foundling

foundling was ſuppoſed to be more nearly related to Mrs. Barnet than ſhe durſt avow: but that ſhe was obviouſly endeavouring to form an union between him and Miſs Huntly, and had found means to engage Mrs. Anguiſh in the plot, over whom the young man was known to have great influence.

This friendly epiſtle was the production of Miſs Pine, who had become infinitely ſolicitous that Miſs Huntly ſhould be removed from the county.

Mrs. Nevile thought it highly probable that malice had dictated this letter; yet it affected her ſo much, that having another reaſon for wiſhing Caroline in London, inſtead of finiſhing the letter ſhe had begun, ſhe determined to go herſelf for her.

Before Caroline knew of Mrs. Nevile's arrival, ſhe informed Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh that buſineſs of importance required Miſs Huntly's immediate preſence in London; and begged that they would not object to her ſetting out the following morning. She repeated this with ſuch earneſtneſs, that both agreed to her requeſt.

Miſs

Miſs Huntly's maid, having at laſt heard of Mrs. Nevile's arrival, went and told her miſtreſs.

Caroline, who had not thrown off her clothes all the preceding night, ſprung from the bed on which ſhe was repoſing, entered the parlour, and flew into the arms of her friend, who was ſtruck with the young Lady's appearance, her bloom being conſiderably impaired by the fatigue and agitation of mind and body ſhe had undergone. Mrs. Nevile took no notice, however, of having remarked this.

Mr. Sound viſited Edward in the evening. He confirmed the favourable report that had been made of him in the morning, and repeated the directions formerly given reſpecting the neceſſity of keeping his patient ſecluded from viſitors, till the fever, of which there were ſtill ſome remains, ſhould be entirely removed.

Miſs Huntly did not venture to aſk any queſtions of the Surgeon before her friend; indeed there was no great neceſſity, as Mrs. Anguiſh aſked ſo many. But a perſon of half

half Mrs. Nevile's penetration might have remarked in the expreſſive countenance of Miſs Huntly, that ſhe was in no ſmall degree intereſted in the anſwers made to theſe queſtions by Mr. Sound.

Mrs. Nevile had not yet given any hint reſpecting the time ſhe intended to return to town. But ſhe informed Caroline, when they retired after ſupper, that one of her relations, whom ſhe reſpected the moſt, had lately come to London, and wiſhed much to ſee her; that ſhe herſelf intended to ſet out the next morning.

Miſs Huntly made no immediate anſwer, but Mrs. Nevile added, "I do not know how it has been with you, my dear Caroline, but your ſtay in the country has appeared an age to me."

Miſs Huntly threw her arms around the neck of her friend, in expreſſion of that affection and gratitude which ſhe could not immediately utter. She afterwards, with ſome confuſion and in broken ſentences, mentioned the diſtreſs in which Mrs. Anguiſh would have been, had ſhe left her alone on ſuch an occaſion;

and

and then added, "Have you not a desire to see the person to whom I lie under such a weight of obligation?"

"I consider myself as under as great an obligation to that person as you, my dear; for I question whether your life is dearer to yourself than it is to me. I shall have opportunities of seeing him when he is recovered; at present, my seeing him could do no good, and I am positively engaged to be in town to-morrow, when, as you know, Mrs. Barnet is expected here."

"True," cried Miss Huntly, with quickness, as if a painful recollection had occurred; "she comes to-morrow, and is to stay till he is out of danger."

"She has written so to Mrs. Anguish," said Mrs. Nevile.

"He is then in danger still?" rejoined Caroline.

"The Surgeon thinks not," said Mrs. Nevile.

"But Mrs. Barnet fears he is," added Caroline.

"The Surgeon, my dear, is the most competent judge. Mrs. Barnet's regard

for this young man, makes her fear without cauſe," rejoined Mrs. Nevile.

"Mrs. Barnet's regard," ſaid Caroline, "is founded on gratitude; he once ſaved her life. She thinks it would have the appearance of ingratitude to fly from the houſe in which her benefactor lies dangerouſly ill. Nothing is ſo odious as ingratitude!"

Mrs. Nevile had never before obſerved any oppoſition or even heſitation in Caroline to follow her advice. The reluctance which the young Lady manifeſted againſt leaving her preſent reſidence, made Mrs. Nevile ſuſpect that there was more truth in at leaſt *one* of the inſinuations in the anonymous letter than ſhe had at firſt believed. This ſuſpicion rendered her more anxious than ever to carry Miſs Huntly with her to London.

"Our long ſeparation," reſumed Mrs. Nevile, "while you were abroad with your uncle, I not only agreed to, but urged, my dear Caroline, for reaſons which appeared to me irreſiſtible. I was convinced, that if your excellent mother had been

alive, ſhe would have thought that meaſure expedient."

As Mrs. Nevile ſpoke this with more ſolemnity than uſual, Miſs Huntly's eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, were quickly directed to the face of her friend, and Mrs. Nevile continued—"But to remain ſeparate from you any longer at preſent, I ſhould think a proof of my diſregard of the requeſt of my beloved friend; I ſhould conſider it as a breach of that ſacred engagement I made to your mother on her death-bed. Have you forgot how often, and how earneſtly ſhe entreated me never to ſeparate myſelf from you, and the ſatisfaction ſhe ſhewed at my aſſuring her I never would? Even when ſhe had loſt the power of ſpeech, on my taking hold of your hand as a token of my intention of adhering to my engagement, can you forget that languid ſmile of ſatisfaction immediately before ſhe withdrew her expiring eyes from us, and turned them up towards Heaven?"

"Oh, merciful God!" cried Miſs Huntly; "I ſee her! I ſee my mother! Dear, dear Mrs. Nevile, I aſk your pardon.

I will

I will do what you pleaſe—let us not be ſeparated—if you muſt go, I will accompany you—to-morrow."

Mrs. Nevile retired a little after to her own bed-chamber, leaving Caroline in a ſtate of great inquietude, determined, however, to ſet out for London the next day, in caſe Mrs. Nevile perſiſted in her reſolution of going, but not entirely without hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Anguiſh would prevail on her to ſtay a few days longer.

The Phyſician and Mr. Sound called pretty early the next morning. After having viſited Edward, they gave a favourable account of his ſtate of health to the company aſſembled at breakfaſt, and concurred in opinion, that he was in a fair way of recovery, but that it was ſtill requiſite that he ſhould be kept quiet, and ſee no company.

Mrs. Nevile ordered her carriage a few minutes after they were gone. Caroline looked at Mrs. Anguiſh, and was equally ſurpriſed and diſappointed, when that Lady ſaid, ſhe was ſorry that Mrs.

Nevile was obliged to leave them so soon, especially as Caroline was to go with her.

After this cold remark, so different from what she expected from the affectionate and hospitable disposition of Mrs. Anguish, she had no doubt but that Mrs. Nevile had previously prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Anguish not to oppose her going. Dropping all hope, therefore, of being pressed to stay, she sorrowfully followed Mrs. Nevile to her carriage.

CHAP. LXXXIV.

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. SHAKESPEARE.

VERY little conversation passed between Mrs. Nevile and Caroline on their journey to London. The latter still thought Edward in danger: her fears conjured up to her recollection every instance she had ever heard of medical men being mistaken in their prognostication; the number was formidable. Caroline was not satisfied with being thus hurried to town; she imagined that Mrs. Nevile thought too lightly of the important service which Edward had rendered her; and was not sufficiently sensible of the gratitude she owed him; for the inexperienced young woman still believed that gratitude to a benefactor was the only sentiment she harboured in her breast in favour of Edward.

The reaſon hinted above, which, independent of the anonymous letter, made Mrs. Nevile wiſh for Caroline's return to London, it will now be neceſſary to mention. Among the numbers of young men who ſeemed ſolicitous to gain the favour of Miſs Huntly, although there were ſeveral who would have been conſidered by the world in general as very advantageous connections, none would have had the approbation of Mrs. Nevile. A ſhort time, however, after Caroline's return to England, Lord Brighton arrived alſo from the Continent. He was of an eſtimable character, agreeable in his perſon, amiable in his manners, and powerfully connected. He had frequently viſited Mr. Morton when he reſided in France, and had been equally ſtruck with the beauty of his niece, and delighted with the ſprightlineſs of her converſation. Lord Brighton was about the age of thirty-three when he firſt ſaw Caroline; his father was ſtill alive, a venerable Nobleman, who having ſpent his youth, and many years of his manhood, in a manner honourable to himſelf and uſeful to his country,

country, now in his old age, enjoyed in retirement all the tranquillity of virtue. Lord Brighton lived on the moſt confidential footing with his father, who, at an early period of the young man's life, had one day ſaid to him, "I have not the ſmalleſt inclination to control you in the ſubject of matrimony. If I were certain that you would conſent to be the huſband of the woman I approve of the moſt, I would not deſire it, unleſs your heart dictated the ſame choice; but as young men are apt, on this ſubject, to think their happineſs depends on what often turns out to be the ſource of their greateſt miſery, I ſhould wiſh to have your promiſe, my dear Brighton, that you never will propoſe marriage without firſt acquainting me. It is more than probable that I ſhall approve of your choice; but if I ſhould not, I will ſtate my reaſons; and thus I ſhall, at leaſt, have the chance of ſuggeſting ſomething that may make you alter your intention; for thoſe who take this important ſtep unknown to their parents, in the hope that they will be conciliated to what they deteſt becauſe it cannot

be mended, act, in my opinion, from the moſt ungenerous motives. But after you have heard and reflected on what I may urge, ſhould you continue in the ſame mind, and if there is nothing diſgraceful in the connection, which can hardly be ſuppoſed, then I promiſe that you ſhall have my conſent."

The ſon agreed very readily to thoſe conditions, and moſt fortunate was it for him that he did ſo; for very ſoon after, he was ſo intoxicated by a worthleſs woman that he would have yielded to the deſire of marrying ſecretly, had it not been for the word of honour he had pledged to his father; who, on being informed of his intention, ſtated his objections to the connection with ſuch truth and energy, that the young man dropped his purpoſe, and was afterwards ſenſible that in ſo doing he was ſaved from endleſs remorſe.

It may be ſaid, that this Noble Lord's plan can only be of uſe to young men who have a ſacred regard to their engagements. This is true; but it is equally true, that thoſe young men who have not that regard

are not worth keeping out of any ſcrape whatever.

Long after he had returned from his travels, Lord Brighton became acquainted with Mr. Morton. During a ſhort excurſion which he made to France, he viſited that Gentleman frequently, and was particularly pleaſed with the appearance of Caroline. He had ſeen her formerly with Mrs. Nevile; but as ſhe was then a child ſhe had made no impreſſion on him; whereas now ſhe made a great deal. This he endeavoured, however, to conceal, both from the uncle and the young Lady herſelf. But perceiving that Mr. Morton began to ſuſpect what was really the caſe, and that he ſeemed pleaſed with the idea, Lord Brighton became more ſparing of his viſits, and ſoon after returned to England, being too much a man of honour to encourage expectations which he had not yet determined to fulfil. He previouſly had perceived, from the frank gay manner of the young Lady, that ſhe had no ſuſpicion of the ſame nature with that of her uncle.

He

He returned to England, and on finding that abſence ſeemed rather to inflame than cool his paſſion, he at laſt made his father a confident in the terms of agreement which had been made at leaſt ten years before.

The old Earl then declared, that he had made the treaty at a period when he thought it might be of uſe; but that now he conſidered his ſon as a more competent judge than himſelf of whom he ought to marry, and that he would be happy to receive as his daughter-in-law any young Lady he was inclined to chooſe for his wife.

Lord Brighton had occaſionally viſited Mrs. Nevile ever ſince her laſt return from France; and having waited on her while Caroline was at Mrs. Anguiſh's, he avowed to Mrs. Nevile the ſentiments he entertained, and ſolicited her influence, informing her at the ſame time, that he had the Earl's approbation.

Mrs. Nevile heard this declaration with great ſatisfaction. Of his Lordſhip's character ſhe had long had a very high opinion, being

perſuaded that he united more qualities ſuitable to Miſs Huntly's diſpoſition, and calculated for ſecuring her happineſs, than any man of her acquaintance. She made no ſecret of her ſentiments to his Lordſhip, and aſſured him, that ſhe would do all in her power to promote his ſuit; which, after all, ſhe told him, muſt depend upon his pleaſing the young Lady; "For, amidſt the many obliging remarks made by your ſex upon our's," continued ſhe, "your Lordſhip muſt have heard, that what is in itſelf moſt *probable* becomes *uncertain* when it depends on the fancy of a woman." Mrs. Nevile, however, had little doubt of his being agreeable to Caroline; becauſe, to the advantages above enumerated in this Nobleman were united a great fortune and a birth ſo illuſtrious, as, even in Mrs. Nevile's eyes, gave additional brilliancy to his character; for rank and birth, which have ſuch infinite weight with the *many*, have alſo a conſiderable ſhare with the moſt judicious of the *few*.

For ſome time after her return to London, Caroline underſtood that Edward's health

health was ſtill in a doubtful ſtate. At length ſhe received a letter from Mrs. Anguiſh, which informed her that his wound was ſo nearly healed, that he had been tranſported to Barnet-hall, and that nothing of his illneſs remained, but a dejection of ſpirits, which the medical people imputed to his long confinement. And a little after ſhe was informed that Miſs Barnet had given her hand in marriage to Mr. Waller; that the marriage had been celebrated with much feſtivity at Barnet-hall; that Edward had ſhewn uncommon ſatisfaction on the occaſion, but had afterwards relapſed into that melancholy which had been imputed to his late tedious illneſs.

Caroline found ſomewhat in this intelligence rather agreeable to her mind; and ſhe ſeemed ſo much more chearful than ſhe had been ſince her return to town, that Mrs. Nevile was perſuaded that time, abſence, and the diſſipation of the capital, had produced the effect ſhe expected; and that Caroline was now in a ſtate of mind not unfavourable for the addreſſes

dreſſes of Lord Brighton. On various pretexts ſhe had hitherto prevented his making a formal declaration. She now hinted to him that he might.

When Caroline ſaw this Nobleman in France, ſhe conſidered him entirely in the light of a friend and viſitor of her uncle. She had, previous to that, ſeen him as a man, though a very young one, when ſhe was a mere child. Many men have fallen in love with women, whom, at the age of manhood, they knew as children. But it rarely happens that a woman conceives the ſame paſſion for one whom ſhe has known as a man when ſhe was a child. Caroline met Lord Brighton frequently at Mrs. Nevile's, on her return from the country, but ſhe placed his viſits to that Lady's account, and was a good deal ſurpriſed when, on Mrs. Nevile's leaving her alone with him one day, he made her a declaration of love. The confuſion which this threw her into gave his Lordſhip time to make it in the fulleſt manner. She remained ſilent for a minute, on purpoſe to recollect herſelf.

It

It was natural for him to conſtrue this pauſe in his own favour; he was going to enforce his ſuit with more confidence of ſucceſs, when, raiſing her eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, with a look of ſerious and calm determination, ſhe ſaid, "My Lord, I think myſelf highly honoured by the ſentiments you expreſs in my favour; for I eſteem your character as much as I reſpect your birth; but it is not in my power to accept of the honour which you have condeſcended to offer. I hope the good opinion you have expreſſed of me will be ſufficient to convince you that I am ſuperior to diſguiſe or affectation; and that the reaſons which preclude me from accepting your propoſal are of a nature not to be removed. I do therefore hope that you will drop your ſuit, becauſe your continuing it will deprive me of the company of one, whoſe virtues I eſteem, and whoſe friendſhip I wiſh to retain."

This anſwer was of ſuch a nature, and delivered in ſuch a manner, as put an end to all his hopes; he declared his regret,

thanked

thanked her for her candour, and desired with earnestness that he might ever retain a share in her friendship.

Mrs. Nevile was greatly surprised and vexed when she was informed by his Lordship of what had passed between her young friend and him. She even insinuated a fear that Caroline had some secret engagement. "She could not otherwise account," she said, "for the answer the young Lady had made to his Lordship."

To this the Noble Lord said, "that no such inference could be made merely from the circumstances of her having declined his proposal: But should it be as you suspect," added he; "if Miss Huntly's rejection of me proceeds from her partiality in favour of another, I am persuaded that the person so distinguished by her must be a man of merit, and that none of her friends will need to blush at the connection; for a young Lady of more judgment and penetration than she seems to be, I confess I never was acquainted with; and I now declare to you, my dear Mrs. Nevile, that even in refusing

fuſing my ſuit ſhe has rather riſen than ſunk in my eſteem."

The more Mrs. Nevile admired the candour of this very diſtinguiſhed Nobleman, the more did ſhe regret the iſſue of the affair; being convinced, that her young friend neither gave a proof of judgment nor penetration on this occaſion. And Mrs. Nevile was ſtrengthened in her ſuſpicion, that Caroline was more deeply impreſſed in favour of Edward than ſhe at firſt could have thought poſſible. She ſtill abſtained, however, from ſpeaking, or even giving her any hint about it.

CHAP. LXXXV.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
And thinks none ſees it 'cauſe itſelf is blind.
COWLEY.

LOUISA Barnet's marriage with Mr. Waller was a moſt joyful event to her father, and proved a ſource of laſting happineſs to Mrs. Barnet, as it ſecured that of her daughter, on whoſe lively character the ſteady good ſenſe, the generous conduct, and amiable manners of her huſband had the happieſt influence. The head-ſtrong tendency and haughtineſs of her temper had been, in a great meaſure, corrected by the judicious attentions of her mother, and her coquetry fled entirely when ſhe became a wife, without carrying with it that ſprightlineſs which had firſt caught the fancy of her huſband, and which contributed greatly to his as well as her happineſs through life.

Amidſt the feſtivity of Barnet-place Edward could not always conceal the me-

lancholy which oppreſſed his mind. This was imputed to that weakneſs which is the natural conſequence of a ſevere wound. Mrs. Waller, however, had ſeen enough to convince her that his ſole malady was love. The friendſhip ſhe entertained for Edward was of the pureſt nature, founded on a ſenſe of obligation, and a knowledge of his virtuous qualities. She could not ſee him thus ſorrowful without a diminution of her felicity, and actually told him what ſhe ſuſpected to be the cauſe of his melancholy, aſſerting at the ſame time, that he had no reaſon to be ſo dejected, ſince ſhe was convinced that he was by no means an object of indifference to Miſs Huntly.

Edward expreſſed aſtoniſhment and regret at finding the ſecret of his heart diſcovered. He begged to know whether Mrs. Waller had communicated her ſuſpicion to any other perſon; ſhe anſwered, that ſhe had not, even to her huſband. He then ſaid, that although he could have wiſhed that his paſſion had remained unknown to all the world; yet he would not aſſert a falſehood, nor would he attempt

diſſimu-

diſſimulation with her, and therefore he acknowledged her ſuſpicion to be well founded, aſſerting at the ſame time, that ſhe had in Miſs Huntly miſtaken the natural gratitude of a benevolent mind for a different ſentiment; that for his own part, he was determined to overcome or endure his anguiſh, without any preſumptuous attempt which might render him odious to the Lady in queſtion. He earneſtly begged Mrs. Waller never to mention the ſubject of their preſent converſation to any other perſon; he concluded by declaring, that it was his invariable reſolution never, by word or deed, to make any attempt in conſequence of the abſurd hope which Mrs. Waller had ſuggeſted; and although he was ſenſible of her friendly motive, yet he entreated that ſhe would never again reſume the ſubject.

Mrs. Waller ſaid nothing in oppoſition to this requeſt, but ſhe continued in the reſolution of ſerving him, when ſhe could find an opportunity.

Edward had often remarked the ridiculous vanity with which ſome men interpret in their own favour the moſt common

piece of politeneſs, or the ſlendereſt attention from a woman. Nothing appeared to him more contemptible than this coxcomical ſpecies of ſelf-conceit. Although he was perſuaded, therefore, that Miſs Huntly had a juſt ſenſe of gratitude, and, perhaps, overrated the ſervice he had rendered her, yet he did not indulge the idea that a young Lady of her fortune, who was eminently diſtinguiſhed for beauty, and a variety of accompliſhments, thought of him in the manner which Mrs. Waller expreſſed. He could not bear the idea of being ranked among thoſe deſpicable adventurers, who, inſtead of ſeeking independence by the exertion of talent, or in ſome uſeful profeſſion, endeavour to enſnare by marriage ſome unwary woman, on whoſe fortune, or by the means of whoſe connections, they rely through life for an idle and uſeleſs exiſtence. After a great deal of uneaſy reflection, he came to the reſolution of leaving England, and tearing himſelf from a perſon who engroſſed his thoughts, and rendered him incapable of every buſineſs, while his preſence was alſo injurious

rious to her. From abſence alone he expected the cure of his unfortunate paſſion, and while that ſhould be his chief object, he wiſhed to be conſidered by the world to be in purſuit of fortune. But as he expected his friend Clifton's return to England, he determined to wait till he ſhould arrive, and then to communicate his decided plan to Mrs. Barnet and him.

While Edward was meditating this project, Mr. and Mrs. Barnet had formed the deſign of ſpending ſome months in London. Mrs. Waller had prompted them to this; and her huſband having buſineſs in the capital, ſhe ſet out with him ſome time before her father and mother, under pretence of preparing things for their accommodation. On this occaſion ſhe cultivated that confidential intimacy, which had begun to take place in the country, between her and Caroline. Mrs. Waller was of a diſpoſition not to be at reſt herſelf when ſhe believed her friends to be unhappy. She was continually thinking by what means ſhe could contribute to their relief. She was well acquainted with the ſenſibility of Edward's mind, and feared

that he might take ſome deſperate courſe in conſequence of a paſſion which *he* conſidered as hopeleſs, but which *ſhe* thought would prove ſo only by his reſolution of concealing it. As the mind of Caroline was engroſſed with the ſame perſon who ſo much occupied that of Mrs. Waller, he was ſometimes the ſubject of their converſation; and Mrs. Waller, after having thrown out various inſinuations of her own ſuſpicions, that he was deſperately fond of Caroline, at laſt made an avowal of what had paſſed between herſelf and him on that ſubject, adding, that ſhe was certain he never would have mentioned his paſſion to her, if ſhe had not previouſly diſcovered and ſpoken of it to him; that he had interdicted her from ever ſpeaking of it to him again; and ſhe was convinced he would die rather than reveal it to another. To all this Caroline, though much affected, made no anſwer.

From the time of Mrs. Huntly's death, until that in which Mrs. Nevile had left Caroline in the country, at the houſe of Mrs. Anguiſh, that young Lady had hardly ever conceived an idea that ſhe could not communicate

municate to Mrs. Nevile, whom she loved with the tenderest affection, and whom she respected as much as she loved. The case was now altered. Mrs. Nevile perceived that the natural chearfulness of her young friend was converted into dejection, and her frankness into reserve; she had penetration enough to discover the real sorrow which preyed on the heart of Caroline through the affected ease which she sometimes assumed.

The refusal so decidedly given to a nobleman of Lord Brighton's merit, vexed and alarmed Mrs. Nevile so much, that she resolved to unfold all her suspicions to her young friend, and fully to acquaint her with her own sentiments on her late conduct. She had, however, delayed the execution of her project, for some time after she had resolved on it, from the reluctance she felt to begin a painful task. But when she understood that Caroline had frequently met the Barnet family at public places and assemblies, that she was on a very intimate footing with Mrs. Waller, that Edward was entirely recovered of his

wound, and had been at an assembly where Caroline had also been, she determined to delay no longer.

One evening, on which they had agreed to remain at home, and to be denied to every visitor, Mrs. Nevile, after a display of more chearfulness than she felt, and some expressions of that affection which she actually did feel, said, with a frank air to Caroline, "Well, my dear girl, the number of your adorers seems to be augmented since you came to town."

From the jocular manner in which Mrs. Nevile spoke, Caroline had no suspicion to what point she was aiming. She answered, without emotion, "Those you are pleased to call my adorers, I can assure you, my dear Madam, interest me so little, that I have never thought of their number."

Mrs. Nevile. That powerful Baronet, Sir James Plumber, who has an immense fortune, and is considered as a man of good sense, how would you relish him as a husband were he to ask you the question, as I have a notion he intends?

Caroline.

Caroline. I think I ſhould not have been influenced by great riches in the choice of a huſband, even although I had remained poor; but my uncle's partiality has rendered additional wealth ſo very ſuperfluous, that for me to marry from that conſideration would be deſpicable indeed.

Mrs. Nevile. But, beſides his riches, I mentioned his good ſenſe and his power; he puts ſeveral members into parliament.

Caroline. That is a power, as I am told, that no man ought to poſſeſs. Be that as it may, I am certain he does not poſſeſs the power of making me happy; and as for his good ſenſe, I call no ſenſe ſo that is not connected with benevolence.

Mrs. Nevile. What do you think of young Mr. Daſhly? He has paid you a good deal of attention of late.

Caroline. I think that he drives a phaeton with great addreſs, but of every thing elſe, I am told, he is extremely ignorant. And I have heard you ſay, that, except marrying her groom, nothing can be more mortifying to a woman of any ſentiment, than to be the wife of a gentleman who is as ignorant as her groom.

Mrs. Nevile. You cannot make that objection to Mr. Ivey; he was educated for the church; until on the death of his elder brother, he ſucceeded to the family eſtate, ſince which he ſeems inclined to pay his court to you, and is thought a man of learning.

Caroline. I once heard your friend the General obſerve, that neither the pride of high birth, nor even purſe-pride, were ſo diſguſting as the pride of a pedant. I have ſuſpected that Mr. Ivey deſerves that name, ever ſince I heard him criticiſe a grammatical blunder of a young man with ſuch ſupercilious malignity, as offended the whole company. I ſhould be afraid to open my mouth before ſuch a man.—*La douce egalité* for me.

Mrs. Nevile. I am glad you have adopted that as a rule; becauſe, although by obſerving it you will never make a choice above your own ſphere of life, it will alſo prevent you from ſinking beneath it.

The apparently careleſs and cheerful ſtile with which Mrs. Nevile had begun and carried on this dialogue, had made Caroline forget

forget the ſource of her anxiety, and produced a temporary return of her natural gaiety, which gaiety this laſt remark of Mrs. Nevile ſeemed, in ſome degree, to check: Caroline coloured. This did not eſcape Mrs. Nevile's obſervation: reſuming a careleſs air, however, ſhe named another perſon as an admirer of the young Lady, more exceptionable than any of the former. "Nay," cried Caroline, "now I am certain you jeſt; for nobody would be more concerned than yourſelf, if you imagined I could ever have any connection with ſuch a man."

Mrs. Nevile. What would give me pleaſure, or concern on this ſubject, is of no conſequence.

Caroline. Of no conſequence! What can you mean?

Mrs. Nevile. Have I reaſon to believe that my opinion, with reſpect to your choice of a huſband, would have any weight with you?

Caroline. Can my deareſt and beſt friend believe that it would not have the greateſt?

Mrs.

Mrs. Nevile. Has no man lately made propoſals of marriage to you, my dear Caroline, whom you were convinced I wiſhed you to accept of?

Caroline. You allude to Lord Brighton?

Mrs. Nevile. And why did I wiſh him ſucceſs, my deareſt girl? Was it not from a conviction that he would have made you happy?

Caroline. Of that I am moſt thoroughly perſuaded, but——

Mrs. Nevile. But what, my dear Caroline? ſpeak openly whatever is on your mind.

Caroline. Then, my dear Madam, I will venture to ſay, that the only thing in the world which I think I know better than you is, what will make me happy.

Mrs. Nevile. Your mother was not of that opinion, Caroline.

Caroline. My beloved mother's opinions, and above all her dying requeſts, will be ever ſacred in my eyes. She deſired that I might never marry without your approbation; but I did not underſtand that ſhe meant that I ſhould marry whomever you approved.

Mrs.

Mrs. Nevile. Certainly not. And had ſhe actually meant and expreſſed herſelf ſo, it would have made no difference; becauſe I ſhould approve of your marrying no man but one whom you yourſelf loved. But ſhall we be open, my dear, as we uſed to be?

Caroline. I am ſorry it is made a queſtion.

Mrs. Nevile. Have you, my dear girl, been in reality as open as you uſed to be to the friend of your lamented mother, to her to whoſe care ſhe conſigned you with her dying breath?—Have you?——Speak.

(Caroline remained ſilent, with her eyes fixed on the ground.)

Mrs. Nevile. I ſee I diſtreſs you;—but have you not firſt diſtreſſed me? Do you imagine, that it has not ſeverely diſtreſſed me to obſerve that your boſom has been ſhut up from me; to find myſelf excluded from the confidence of the perſon I am moſt intereſted in—I had almoſt ſaid the only perſon on earth in whom I *am* intereſted—the child of my deareſt friend, for whoſe ſake I have been able to ſupport life?

to

to ſee my place in her eſteem occupied by another—that other a ſtranger, an acquaintance of yeſterday! A young man whoſe—

"Ah! ſpare me, ſpare me, for mercy's ſake!" cried Caroline, covering her face with her hands—ſhe remained ſilent for ſome time without ſpeaking.

Mrs. Nevile thought proper to leave her; and Caroline retired ſoon after to her own apartment, in a ſtate of confuſion ſhe had never before experienced. The laſt expreſſions of Mrs. Nevile had wounded her mind ſo ſeverely, that ſhe was unable to ſee her again that evening.

In the courſe of thoſe reflections in which this young Lady paſſed the night, ſhe viewed her own conduct in a more unfavourable point of light than it will appear, perhaps, to many of the readers.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

La ſincerité eſt une ouverture de cœur; on la trouve en fort peu de gens. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CAROLINE, having come to a final reſolution in conſequence of much reflection, went into Mrs. Nevile's apartment as ſoon as ſhe underſtood that ſhe was dreſſed.

"My deareſt girl," ſaid Mrs. Nevile, embracing her, "you are pale, and I fear unwell; I have ſlept as little as you ſince we parted."

Caroline, who had prepared herſelf for this meeting, and intended to have addreſſed her friend as ſoon as ſhe entered, found herſelf unable to ſpeak; the words ſhe attempted to utter ſtagnated in her throat, and impeded the power of breathing. After a few convulſive ſobs, her head ſunk on Mrs. Nevile's neck, and ſhe burſt into tears. Mrs. Nevile, knowing the relief they would afford, allowed them to flow without interpoſing a word.

When Caroline found herſelf able to ſpeak, and had fully recollected herſelf, ſhe ſaid, "Now, my deareſt and beſt friend, I will endeavour to lay open my whole ſoul to you; but your penetration and friendly attention has, in a great meaſure, already diſcovered what I ought never to have attempted to conceal from you. Yet with what face could I avow that my affections were placed on a young man unknown to you, and known only very lately to myſelf? I might urge in extenuation, that this young man had fixed a very great obligation on me, and that love had ſlipt into my heart in diſguiſe of gratitude; but I have reſolved to be ſincere, and were I to make that plea, I ſhould be a diſſembler: I do confeſs, therefore, that my heart was his, even before he had laid me under that obligation. I have endeavoured to recollect the progreſs of the attachment which has given you ſo much uneaſineſs: While I was in France, I heard of an adventure greatly to his honour, in which he had been engaged at Paris. The impreſſion in his favour which this made on my mind,

was

was increaſed by his appearance and converſation when I met him at the houſe of Mr. Anguiſh; but when I afterwards beheld him wounded in conſequence of a duel with Sir Charles Royſton, and heard of the generous motive he had for engaging in that quarrel, and the gallant manner in which he behaved, my heart was no longer my own. Without attempting to juſtify my not having communicated the firſt impreſſion to the perſon whom my mother prevailed on to be my guide and adviſer, or denying the weakneſs of permitting my affections to eſcape from my own control, all I ſhall venture to urge is, that they have been fixed on one who has given proofs of generoſity, courage, and humanity, and who has ſhewn that, whatever his birth may be, his mind is exalted. But in the world's opinion, in the opinion of my own proud relations, and perhaps in your opinion, obſcurity of birth overbalances every accompliſhment. I am not certain that I ſhould have yielded to the opinion of the world at large, or to that of my own relations, fond as I am to

live on terms of kindneſs with them, but I ſubmit to the judgment of my beſt friend and beloved guardian; and although it is not in my power to control my affections, ſhe may rely upon it, that my actions ſhall be conformable to the injunctions of my mother."

In conſequence of this open and candid declaration, Mrs. Nevile ſaid every thing ſhe could think of to ſoothe the mind of Caroline, inſinuating, " that the young Lady put more ſtreſs on this attachment than there was occaſion for; that it would not prove of ſo durable a nature as ſhe imagined; that the young man would have rendered the ſame ſervice to any woman in the ſame circumſtances; that it required, however, as ample a return on her part as generoſity, under the reſtraint of a ſenſe of propriety, could exact; and in this return he would ſee nothing but the natural effect of gratitude, and conſider that as the ſole ſource of her regard for him."

To all this Caroline replied, " that it would be fruitleſs to diſpute about the nature or probable duration of the attachment

ment which she had avowed; she would only say, because of that she herself was the only judge, that it was very different from *gratitude*, or any other sentiment she had ever experienced; that as for what Mrs. Nevile had hinted, of the young man's ignorance of her sentiments regarding himself, she even doubted of that, because," added she, in some confusion, "the concern and agitation of mind which I suffered during his illness could hardly fail to betray the real sentiments of my heart. As to the return which I ought to make to him for the great obligation under which I lie, I wish to be directed by you; the generosity of your mind, and your notions of propriety, will be my guides."

Mrs. Nevile then informed her, that having heard that the young man had once had a prospect of an establishment abroad, she had spoken to the General, who had considerable interest, not only with Administration, but likewise with the Directors of the East India Company, with a view to procure——

"The East Indies!" interrupted Caroline.

"I thought, my dear," said Mrs. Nevile, "something of that nature, procured through the interest of your friends, would be more acceptable to a young man of spirit than any pecuniary reward whatever."

"I am convinced it would," said Caroline, pleased with the compliment to Edward.

"But," resumed Mrs. Nevile, "what the General observed is just; it will be necessary to know from the young man himself what would be most to his own taste, and I intend to have him sounded on that subject by a friend."

"Why cannot you speak to him yourself?" said Caroline.

"If you wish it, I shall, my dear," replied Mrs. Nevile.

"Have you not some desire, my dearest Madam, of seeing a person who has rendered me so very great a service before he leaves Europe—perhaps for ever?"

Caroline's voice underwent a very evident alteration as she finished the sentence.

"You are in the right, my dear girl," said Mrs. Nevile, taking Caroline affection-

ately by the hand, " and I ſhall certainly take that taſk on myſelf."

Miſs Huntly was deſirous that Mrs. Nevile ſhould ſee and converſe with Edward, becauſe ſhe imagined his appearance and converſation would be a better juſtification of her own attachment, than all that could be ſaid in his favour; and perhaps ſhe cheriſhed the romantic expectation, that Mrs. Nevile would behold him in the ſame light in which he appeared to herſelf.

The ſolemn manner in which Caroline had expreſſed and conducted herſelf on this occaſion, affected Mrs. Nevile very much. She plainly ſaw that the impreſſion made by this young man on the heart of Caroline was of a more deep and ſerious nature than ſhe had apprehended. That a young woman entitled by fortune, birth, beauty, and accompliſhments, to the hand of any gentleman in the kingdom, ſhould fix upon a man in Edward's ſituation, ſhe thought a very great misfortune. She foreſaw that it would expoſe her to the cenſure of the world, and the indignation of all her relations. She imputed it to the fervour of

Caroline's mind, kindled into enthuſiaſm by a diſplay of zeal and intrepidity in her defence. She had comfort, however, in the recollection that enthuſiaſm was more powerful than permanent, and that when it began to loſe its influence, Love, and its other aſſociates, like the friends of a tottering miniſter, would ſoon diſappear. On the other hand, in caſe Caroline's affection remained fixed on this young man, and if his character was found good, and his conduct through life meritorious, ſhe felt herſelf at a loſs and undecided how ſhe ſhould act. For while Mrs. Nevile was ſenſible that many women have made moſt unhappy marriages by miſtaking a tranſient fancy for a permanent paſſion, ſhe alſo knew that many have been rendered miſerable for life by the tyrannical oppoſition of parents to the affections of their children, even when fixed on objects of the moſt intrinſic worth. "Heaven forbid," ſaid ſhe, "that I ſhould make uſe of the authority and influence which my friend tranſmitted to me over her child in ſuch a manner as to render her unhappy!"

While

While the mind of Mrs. Nevile, ever anxious for the permanent happineſs of Caroline, was thus undecided by what meaſure or conduct on her part it was moſt likely to be promoted, a meſſage was ſent to Edward; in conſequence of which, he called at her houſe the next day. Mrs. Nevile had deſired that ſhe might be refuſed to every body elſe; but the General happening to call a little before Edward, the ſervant conſidered his intimacy and alliance with his miſtreſs as ſufficient reaſons for making him an exception, and admitted him. This Gentleman was half-brother to Lord Torpid, being the ſon of the late Lord by a ſecond wife. After the death of the preſent Lord's mother, he had entered into the army very early in life, had ſeen a great deal of ſervice, and was the only one of the family who had ſhewn any kindneſs to that ſiſter of Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty, whom they renounced, as was formerly mentioned, on account of her marriage.

The General had long ſerved abroad, and being of a character very different from that of his brother, they never had lived in great intimacy, and were now on rather a colder footing than ever. His Lordſhip had for ſeveral years entertained a woman in his houſe who had the entire government of him, and on that account might with propriety be called his miſtreſs, though, in other reſpects, ſhe was by no means *his* excluſively. A numbneſs, ſimilar to that which from his youth had affected his brain, began a little before the General's return to extend to his Lordſhip's limbs, and now confined him almoſt entirely to the houſe. What rendered this peculiarly unlucky was, that at this very time there were great hopes of the Noble Lord's being appointed to an important office in Adminiſtration. The Lady who lived with him lamented this as a public loſs, becauſe " his Lordſhip had promiſed," ſhe ſaid, " to provide for ſeveral very deſerving men of her acquaintance as ſoon as he ſhould be in place, and that the weakneſs in his limbs, although

although it was made the pretext, was no good reaſon for keeping him out of the office, becauſe his head remained as vigorous as it had ever been; and," (but that muſt have been the effect of mere peeviſhneſs at her diſappointment,) ſhe added, " that his underſtanding was ſtill equal to that of ſome members of the Cabinet."

The General having heard that his brother was weaker than uſual, and that this Lady had formed a plan for taking the advantage of it in a matter of great importance, called on Mrs. Nevile on purpoſe to conſult with her on the proper meaſures to be taken on ſuch an occaſion. But when ſhe informed him who ſhe was then in expectation of, the General ſaid he would take another opportunity of talking to her on the ſubject that had brought him, but as he had ſome curioſity to ſee the young man, he would juſt ſtay till he came, and then leave them together.

As ſoon as Edward was introduced, Mrs. Nevile betrayed ſigns of emotion and ſurpriſe. She ſurveyed him in the moſt earneſt manner,

manner, and then looked at the General, who, as he was going out of the room, had ſtopped ſhort with his eyes rivetted on Edward, and on directing them to Mrs. Nevile, meeting her look of aſtoniſhment, "By Heavens!" cried he, "it ſtrikes me as ſtrongly as it does you."

But to account for the extraordinary way in which both the General and Mrs. Nevile were affected at the ſight of a perſon whom neither had ever ſeen before, it will be neceſſary to acquaint the reader with more of the ſtory of that half-ſiſter to the General, formerly mentioned.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
Quod poſſim titulis incidere præter honores. JUVEN.

THIS Lady, although ſhe was full ſiſter to Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty, had more affinity to her half-brother than to either, being of a moſt benevolent diſpoſition. Her countenance gave the promiſe of much beauty until ſhe was ſomewhat more than eleven years of age. She had been innoculated for the ſmall pox in her infancy, and an accidental ſickneſs having then been miſtaken for the eruptive fever, although no puſtules followed, it was imagined that ſhe would never more be ſuſceptible of the diſeaſe. Under this miſtake her relations, and the young Lady herſelf, remained until ſhe was ſeized with the ſmall-pox of a confluent kind at the age abovementioned; ſhe recovered with difficulty, and with the loſs of her beauty.

It is obſervable, that women who have no pretenſion to beauty are either uncom-

monly accompliſhed and agreeable, or peeviſh and cenſorious. Thoſe who have natural good ſenſe and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleaſing is by the chearfulneſs of their temper and their talents, are at pains to exert the one and cultivate the other, and become always more eſtimable, and often more eſteemed, than the moſt beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But thoſe women who, while they are devoid of beauty, are alſo deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to pleaſe, are ſure of being unhappy in themſelves, and peculiarly diſagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty on thoſe of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence; deformity and poverty, to inſtigate it to exertion.

The good ſenſe and engaging manners of Lady Lofty's ſiſter were ſo conſpicuous, that they would have procured her reſpect even from the faſhionable young men of the capital of Great Britain, where old women in general, and young ones deſti-

tute

tute of beauty, are treated with more neglect than in any civilized country on the globe. This, however, was never put to the proof; for a relation of the young Lady's mother took her to the country at a distance from London immediately after her recovery. This relation was a woman of sense and benevolence, who lived cheerfully on a moderate income, keeping up a friendly intercourse with the most respectable families in her neighbourhood. In this retreat the young Lady acquired a taste for reading, and the habit of reflecting; she lost all desire of returning to the capital. Among those who visited the relation with whom she lived was a young clergyman of the name of Nevile, agreeable in his person, amiable in his manners, and whose mind glowed with the benevolence of the religion he taught. Pleased from the first with the ingenuous conversation and mild deportment of the young Lady, he became every day more fond of her company. This attachment grew into love of the purest and most permanent nature; it is not surprising that such a man

should

ſhould gain the affections and obtain the hand of ſuch a woman. Her relations in London, who had ſo entirely neglected her, that it was natural to think they never more intended to trouble themſelves about her, affected to be mightily offended at this marriage. Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty were diſtinguiſhed by the airs they gave themſelves on the occaſion. They exclaimed againſt it as a ſtain on their family, and a diſgrace to themſelves and their illuſtrious anceſtors, without once thinking of the diſgracefulneſs of their own lives, and that Mr. and Mrs. Nevile poſſeſſed more virtue between them, than had ever belonged to themſelves and all their anceſtors put together.

Mr. Nevile's living was but moderate, and however willing his wife was to accommodate herſelf in all reſpects to her huſband's circumſtances, *he* could not bear that ſhe ſhould be deprived of certain diſtinctions to which ſhe had been accuſtomed. The greateſt error of his life was, that he lived after his marriage at a greater expence than he could ſupport;—he concealed

cealed this from Mrs. Nevile. Unaccuſtomed to houſe-keeping, ſhe was eaſily deceived; and from a weakneſs too frequent in human nature, he dreaded the conſequence of his own conduct, without being able to alter it. Mrs. Nevile bore him a ſon. After this event, her huſband's uneaſineſs on account of his narrow circumſtances increaſed, and preyed upon his ſpirits with deeper corroſion, becauſe he concealed it from all the world, and more particularly from his wife, whom he continued to love with augmenting affection, and would have willingly ſuffered any perſonal inconveniency, and run any danger, to ſave her from the leaſt mortification or uneaſineſs. This ſtate of mind, perhaps, rendered him the more ſuſceptible of a fever at that time epidemic in the country, and made the diſeaſe more malignant after it had ſeized him. He died after a ſhort illneſs, leaving his widow in the deepeſt affliction, with little more left of her own moderate fortune than was barely ſufficient to maintain herſelf and child in a very œconomical manner. The relation with whom

whom ſhe had lived previous to her marriage had died a little before.

It was formerly mentioned, that Lord Torpid's younger brother the General went early into the army. His fortune was but ſmall, and had it been larger he would probably have diſſipated it, becauſe he had then no idea of œconomy, and lent money to all his companions who aſked him. When his patrimony was exhauſted, and when he found he could recover little or nothing of the money he had lent, he applied to his brother, who, to the young man's aſtoniſhment, refuſed him all pecuniary aſſiſtance. Lord Torpid, on his part, was as much ſurpriſed at his brother's requeſt, as the young Officer had been at his Lordſhip's refuſal; for this Nobleman thought nothing could be a greater mark of weakneſs than for a man, during his own life, to give any conſiderable ſum of money to another. "You read of ſuch things in books, particularly in romances," ſaid he; "but that does not make it the leſs abſurd; for in every man's own opinion he has too little money

money for himself. This being granted," said Lord Torpid, "and I never met with one candid man in my life who would deny it, he must be a fool who gives to others any of that of which he has too little himself." But although his Lordship was not such a fool as to part with his money to serve his brother, he wished him to reap as much benefit as possible from his family influence; in consequence of which, as well as of the personal merit of the brother, he was promoted with great rapidity, and obtained the rank of Colonel at an early period of his life. He had been on service abroad when his sister married Mr. Nevile; and when he returned to England, he greatly disapproved of his brother's behaviour and that of Lady Lofty to their unfortunate sister, strongly urging them to wait on the disconsolate widow, and to assist her and her son with their influence and purse. Lord Torpid might have been persuaded to the first had not the second been linked to it; her Ladyship could never have been persuaded to either. She told the Colonel, in answer to what he urged in

favour of her ſiſter, " that it was beneath any of their family to marry a Clergyman, even although he had been a Biſhop; becauſe," continued her Ladyſhip, " now, when religion is entirely out of faſhion, men of family are averſe to be of the profeſſion, and therefore there is a neceſſity to create mean men Biſhops, becauſe it is better to have any kind of Biſhops than no Biſhops at all. But let me tell you, brother," added ſhe, with an indignant voice, " for a daughter of Earl Torpid to ſtoop ſo low as to an undignified Clergyman is a thing never to be forgiven; and you may do as you pleaſe, but, as for my part, I am determined never to ſee her face either in this world or the next."

" Are you ſure, ſiſter," ſaid the Colonel, " that it will not be a greater misfortune for you never to ſee her in the next world, than it can poſſibly be to her not to ſee you in this?"

Having ſaid this he left her abruptly, and ſet out the following day on a journey to that part of the country in which Mrs. Nevile reſided. At the laſt ſtage he was informed, that ſhe lived at a ſmall neat houſe

houſe at no great diſtance from her former dwelling, which had been let to her at a very moderate rent by a gentleman of the name of Grafton, who reſided in the ſame neighbourhood; he was alſo told that ſhe was univerſally loved and reſpected, both on her own account, and from regard to her huſband's memory. When the Colonel inquired the way to her houſe, a cluſter of villagers, juſt returned from their labour in the field, all in one voice offered to conduct him.

"It is not," ſaid the landlord of the inn, "in the hope of being paid for their trouble that they are ſo ready to ſhew you Mrs. Nevile's dwelling, but becauſe they all wiſh to have an excuſe for waiting on her; for, conſidering how little money ſhe has to ſpend, it is wonderful to ſee how much ſhe is honoured."

"Why wonderful?" ſaid the Colonel.

"Becauſe," reſumed the landlord, "whatever may be the caſe in London, in this poor pariſh people are honoured juſt according to the money they ſpend."

The Colonel found Mrs. Nevile with her ſon. After ſpending three delightful days

with them, he propoſed that ſhe ſhould reſide for the future in London, as, without any inconvenience to himſelf, he could enabled her to do ſo, having lately received a conſiderable legacy from a relation; "which, by the way," added this generous ſoldier, "if the old Lady had judged right, ſhe would have bequeathed to you, my dear ſiſter, or to my young friend here. But as ſhe has left that duty to me, let it be divided between us while we live, and at our death it is fifty to one that he ſhall have it all."

Mrs. Nevile, after expreſſing a becoming ſenſe of gratitude, gave ſuch reaſons for her declining to quit the country for the capital, where ſhe knew the Colonel himſelf ſeldom reſided, as ſatisfied him of the propriety of her choice. He waited on Mr. Grafton, with whom he had been long acquainted, to thank him for the attentions which that gentleman and his family had ſhewn to Mrs. Nevile. And aſſuring her that he would viſit her as often as his affairs would permit, he took leave of his ſiſter and her ſon, leaving them on a more intimate foot-

ing with the Grafton family than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Grafton had two daughters; the eldeſt was the favourite of the mother, whom ſhe accompanied on all her viſits to the neighbouring families. Theſe viſits ſometimes laſted ſeveral days. On ſuch occaſions, Maria, the younger, was left to the care of Mrs. Nevile. This Lady ſoon diſcovered many amiable qualities in the child, who, as might have been expected, became more attached to that Lady than to her own mother.

Young Nevile alſo ſhewed an evident partiality for Maria Grafton. But what made a laſting impreſſion on the boy's mind was, the exceſſive affliction ſhe manifeſted at the death of his mother; an event which took place when he was about fourteen years of age, and Maria three years younger. He had been greatly ſhocked to ſee people, even thoſe who had expreſſed much eſteem for his mother, going about their buſineſs as uſual very ſoon after her death, which he conſidered as the greateſt of all calamities:—this was not the caſe with Maria. She ſeemed to have loſt a reliſh for all her

former purſuits, and by ſhewing a degree of ſorrow more in uniſon with his own, filled his mind with gratitude and eſteem. The Colonel was with his regiment in Ireland at the time of his ſiſter's death. When he returned to England, he took his nephew from the ſchool in which he had been boarded by his mother, and placed him in an Academy near London; and having afterwards obtained a commiſſion in the army for the youth, he ſent him to join his corps, recommending him to the particular attention of an old Officer, a friend of his own, who at that time commanded the regiment.

Mr. Grafton was extremely fond of the country, and had he followed his own inclination, he would have paſt three-fourths of the year on his eſtate; but his Lady had a decided taſte for a town life. She generally went to London with her eldeſt daughter a month or ſix weeks before her huſband, and he returned to the country about the ſame ſpace of time before his wife. During the two laſt years of his life his young daughter, Maria, remained in the country, and returned to it with him.

The different taſtes of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton reſpecting the town and country, diſturbed the huſband much more than the wife. She could enjoy the amuſements of the capital without once troubling herſelf how he paſſed his time in the country; but he was not poſſeſſed of the ſame degree of indifference reſpecting her; and endeavoured ſometimes to prevail on her to remain with him after the period fixed for her return to the capital. He ſeldom ſucceeded; for Mrs. Grafton declared, that ſhe never could breathe with freedom in the country, whereas the air of the town always agreed with her.

During the laſt illneſs of her huſband, however, ſhe was detained full two months longer than uſual with him in the country; but ſhe ſet out for London immediately after his death, becauſe, as ſhe ſaid herſelf, the preparations for his funeral would have given additional diſtreſs to a mind ſo overwhelmed with affliction as hers.

In the capital, Mrs. Grafton ſeemed as ſorrowful as the deepeſt weeds could make her; but although ſhe avoided public amuſements for ſome time, ſhe could not

help condemning a cuſtom which deprived people in her ſituation from what was ſo well adapted for alleviating their grief. When the mournful period was over, ſhe plunged into faſhionable diſſipation with a degree of keenneſs that proved deſtructive to her conſtitution, which had always been rather delicate. Her phyſicians adviſed her to go to Nice; and ſhe ſet out accordingly, accompanied by both her daughters.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?
Quum bene juravi, pes tamen ipſe redit. TIBULLUS.

FROM the time that young Nevile entered the army, he applied himſelf to the duties of his profeſſion, and to whatever could tend to accompliſh him as an Officer, with diligence and ſucceſs. By the intereſt of his uncle, he was, in a few years, promoted to the rank of Captain in a regiment at Gibraltar, which he directly joined. When the regiment was ordered home, Captain Nevile was prevailed on by a young Nobleman who had viſited that garriſon to accompany him to England through Spain and France. Soon after their arrival at Paris, the Captain received a letter from his uncle, adviſing him to remain two or three months at that capital; becauſe, ſince accident had thrown him there, he would be ſorry to ſee him return without being a little acquainted with the manners and diſpoſition of its inhabitants. He ſent him

at

at the same time a sufficient remittance to enable him to fulfil what was expected of him. The Colonel had no fondness for the married state, which he thought almost inconsistent with the duties of a military life. In his letters to his nephew, he warned him against a folly, "which," he said, "had blasted the glory of many a hopeful Officer." He placed the condition of a soldier, entangled with a wife and children, in a hundred ridiculous points of light; and assured his nephew, that if he fell into that snare before he had obtained a regiment, he must lay his account with losing his friendship for ever.

As Captain Nevile's predominant wish was to acquire knowledge in his profession, and as he had not the least desire to be married, he assured his uncle that he would not accept a regiment to-morrow, if a wife were to be clogged to it.

A very short time afterwards, however, he was informed, that Mrs. Grafton, with her two daughters, were at Paris in their way to Nice. The eldest Miss Grafton was much of her mother's disposition, fond

of

of diſſipation, continually flying from place to place, and preferring that which was moſt crowded. Her favourite *ſolitary* amuſement was dancing before a looking-glaſs.

Mrs. Grafton, at her firſt arrival in Paris, uſually ſpent the forenoon in driving to various public places in that city and its environs; in the evenings ſhe took her daughters to the Opera, or ſome other of the Theatres. A young Engliſh Gentleman generally accompanied them; he ſeemed to have a partiality for the eldeſt of the young Ladies, which ſhe returned with leſs equivocal marks of attention to him.

As Maria Grafton had been quite a child when Captain Nevile left her in the country, the attachment he had to her could not be called love, yet he had ever retained a very tender remembrance of her; and when he met her on the preſent occaſion, the improvement of her looks, and the riſing beauties of her perſon, were moſt likely to communicate to his breaſt all the warmth of that paſſion. Her complexion was pale, her eyes ſweetly penetrating; there was much mind in her countenance, which, on the

the whole, had a melancholy caſt, exciting a deſire in all who ſaw her to know the ſource of her melancholy, and a ſtrong wiſh to remove it.

As this young Lady had a great inclination to improve herſelf in the knowledge of the French language, ſhe ſometimes declined driving out with her mother and ſiſter, and ſtaid at home to read, or to converſe with the landlady of the hotel and her daughter, both agreeable women. This was the uſual way in which ſhe ſpent the forenoon previous to the arrival of Captain Nevile at Paris. He called one morning after Mrs. Grafton had driven out, and found Maria with the landlady and her daughter. He paſſed two hours with her, although they did not remain half the time. When Mrs. Grafton returned, Maria, with her uſual ingenuouſneſs, mentioned her having had a long viſit from Captain Nevile, who had promiſed to breakfaſt with them the following day. Mrs. Grafton received him with kindneſs, and after breakfaſt, when the carriage was announced, ſhe ſaid, that as ſhe had promiſed

miſed to call for a gentleman and lady to carry them to St. Cloud, ſhe could not take Maria and the Captain in her carriage. So ſaying, ſhe left them together, and went away with her eldeſt daughter; in the ſame manner ſhe left them in the evening, as often as the Engliſh Gentleman above-mentioned attended them to the play or opera; but when he was not to be of the party, ſhe invited Nevile to accompany her with both daughters. This, however, happened ſeldom, and few days paſſed in which he did not ſpend ſeveral hours with Maria. The pleaſure he took in her company and converſation augmented every day.

Nothing can more ſtrongly mark how much the love of diſſipation can deprive a woman of reflection and every ſenſe of duty, than the conduct of Mrs. Grafton, in leaving her daughter in this manner, on the moſt ſlippery of all declivities, down which ſo many young women inadvertently ſlide to irretrievable ruin.

With every opportunity of viſiting and being with Maria alone, while Nevile's expreſſions marked the moſt devoted attachment,

ment, and his looks all the ardour of love; his behaviour was under the reſtraint of delicacy, the laws of which were in his eyes the more ſacred, becauſe he was convinced that, with every virtuous ſentiment, love was intermingled in her breaſt, and becauſe he ſaw that her confidence in his honour was unbounded.

But while the thoughtleſsneſs and levity of Mrs. Grafton expoſed her daughter to the moſt imminent danger, Captain Nevile began to reflect on his own ſituation, and that of the woman whom he loved. He plainly perceived now, that he would have no reluctance againſt accepting a regiment burdened by Maria for his wife. But his ſole dependance being on his uncle, whoſe favor he was perſuaded would be loſt for ever by his marrying, he could not think of making ſo raſh a propoſal. How then could he anſwer for continuing this intimacy, and playing with the affections of a virtuous woman? He reſolved to withdraw from her, and to do it with delicacy, and by degrees. But he executed this reſolution with ſo very great delicacy, that

Maria

Maria herſelf had no ſuſpicion that he had ever formed it. Every day, however, as he was on his way to viſit her, he determined that he would not go ſo early the next, and that he would not go at all the day following; yet the next day, and the day following, and the day following *that*, he regularly found himſelf at the gate of the Hotel, a little after the carriage drove from it with Mrs. Grafton and her eldeſt daughter. So far from being able to diminiſh the number, or ſhorten the length of his viſits, he became more impatient every day till the hour of his viſit ſhould arrive, and was as unwilling to end each, as he had been impatient to begin it. At length, entirely forgetting the injunctions of his uncle, he made a propoſal of marriage.

Maria was not ignorant that Nevile's fortune depended on his uncle. She well knew the Colonel's prejudices againſt marriage. She remembered to have heard her father repeat ſome of his ſarcaſms againſt the ſtate in general, and the peculiar ridicule which attended young Officers of the army who were entangled in it. She put the

the Captain in mind of all this, and while ſhe avowed her regard for him, ſhe ſtated that her own fortune was at beſt but ſmall, and, from what ſhe had heard, not quite ſecure. She concluded by ſaying, that ſhe was convinced her mother would be as averſe to his propoſal as his uncle.

When the young Lady ſtated thoſe reaſons againſt their marrying, ſhe was ſenſible they could not be anſwered; yet ſhe was pleaſed to hear him attempt it. The imprudence of what they were about to do was too obvious for either not to perceive it; they proceeded notwithſtanding. In this inſtance, therefore, the head was not the *dupe*, but the *victim* of the heart. They were privately married by a young Engliſh Clergyman who happened at that time to be at Paris, who was bound by the ſtrongeſt engagements to keep it ſecret until he ſhould have liberty from one or other of the parties to divulge it.

Captain Nevile had obtained ſix months leave of abſence from his regiment; but long before it was expired, he received a letter from his uncle, in the preſence of Maria.

All his endeavours to conceal the contents from her were fruitleſs. By this letter he was informed, that the Colonel was appointed to a command abroad with the rank of Brigadier-General, and propoſed to take him as his Major of Brigade. He concludes in theſe words:—"I will frankly tell you, my dear Edward, that I once intended another for that office, who has more experience than yourſelf; but being juſt informed that he has been blockhead enough to marry, I have fixed on you; for, in my opinion, no experience can compenſate the folly of a ſoldier's adding a wife to his baggage. I know how happy this news will make you; for there is every reaſon to believe from the preſent appearance of public affairs, that we ſhall ſoon be in action, and that you will have early opportunities of diſtinguiſhing yourſelf as you have long wiſhed."

No man delighted more in the "neighing ſteed, the ſhrill trump, the ſpirit-ſtirring drum, and ear-piercing fife," than Captain Nevile; but his paſſion did not ſtop there. He was not one of thoſe who vapour in the trappings, knowing that they are not to be

expoſed to the dangers of war. With a breaſt panting for military renown, *laudumque immenſa cupido*, he would have had no pleaſure in praiſe, except he had been conſcious of having deſerved it.

Maria had from her childhood known that ſuch was his turn of mind. This was, perhaps, one ſource of her love; for ſhe herſelf was ſomewhat of an enthuſiaſt. When ſhe ſaw him ſilent and penſive after peruſing the letter, "Fear not any oppoſition from me, my deareſt Nevile," ſaid ſhe. "The part I have to act is painful, but it requires no heſitation. I knew what I was liable to be expoſed to when I gave you my hand, but I had given you my heart before; and I believe I ſhould not have been able to prevent myſelf from taking the neareſt intereſt in you, even although I had not been your wife. On the preſent occaſion I think as you do. Your honour is dearer than your life to me; and I am clearly convinced, that it is now more neceſſary than ever that our marriage ſhould be concealed from your uncle, and for that reaſon from all the reſt of the world."

Nevile

Nevile ſaid every thing that love could dictate in anſwer to this; encouraging her with the hope of reconciling the mind of his uncle to their marriage as ſoon as the war ſhould be ended, and putting her in mind that they muſt have been ſeparated during its continuance at all events. But a little afterwards, ſeeing tears falling from her eyes, he ſaid, "My deareſt love, if, on reflection, you wiſh that our marriage ſhould be immediately declared, I will inform my uncle, and it is not impoſſible but he may be perſuaded to——"

"My friend," ſaid ſhe, interrupting him; "my regretting the neceſſity of concealing our marriage does not imply that I wiſh it revealed, neither is my ſorrow at the thoughts of your leaving me a preſumption that I wiſh you to ſtay. I would pluck this fond flutterer from my breaſt," added ſhe, laying her hand on her heart, "rather than endeavour to influence you to any meaſure contrary to duty and honour."

A ſhort time after this, having arranged a plan of correſponding by letters, they ſeparated. Thoſe who with equal love and

ſenſibility have been in a ſimilar ſituation will have a juſt idea of the agony of this ſeparation.

The Colonel and his nephew embarked a very ſhort time after the latter arrived at London. It happened fortunately for Maria, that at this time Mrs. Muſgrave, a widow lady and elder ſiſter of Mrs. Grafton, came to Paris. She had left England on hearing that her ſiſter was worſe, with the deſign of accompanying her to Nice. This was by no means agreeable either to Mrs. Grafton or her eldeſt daughter. They were meditating by what means they might make her change her reſolution, when Maria being ſeiſed with occaſional fits of ſickneſs, attended ſometimes with fainting, the phyſician declared that the journey to Nice would be improper for her. On which Mrs. Muſgrave propoſed, that her ſiſter, with her eldeſt daughter, ſhould proceed directly to Nice, and that ſhe herſelf would remain at Paris with Maria until ſhe was fully recovered, and then either go to Nice or return to England, as it might be judged proper. This was preciſely what Mrs.

Grafton and her eldeſt daughter wiſhed, and they ſet out on their journey accordingly.

To ſave her huſband from additional uneaſineſs, Maria had concealed from him that ſhe had reaſon to believe herſelf with child; but on her complaints continuing, and ſome alteration in her ſhape being diſcernible, Mrs. Muſgrave was alarmed. She queſtioned her niece, who being incapable of prevarication, her real ſituation was diſcovered. During this humiliating ſcene, Maria never dropped an expreſſion that could give reaſon to believe that ſhe was married. The heart of Mrs. Muſgrave, therefore, was wrung with anguiſh at the ruinous condition to which ſhe thought a relation, whom ſhe had hitherto held in the higheſt eſteem, and for whom ſhe ſtill had the moſt tender affection, was reduced. She allowed no upbraiding expreſſion, however, to fall from her lips, but ſaid every thing that ſhe thought could tend to ſoothe her niece's mind, and alleviate her affliction. "I am too well acquainted with your virtuous inclinations, my dear Maria," ſaid ſhe, "to have any doubt but that the

moſt perfidious art has been employed againſt you; I am convinced you muſt have been ſeduced by the ſnares of ſome perjured villain."

"Ah, no, no, cried the ingenuous girl; there was no ſeducer but my own heart. I am connected with no villain, but with the moſt honourable of mankind."

"Heaven be praiſed! you are then married!" exclaimed the aunt.

"I do not ſay ſo," replied Maria; "I will ſay nothing unleſs you promiſe, unleſs you ſwear to me in the moſt ſolemn manner, to conceal what I am to declare from my mother, and never to divulge it to any of the human race without my conſent."

Mrs. Muſgrave having given her all the aſſurances ſhe exacted, Maria informed her of the whole, and thereby infinitely relieved the diſtreſſed ſpirit of her aunt, who had the beſt opinion of Nevile, knew how he was circumſtanced with reſpect to his uncle, of whoſe being reconciled at ſome future period to the marriage ſhe had little doubt. She turned her whole attention, in the mean time, to the arrange-

ments

ments neceſſary for concealing the ſtate in which her niece was, and adopted in all reſpects that conduct and behaviour ſhe thought moſt likely to ſupport her ſpirits. She hired a houſe in the neighbourhood of Paris, without giving up her lodgings in town, ſhe went to the one or the other, as was moſt conducive to the end ſhe had in view. When Maria was removed to the houſe of an *accoucheur*, it was believed at her lodgings that ſhe was in the country, and in the country it was thought ſhe was in town. She was delivered of a boy; a wet nurſe had been previouſly provided, who carried the child to her own houſe. When it could be done with ſafety, Maria was tranſported to the country, and did not appear in town till ſhe was fully recovered; the *accoucheur* and nurſe not knowing the name, connections, or even the country of the Lady; indeed they imagined her a native of Germany, becauſe the perſon who was Mrs. Muſgrave's principal agent in the whole tranſactions was a German. The houſe of the nurſe was in a healthy ſituation in the

ſkirts of the city. Mrs. Muſgrave and Maria went there frequently; at their firſt viſit they were introduced by the German as friends of the child's mother, who would call occaſionally to ſee him. He was chriſtened by the name of Edward, by the ſame Clergyman who had married his parents. This ceremony was performed at the houſe of the German, who was a Proteſtant, none being preſent but the mother, the aunt, and him. The nurſe returned with the child, without knowing what had happened.

Notwithſtanding all the precautions that were uſed to conceal from the nurſe that the young Lady who viſited her was the mother of the child ſhe ſuckled, yet the frequency of Maria's viſits, the looks of melting fondneſs ſhe threw on the infant, the rapturous manner in which ſhe careſſed him, the tears that ſometimes fell from her eyes on leaving him, muſt have given her the ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions. This reflection gave uneaſineſs to Mrs. Muſgrave, and ſhe earneſtly adviſed her niece to go to the child ſeldomer, and to conduct herſelf with

greater

greater circumſpection when ſhe went; Maria was not able to obſerve her aunt's injunctions in either of theſe points; ſhe perſiſted in viſiting the child, and the real character of a mother was always burſting through the aſſumed perſonage of a mother's friend. Mrs. Muſgrave propoſed ſending the child to England; Maria would not agree to this, until they received a letter from Mrs. Grafton, informing them that inſtead of proceeding, ſhe was about to return, and deſiring them not to leave Paris till ſhe ſhould arrive there. Maria becoming apprehenſive, that what ſhe was ſo anxious to conceal would be diſcovered, agreed to Mrs. Muſgrave's propoſal. That Lady had already written, concerning the child, to a confidential perſon who lived in a remote part of England, and had received a ſatisfactory anſwer, that every thing would be arranged as directed for the child's reception. The next important meaſure was to find a proper perſon to conduct the nurſe and child to England. The German, who had hitherto been Mrs. Muſgrave's confidential agent, could not leave Paris at that particular

particular time; he heard however of a perſon who acted as butler to an Engliſh family lately arrived. This family was going to the South of France, where they intended to reſide two years on a plan of œconomy. The maſter had reaſon to ſuſpect his butler of fraudulent practices, which although he had not a complete proof of, inclined him to get rid of the man. This fellow, whoſe name was Grimſtone, had been engaged for a year, but being aware of his maſter's ſuſpicions, conſcious that they were well founded, and at the ſame time hearing that the German had been inquiring after a perſon to execute a commiſſion in England, he informed his maſter, that if he would give him a very good character to the German, he was ready to leave his ſervice on his paying his wages till that day.

The maſter did not heſitate to ſubſcribe a declaration prepared by Grimſtone himſelf, that he was a *diligent and honeſt ſervant worthy of all truſt*. Had this declaration only aſſerted that Grimſtone was juſt as honeſt a man as his maſter, the latter might have ſigned it with a ſafe conſcience.

The

The German having ſhown Mrs. Muſgrave this paper, Grimſtone was engaged and ordered to prepare for the journey.

Maria had employed a Jeweller to engrave in cypher the initial letters of her huſband's name and her own on a ſmall plate of gold, and afterwards to cut it in ſuch a manner, that one half of each letter remained on each diviſion of the plate; the two diviſions, with ſome of her own hair interwoven with the child's, were encloſed in two golden caſes of the ſhape of hearts, one of which ſhe kept, the other ſhe ſuſpended to the neck of the child, deſiring the nurſe to be particularly careful of it. Maria's chief amuſement for ſome time had been making and preparing clothes for the child; what part ſhe thought would be needed on the journey, ſhe delivered to the nurſe, to be put into her own trunk, the remainder ſhe put with twenty guineas and ſome other things into a box of a particular conſtruction, ſtrengthened with hoops of braſs, and grammatizing the ſurname Nevile, ſhe ordered the words *Edward Evilen* to be engraved on the lid, as the name

name of the proprietor. The key of this box, being enclosed within a letter and sealed, was directed to the person to whose care the infant was to be consigned, and delivered to the nurse along with the box, which was not to be opened until they were at the end of their journey. The German repeatedly recommended to the nurse in Grimstone's hearing to be particularly careful that this box should not be stolen, insisting a little too much on its value.

On the day of their setting out, Maria having wept over her child, and embraced him a thousand times, put five louis into the nurse's hand, telling her that the mother of the child sent them, with a promise to give her much more after her return; but when she began to caress the infant anew, Mrs. Musgrave, fearing that the nurse might suspect what in reality she was already convinced of, forced her away, sobbing as if her heart had been ready to break.

CHAP. LXXXIX.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

SHAKESPEARE.

A VERY ſhort time after the departure of the child, Mrs. and Miſs Grafton arrived at Paris; the former was evidently in a worſe ſtate of health than when ſhe left it, her ſtrength had rapidly declined; ſhe was quite unable to attend public amuſements, and ſtaid moſtly at home; but her eldeſt daughter's ſtrength was unimpaired, and her taſte for all kinds of diſſipation being as violent, ſhe indulged it as much as ever: ſhe ſaid her own health required exerciſe juſt as much as her mother's needed confinement. While Mrs. Grafton had enjoyed good health, and carried her eldeſt daughter to every ſcene of public or private amuſement, ſhe found her a moſt complying child and agreeable companion; but when weakneſs

weakneſs and diſtemper obliged her to keep her bed-chamber, and when ſhe had no reſource but this daughter's company, the unhappy mother diſcovered that the young Lady was quite the reverſe. This diſcovery ſhocked her greatly, and ſhe would have written to Mrs. Muſgrave to join her at Geneva, had ſhe not taken a notion, that her diſeaſe had become worſe by the ill treatment of foreign Phyſicians, which determined her to return at all riſks to Paris, in the view of having her ſiſter's and Maria's company to England, the only country, as ſhe firmly believed, in which the art of Medicine was at all underſtood.

Maria was exceedingly moved at the emaciated and ſickly appearance of her mother, to whom ſhe behaved with an affectionate ſolicitude and attention, that the unhappy woman had of late been little accuſtomed to.

This contraſt in the behaviour of her two daughters, joined to the remorſe ſhe now felt for her own conduct to a very indulgent huſband, ſtung her conſcience ſeverely; at one time ſhe was ſo overpowered

ered with thoſe painful reflections, that in the preſence of Mrs. Muſgrave, juſt as her eldeſt daughter, dreſſed for the Opera, was entering the room, ſhe threw her arms around the neck of Maria, and exclaimed, "Oh, my child, my *only* child, how ungrateful have I been, how blind! to prefer the moſt unfeeling of women to thee?"

This produced a new glow of affection in the breaſt of Maria, and freſh effuſions of tenderneſs from the eyes of both.

Miſs Grafton, who had diſtinctly heard her mother's exclamation, ſtood for ſome moments ſpeechleſs, and being quite at a loſs how to behave, ſhe ſlunk out of the room, leaving her mother and ſiſter, neither of whom had perceived her, locked in each other's arms. The elder ſiſter returned a good deal confounded to her own room, her heart vibrated between remorſe and ſelf love; ſhe tried to find caprice and injuſtice in her mother's conduct, to palliate the ingratitude of her own. She heſitated whether ſhe ſhould go to the Opera; but a ſervant announcing, that the perſon who was to carry her waited in a carriage at the gate,

this decided the conteſt; ſhe went to the Opera.

In the mean time, Grimſtone proceeded by ſhort journies, as he had been inſtructed, to Calais; there he found a ſhip ready to ſail, in which he embarked with the nurſe and the child; they all arrived ſafely a few hours after at Dover. This fellow, as artful as wicked, although he was an entire ſtranger to the nurſe when they began the journey, became too intimate with her before the end of it. London lay in the road from Dover to the abode of the perſon under whoſe care the child was to be put. As the nurſe had been ſtrongly enjoined to proceed with all convenient ſpeed to the end of the journey, Grimſtone found ſome difficulty in prevailing on her to paſs a few days in the capital. He had often told her, that the amuſements and public buildings, and wild beaſts of London, were far more elegant, and magnificent, and finer than thoſe of Paris; to prove which, he wiſhed to carry her to Sadlers Wells, to the Monument, and to the Tower; but it was neceſſary to find a proper perſon to take care of the child.

child. He was informed of a woman, whose child, a few months old, had died that morning of a fit, and who wished to be engaged as a wet nurse. Grimstone went to her directly; she was a healthy looking woman. When he told her the object of his visit, she fell a crying; he said something to comfort her for the loss of her child; she told him that it was not so much the death of the child that distressed her, as her not having money sufficient to defray the expence of his burial, for although she did not scruple to receive charity herself, yet she could not bear the thought that her child, who was now a saint in heaven, should be buried at the expence of the parish. Grimstone assured her that he would spare her that mortification, and immediately settled the affair of the burial with an undertaker. This quite consoled her; and the French nurse devolved the care of her infant on this woman, when she herself happened to be on parties of pleasure with Grimstone. The imprudent hints that had fallen from the German, respecting the value of the box, had made a deep impression on Grim-

ſtone, which was augmented by his having heard the nurſe ſay, that beſides the neceſſaries for the child, ſhe had ſeen the Lady put a purſe of louis into the box, immediately before ſhe delivered her the key ſealed up. He determined to be maſter of the box, and for this purpoſe, perſuaded the nurſe to remain for ſome days at London. As this box had been conſigned to her particular care, it was placed in a preſs of which ſhe had the key. One day the box was miſſing; when, after much ſearch it could not be found, Grimſtone affected great uneaſineſs for the loſs, and ſome anger at the nurſe for her careleſſneſs, which he ſaid would bring them to great trouble if they remained in England; he therefore propoſed, as the only meaſure they could adopt with ſafety, that they ſhould both return to Paris, and declare that they had been robbed of the box, which was true, and as an excuſe for not carrying the child to its place of deſtination, pretend that he had died of one of thoſe convulſion fits which infants are liable to.

" But

"But what then is to become of the child?" ſaid the nurſe.

"He muſt be left with the woman," replied Grimſtone; "who will put him into the Foundling Hoſpital."

The nurſe, although in many reſpects, a worthleſs creature, was hurt at the idea of abandoning an infant, for which, from habit or perhaps from having ſuckled it, ſhe had ſome affection. She therefore inſiſted on their proceeding to the perſon to whom they had been inſtructed to deliver the child, and to whom, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would acknowledge that ſhe had loſt the box. Grimſtone then ſwore, that he had loſt the letter, and would have infinite difficulty in finding that perſon out, and, on ſeeing her ſtill heſitate, "As to your pretending, that you have loſt a box with which you were entruſted and warned of its value, that will not paſs for any excuſe; you will infallibly be conſidered as the thief; and by the laws of this country, a theft of much leſs conſequence is puniſhed with death. If you were an Engliſh woman indeed, or even a German, you might get off with the pillory,

of a whipping, but as you are a French woman, you may depend on being hanged."

The woman ſeeming aſtoniſhed at this, he aſſured her with many oaths, that this, with a few other marks of diſtinction of the ſame nature, were the only privilege granted by the courteſy of England to the natives of France of either ſex.

Grimſtone would have made his own eſcape, without troubling himſelf about the nurſe, had he not ſtill looked for the reward that had been promiſed him at his return to Paris; but which he ſuſpected the German would ſcruple to give, unleſs ſhe was with him, to confirm the tale he had invented. And beſides he had a certain attachment to the woman, which made him unwilling to abandon her ſo ſoon. Partly by threats and partly by entreaties, he at length prevailed on the nurſe to agree to whatever he propoſed.

A weak woman always becomes the paſſive tool of the man on whom ſhe places her affections; he is able to perſuade her into meaſures entirely oppoſite to the natural bent of her diſpoſition; for although there

there are more inſtances of men of ſenſe, who act fooliſhly or ridiculouſly through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the inſtances of women being led into acts of great wickedneſs or atrocity through the influence of men, are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature, by the inſtigation of women.

Grimſtone wrote to the German an account of the ſudden death of the child, dwelling on his own grief and that of the nurſe; but poſtponing other circumſtances until his arrival at Paris, which, he added, might be expected ſoon, as they had hardly money ſufficient to defray the expence of their journey, which was to commence the day after that on which his letter was dated. Having ſecretly taken their places in the Dover coach, the French woman tied the little golden locket around the child's neck, telling the woman with whom ſhe left him, that ſhe would be abſent the whole of that day and the following, but would return on the

forenoon of the third: ſhe then gave her ſome money and departed.

Grimſtone, as the reader no doubt would conjecture, was the perſon who removed the box; on examination he found nothing in it for his uſe, except the twenty louis above mentioned; its other contents conſiſted of clothes for the child, which he had not time to convert into money. When the nurſe therefore had come to the inn from which the Dover coach ſets out, ſtepping to the place where the box was ſecured, he ſent it with the key by a porter to the poor woman. As Grimſtone retained all that he could ſafely make uſe of, and ſent back only what was of no ſervice to himſelf, ſome may think the circumſtance not worth mentioning, but as it was the moſt diſintereſted action of the man's whole life, it would have been unfair to have omitted it.

Finding that Grimſtone and the nurſe did not return at the time appointed, the poor woman's money being nearly exhauſted, ſhe applied to the overſeers of the pariſh, who, when the circumſtances of her ſtory were confirmed by the landlord and others,

relieved

relieved her of the child. The woman on delivering him to the Matron of the houſe in which he was placed, gave her the box with his clothes, and a ſmall ſilken cape, on which was embroidered the ſame name that was inſcribed on the box. She gave to the Matron alſo the golden locket, which ſhe had been inſtructed to tie about the child's neck every day after he was waſhed.

The truſtees or overſeers of the houſe ordered the child to be regiſtered by the name of Edward Evilen, and directed the Matron to be careful of the box and locket, as by them the child might be identified, in caſe his parents or relations ſhould make any inquiry about him. From thoſe circumſtances, the Matron was impreſſed with the notion that the child belonged to people of fortune; and, in hopes of a future reward, ſhe beſtowed more care on him, than the ſhare of humanity ſhe poſſeſſed would otherwiſe have prompted her to. But year after year having paſſed without any inquiry being made, ſhe began to think, that the future reward ſhe expected was likely to

be poſtponed to a future ſtate, which being a later period than ſhe had calculated on put her into bad humour, and prompted her to treat the boy with harſhneſs. His ſpirit revolted againſt oppreſſion, and diſdained that fawning behaviour which alone can conciliate the favour of the low minded, when they happen to be in power, whether in a Palace or an Hoſpital. The increaſed harſhneſs of her treatment, though it could not break the ſpirit, it injured the conſtitution of the boy; he ſeemed in a declining condition, and was ſent to the country for the benefit of a better air, under the care of that old woman with whom Mrs. Barnet found him in a ſtage coach on the high road. For the reader has no doubt long ſince conjectured, that this ſon of Captain Nevile was the very Edward whoſe ſtory we have been narrating.

When Grimſtone and the nurſe arrived at Dover, they were detained ſeveral days on account of the violence of the weather, which prevented the packets from going to ſea. During this interval, he took pains to inſtruct her reſpecting her behaviour when

when they ſhould ſee the German, and ſuggeſted the anſwers ſhe ſhould make to the queſtions he might be ſuppoſed to put. This pains however proved ſuperfluous; for as Grimſtone was walking one day in the ſtreet, he happened to ſee a perſon whom he had formerly ſwindled out of a conſiderable ſum, and now ſuppoſed to have come to Dover for the purpoſe of arreſting him; he returned to his quarters, unſeen by the man he dreaded, and hearing of a veſſel that was directly to put to ſea, for the weather, though ſtill boiſterous, was ſomewhat calmer than it had been, he agreed for their paſſage, and went aboard. But ſoon after the veſſel had got out of the harbour, the winds aroſe to their former fury, and after ſtruggling many hours, the veſſel was wrecked, the crew were ſaved, ſome by ſwimming, and ſome by a fiſher-boat, which came to their aſſiſtance. Grimſtone attempted to get into the boat, leaving the nurſe behind, ſhe laid hold of him, as he made a laſt effort, he endeavoured with all his might to ſhake her off, and in the ſtruggle, they were both drowned.

CHAP. XC.

———I pray thee ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water into a ſieve.
———Men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which themſelves do not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm achs with air, and agony with words.

SHAKESPEARE.

BEFORE the letter which Grimſtone had written came to the hands of the German, Mrs. Grafton received a new ſhock from the conduct of her eldeſt daughter, who ran off with a young Engliſhman without fortune, and equally deſtitute of underſtanding; the ſame who had ſo aſſiduouſly attended her when ſhe firſt arrived at Paris. Had Mrs. Grafton been in good health, the idea of the impending miſery of one who had behaved with ſo much ingratitude would not have given her great or laſting uneaſineſs. But her heart was now

ſoftened

ſoftened by misfortune, her vanity was at an end; but the feelings of a mother remained, and the thoughts of that unhappineſs which awaited her ungrateful child brooded over her mind, and increaſed her diſeaſe. Maria, who hardly ever left her mother's chamber, palliated the errors of her ſiſter, and endeavoured to ſoothe the ſorrows of her mother by every means ſhe could deviſe. Mrs. Muſgrave was continually endeavouring to aſſuage the afflictions of both.

The German called one morning and read her Grimſton's letter, announcing the death of the infant. Notwithſtanding that her mind was then much engroſſed with the approaching fate of her ſiſter, ſhe felt this acutely on account of the ſhock it would give to Maria. She deſired the German to keep out of her ſight, being determined to conceal the news for ſome time at leaſt from her. While ſhe was ſpeaking to him, ſhe received a meſſage to go to her ſiſter who was worſe. When ſhe entered the bed-chamber, ſhe perceived the head of Mrs. Grafton reclined on the breaſt

of

of Maria, who was ſitting on the bed behind her mother. She had been ſupporting her in this manner for ſome time, when the ſick Lady becoming ſuddenly pale and fainting, her head fell back on her daughter's breaſt, and occaſioned the alarm which made Mrs. Muſgrave be called for. Mrs. Grafton in a ſhort time revived.

All the fatigue which Maria Grafton underwent in attendance on her mother did not preclude a thouſand anxious thoughts concerning her infant. Mrs. Muſgrave cautiouſly avoided ſpeaking to her on that ſubject. On Maria's aſking one day, whether the German had heard lately from Grimſtone, Mrs. Muſgrave ſaid ſhe ſuppoſed he had, but that her mind had of late been ſo entirely occupied with her poor dying ſiſter, that ſhe had hardly been able to beſtow a thought on any other ſubject; ſo ſaying, ſhe burſt into tears. Maria felt ſomething like a reproach in theſe words, for being more occupied with her child who was in no danger, than with her mother who was in the utmoſt; and ſhe imputed her aunt's

tears

tears to a quick recollection of her ſiſter's danger; whereas they really flowed from reflecting on the death of the infant, and the ſorrow which awaited Maria on that account. Mrs. Grafton continued in a languiſhing ſtate; her chief conſolation was the preſence of Maria, who never left her except when ſhe was aſleep. One day ſhe fell into a ſlumber, in which, as ſhe continued longer than uſual, Maria leaving her to the care of the maid, ſtepped into her aunt's bed-chamber, and being almoſt exhauſted with watching, and dejected with grief, ſhe ſaid, "Oh, aunt! What a wretched world is this! How many and how permanent are the ſources of ſorrow; how few and tranſient thoſe of happineſs! In my opinion, thoſe who depart from life are more to be envied than thoſe they leave behind. Many who enter life amidſt the ſmiles of fortune, and paſs through it with every means of enjoyment, confeſs that they have more ſolicitude than happineſs. What, then, has my child to expect, whoſe hardſhips begin at his birth, and who muſt be ſo much expoſed to the neglect and

inſults of an unjuſt and unfeeling world?"

Mrs. Muſgrave before this had been informed by the German, that an Engliſh veſſel had been ſhipwrecked on the coaſt, and all the crew ſaved, except one man and woman, whoſe deſcription indicated Grimſtone and the French nurſe; having no hopes therefore of learning more particulars reſpecting the child's death, Mrs. Muſgrave had been ſtriving to muſter up ſtrength of mind ſufficient to acquaint her niece with that fatal event; for it occurred to her, that Maria would ſupport it better at a period, when her views of life were gloomy than at any other time. Yet as often as ſhe had hitherto attempted to execute what her reaſon dictated, a ſudden pang pierced her heart, and made her ſhrink from her purpoſe; but being encouraged by hearing her niece expreſs herſelf in this manner, Mrs. Muſgrave ſaid, "Since you are of that juſt way of thinking, my dear Maria, I will venture to inform you, that *the hardſhip's of your child's life are over.*"

Maria, who while she thus borrowed the language of philosophy, and allowed her fancy to soar a little beyond its natural sphere, had a full conviction that her child was in perfect health, no sooner heard this sentence, than her whole thoughts were recalled from the clouds to the earth, and her heart throbbed with all the feelings of a mother; she stood motionless, her eyes fixed on her aunt, as if they implored an explanation of what her tongue was afraid to repeat; "Yes, my dear niece, resumed Mrs. Musgrave, the sufferings of your child are ended, and his felicity is begun, his pure and innocent spirit enjoys the happiness of Heaven."

Starting from the rigid posture she had before retained, and seizing the arm of her aunt with both hands, her eyes still fixed on Mrs. Musgrave's countenance, she pronounced with a trembling voice, "What! dead?"

Mrs. Musgrave at that moment bursting into tears, Maria uttered a wild and piercing skream, and fell senseless on the floor. In this state she was put on the bed, and when her aunt perceived that her recollection

tion was returning, she dismissed the maids who had placed her there. After looking wildly around, Maria's first exclamation, as Mrs. Musgrave had foreseen, regarded her child; every soothing consideration was suggested by the humanity and prudence of that good woman; they were frequently interrupted by messages from Mrs. Grafton, who on awaking, called impatiently for her daughter; on hearing these messages, Maria beseeched her aunt to go to her mother, and leave one whose anguish could not be alleviated, either by the sympathy she felt or bestowed.

Filial affection and sentiments of duty however prompted her, after a short interval, to resume her attendance on her dying mother, whose sufferings increasing, commanded Maria's compassion more and more, and by preventing her mind from brooding entirely on *one* object, saved it perhaps from lasting derangement.

At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Grafton expired in the arms of her daughter. After which Mrs. Musgrave returned to England with her niece, who retained her maiden

maiden name, though she kept up a constant correspondence with her husband. His letters were so replete with affection, and, after he was informed of the child's death, so full of every suggestion which could convey comfort, that they proved the best balm to her wounded heart.

On their return to England, Mrs. Musgrave chose to go directly to Bath, where they resided in a private manner, until hearing of a convenient house in the delightful vale of Towy in South Wales, she proposed to her niece to take a journey thither. Mrs. Musgrave was pleased with the situation, and Mrs. Nevile delighted with the idea of enjoying that complete retirement, in which she wished to live until the return of her husband. She had enjoyed it almost without interruption for two years, when a Lady of the name of Huntly, with her daughter of nine or ten years of age, took a neat cottage in the neighbourhood. An intimate friend of Mrs. Musgrave, in one of her letters, mentioned this Lady in such advantageous terms

as induced the aunt and niece to pay her a viſit. What particularly inclined the latter to this ſtep was, the circumſtance of the Lady's huſband being an officer at that time on foreign ſervice, and as the place was mentioned in the letter, Mrs. Nevile knew that he muſt be in the ſame army with her own huſband. In conſequence of this viſit, Mrs. Huntly and Mrs. Nevile were mutually inſpired with a fondneſs for each other, which was the commencement of a friendſhip that laſted for life.

Mrs. Huntly was the wife of a Scottiſh Officer, and of the ſame country with her huſband, both were of families more diſtinguiſhed for antiquity than opulence,—a circumſtance not very unuſual in their country. Her relations thought that her beauty and accompliſhments entitled her to a huſband poſſeſſed of riches as well as rank, and his being of opinion that although he ſtood in need of wealth, the family to which he belonged required no additional luſtre from that of his wife, the adherents of both houſes were highly diſſatisfied, when

when they understood that the young couple had married without considering any circumstance but their mutual love. He was at that time a Captain in the army, and her portion was but moderate; strict œconomy they considered as the price they paid for the pleasure of living together, and they both thought they had a cheap bargain. Their income being known and avowed, they contrived to live gaily and happily within it, esteemed by all their acquaintance, and highly respected by the officers of the regiment to which Captain Huntly belonged. When that regiment was ordered abroad, she accompanied her husband to that part of the English Coast at which the troops embarked, and then seperated from him for the first time since their marriage. On her coming to London, Lady Northerland, an amiable and accomplished woman, invited her in the kindest manner to live with her till Captain Huntly's return. Although Mrs. Huntly had much regard for this Lady, who was the only one of her own relations who had kept up a friendly intercourse with her,

ſince her marriage; yet the melancholy of Mrs. Huntly's mind ill accorded with that gaiety which her friend had the rare art of uniting with the magnificence in which ſhe lived. This conſideration determined Mrs. Huntly to refuſe an invitation, which at another time would have been highly agreeable; but inſtead of returning to her native country, ſhe ſet out for Carmaerthenſhire, according to a plan which ſhe had formed with the approbation of her huſband. After ſhe and her daughter were ſettled at the cottage where Mrs. Nevile firſt met them, Lady Northerland often renewed her invitation, and urged it with ſo much kindneſs and warmth, as nothing but the charm of Mrs. Nevile's ſociety and friendſhip, joined to that of ſympathy from ſimilarity of ſituation, could have enabled Mrs. Huntly to reſiſt. They would have ſelected each other as friends, had they become acquainted in the capital, amidſt the buſtle of numerous aſſemblies; no wonder, therefore, that two women, nearly of the ſame age, in the ſame circumſtances, both of benevolent and enlightened minds, though

though ſomewhat of different tempers, ſhould form a friendſhip in this ſequeſtered ſpot.

Mrs. Nevile informed her huſband, who had now obtained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, of the pleaſure ſhe enjoyed in the ſociety of Mrs. Huntly, the wife of an officer ſerving with him, and with whom he was unqueſtionably acquainted?

In anſwer to which Colonel Nevile acquainted her, that the gentleman ſhe had mentioned had the rank of Major, was his intimate friend, that both had been highly gratified with the knowledge of the friendſhip ſubſiſting between their wives, that Major Huntly and he were on ſuch a confidential footing, that he had acquainted him with his marriage: at the ſame time he informed her, that he had written a circumſtantial narrative on the ſame ſubject, which he intended ſoon to lay before his uncle, being fully convinced that he now enjoyed ſo much of his good graces, that he ran no riſk of loſing them by the diſcovery.

Mrs. Nevile, who had been known to her friend hitherto by the name of Miſs Maria Grafton, now gladly acquainted her with all her ſtory. A knowledge of the friendſhip ſubſiſting between their huſbands was a new bond of union between thoſe virtuous women, in whoſe fond imaginations many ſtructures of happineſs were reared, and many plans of enjoyment ſketched in expectation of their being verified at their huſbands' return. The hopes of Mrs. Huntly were the leaſt intermingled with fears, her temper being naturally more gay, and her ſpirits higher than thoſe of her friend. To the former, not only were the hopes of the future more chearing, but the recollection of the paſt was likewiſe more pleaſing. She had ſpent her childhood and the early part of her youth in continued good humour and gaiety; the only man who ever inſpired her with love was equally fond of her; the firſt ſorrow of a permanent nature that had ever ſenſibly touched the gay heart of Mrs. Huntly, was her ſeparation from her huſband, and even then her ſpirits were ſupported by the company

company of her daughter, whoſe perſon and diſpoſition promiſed whatever could flatter the hopes of a mother.

The youthful years of Mrs. Nevile, had been ſpent differently; ſhe had undergone many mortifications in the lifetime of her mother, and much affliction during her illneſs and at her death; memory could ſupply her with few happy recollections; the moſt delightful was that of her union with Colonel Nevile; but that was intimately linked with the death of her child, an event too recent to admit of undiſturbed enjoyment from the happieſt ſources that memory could ſupply, as is finely expreſſed by the Poet.

For not till time has calm'd the ruffled breaſt,
Are thoſe fond dreams of happineſs confeſt,
Not till the ruſhing winds forget to rave,
Is heaven's ſweet ſmile reflected on the wave*.

The afflicted mind of Mrs. Nevile began to acquire ſome degree of tranquillity, when it was again diſturbed by the death of Mrs. Muſgrave. All that this worthy woman had

* The Pleaſures of Memory, a poem.

to leave, she bequeathed to her niece; although this was no great sum, it put Mrs. Nevile in easy circumstances. Some time after this event, she begged of Mrs. Huntly to quit the cottage, and with her daughter to reside entirely at her house, at least until both their husbands should return. This proposal was made with such cordiality, and urged with such earnestness as might have satisfied delicacy and overpowered refusal. Mrs. Huntly could not long withstand the solicitations of her friend; they lived as one family, and the young Caroline seemed as much the child of Mrs. Nevile as of Mrs. Huntly.

CHAP. XCI.

Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu. TIBULLUS.

THE active character of Mrs. Huntly and long habit rendered early riſing and exerciſe highly agreeable to her; ſhe found this practice conducive to her health, and had been at pains to give her daughter Caroline the ſame taſte; they generally returned from a morning walk of two or three miles about the time that Mrs. Nevile was dreſſed for breakfaſt.

During one of thoſe walks which Mrs. Huntly had prolonged more than uſual, ſhe obſerved a woman with a child ſitting under a tree by the ſide of the road; as Mrs. Huntly advanced, ſhe heard the woman's voice; ſhe was ſinging, and ſeemed to addreſs the burden of the ſong in a pathetic manner to the child which lay on her knee. "O dear mamma, it is a Scotch tune," exclaimed Caroline, and ſprung from her mother's

mother's ſide towards the woman, from whoſe eyes the tears dropt, as gazing affectionately on her child, ſhe quavered the words, " *we'll may be return to Lochaber no more.*"

The poor woman was ſo much abſorbed in tender feeling and reflections, that ſhe did not obſerve the approach of Caroline, until ſhe addreſſed her in theſe words, " Poor woman, are not you a Scotch woman?"

" Yes, my bonny bairn, that is what I am," replied the woman.

" And is this a Scotch child," reſumed Caroline?

" That is more than he can quite pretend to," ſaid the woman, for I bore him in Ireland.

" I wonder you did not rather bear him in Scotland!" replied Caroline.

The account which the woman gave of herſelf to Mrs. Huntly was, " that ſhe had followed her huſband to Ireland, after he had enliſted as a ſoldier; that when the regiment to which he belonged was embarked for foreign ſervice, they were obliged to ſeparate; that one of the officers had paid

for her paſſage in a ſhip from Cork to Briſtol, where ſhe had a friend who could procure her the means of returning to Scotland; that the veſſel had been obliged by ſtreſs of weather to put into Milford Haven, from whence, being terrified with the dangers of the ſea, ſhe had gone to Carmaerthen, and was on her way to Landilo, where ſhe expected to find an opportunity of going by the waggon to Brecknock, intending to remain with a relation ſhe had in that town, until ſhe could find means of being tranſported to Briſtol and from thence to Scotland; that having ſet out very early that morning, and being fatigued, ſhe had ſat down, and had been trying to baniſh more painful thoughts by the pleaſing melody of one of her own country's ſongs."

As the poor woman was much fatigued, Mrs. Huntly detached Caroline to deſire Mrs. Nevile to ſend the chaiſe. Meanwhile ſhe herſelf remained with the woman and infant. But before Caroline could arrive at the houſe, the morning, which had been remarkably fine, began to overcaſt, and ſoon after it rained with exceſſive profuſion.

ſuſion. In this emergency, Mrs. Huntly, taking the infant in her arms, deſired the mother to follow her, and, in ſpite of all her remonſtrances, perſiſted in carrying it until they met the chaiſe. They had been drenched for above a mile with the rain. The poor woman, although relieved of the weight of her child, had with difficulty been able to keep up with Mrs. Huntly, who had walked very faſt. It would have been prudent for her to have continued to *walk* the whole way to the houſe; inſtead of which, heated by the exerciſe, ſhe ſtepped into the chaiſe, where ſhe was ſuddenly chilled by the cold of her wet clothes.

The ſoldier's wife and child were hoſpitably entertained by Mrs. Nevile for a week, and afterwards had their paſſage in the coach to Briſtol paid, beſides receiving a preſent of money.

The natural vigour of Mrs. Huntly's conſtitution, and her uninterrupted good health, had rendered her neglectful of neceſſary precautions reſpecting it. She had caught a ſlight cold a few days previous to her meeting with the ſoldier's wife, which

ſhe

ſhe had concealed from her friend. This was exceedingly aggravated by the incidents of that morning, and very alarming ſymptoms followed ſoon after. Whether they of themſelves would have ended fatally cannot be known, becauſe, while ſhe ſtill laboured under them, ſhe and Mrs. Nevile received the diſmal news that both their huſbands were killed in the ſame action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nevile, with a detachment under his command, had been attacked by a greatly ſuperior body of troops. The action continued ſeveral hours, the detachment maintaining their poſt with the moſt obſtinate valour. Major Huntly, after receiving two ſevere wounds, continued to encourage the men by his words and example, until ſinking from the loſs of blood, he died on the field. The ſoldiers were animated to freſh exertions by their ſpirited commander; but the inſtant before the enemy gave way, he received a wound of which he died the ſame evening in the arms of his uncle, who, as ſoon as he received intelligence of the attack, had ſet out with reinforcements; but after a very rapid

rapid march, he had not arrived till after the enemy were repulſed.

It would be painful to deſcribe the ſufferings of theſe two unfortunate women. The ſhock was equally felt by both; but Mrs. Huntly perceived that her ſorrows would ſoon be ended. Mrs. Nevile, in the bitterneſs of her grief, often declared that ſhe abhorred the idea of prolonging a miſerable life, and her conduct proved that ſhe wiſhed for death with ardour. Maternal affection would have reconciled the former to the thoughts of living, but ſhe felt the hand of death upon her; leaving her beloved daughter friendleſs included all that was painful to her mind in dying.

A worthy and ſenſible woman of the name of Nielſon, in whom Mrs. Muſgrave had placed great confidence, happened to be in the houſe, and took upon herſelf the entire management of the houſehold affairs for ſome time. The two widows were ſo overwhelmed with grief, that they kept their ſeparate apartments, and did not ſee each other until they were brought together by the addreſs of Mrs. Nielſon, who naturally

naturally thought that the preſence of each would be of uſe to the other. They had ſeveral meetings, however, without being able to converſe; the time they were together being ſpent in weeping, ſighs, and ejaculations. But Mrs. Huntly, conſcious of her own approaching diſſolution, ſpoke at laſt in the following terms:—"I feel, my deareſt friend, that I muſt leave you very ſoon. I know you envy me, and wiſh to accompany me in death; that however is not in your power; for you have too juſt a ſenſe of religion to draw upon yourſelf the guilt of contributing directly or indirectly to your own deſtruction. Perhaps I am not free from blame, in having through careleſſneſs ſhortened my life, eſpecially as the happineſs of my daughter was ſo intimately connected with it. You, my ſweet friend, who excel me in many things, will not imitate me in this; you will live to be the guide and protector of my child, who loves you as dearly as ſhe does me, and who will ſoon have no mother but you."

Mrs.

Mrs. Nevile was too much affected to make any anſwer. Having attempted in vain to articulate a few words, with a look of inexpreſſible affection, ſhe gently ſqueezed the hand of her friend, and retired to her own bed-chamber. The following morning ſhe was informed, that Mrs. Huntly had been inſenſible through great part of the night, and that when ſhe endeavoured to ſpeak ſhe was not underſtood. Mrs. Nevile haſtened to her dying friend, who had fallen into a ſlumber which ſeemed of a leſs lethargic nature than her dozings in the night. This continued ſome time, and when ſhe waked ſhe ſaw Mrs. Nevile watching with compoſed ſorrow, and her daughter weeping bitterly by the ſide of the bed. Although her recollection had returned, the powers of life were ſo much enfeebled, that ſhe was unable to anſwer ſome queſtions put by the attendants otherwiſe than by looks. Mrs. Nevile, remarking this, made them deſiſt, and, in a moſt affectionate manner laying hold of Caroline's hand, raiſed it before the eyes of her mother, who, with a look of gratitude ſur-

paſſing the eloquence of words, ſeemed to give thanks to her friend; and then ſlowly turning her failing eyes from Mrs. Nevile to Caroline, ſhe moved them back, and again reſted them with the ſame grateful look on the countenance of the former. Mrs. Nevile in exquiſite emotion threw her arms around the neck of Caroline, preſſed her with fervour to her breaſt, and, in reply to the expreſſive look of her dying friend, exclaimed, "Precious as my own ſoul ſhall this dear pledge of your love ever be to me!"

A ray of delight ſeemed for a moment to play on the countenance of the expiring Lady. She then raiſed her eyes to Heaven—there they ſeemed to fix;—the white only appeared, and ſhe breathed her laſt without a groan.

A paper was afterwards found in her eſcritoir addreſſed to Mrs. Nevile, in which ſhe was conjured to be the guide and guardian of Caroline; with admonitions to the latter, as ſhe regarded her own happineſs, and the dying requeſt of her mother, to attend to Mrs. Nevile's advice, and particularly not to marry without her approbation.

In the letters which Mrs. Nevile received from her husband's uncle the General, he addressed her by the appellation of his beloved niece, assured her that he should ever consider her as such; that he regretted having been kept ignorant of her marriage so long; that he had heard it with satisfaction; and as it was now known to his nephew's friends in the army, and had been communicated to their correspondents in England, it would be proper for her to assume the name of Nevile. He enlarged upon the military conduct of his nephew with exultation, and did the fullest justice to that of his friend Major Huntly; saying, they had both died a death to be envied by soldiers, fighting in the cause of their country, covered with glory, admired and regretted by the whole army; adding every suggestion that he thought could alleviate her affliction, or give her the least consolation.

The last request of her friend, and a sense of duty, were the incitements which enabled Mrs. Nevile to struggle successfully against that benumbing melancholy which often threatened to overpower her. Although

though she remained a considerable time in the country, and avoided all societies, except that of Caroline, which alone threw occasional rays of satisfaction across the gloom which overcast the afflicted Lady's mind, and at length roused and enabled her to remove to London, in the sole view of finding the best means of improving the taste and talents of her young ward. There Mrs. Nevile received the visits of a few friends, and assumed an air of more cheerfulness than she felt. While she thus sacrificed her inclination to what she thought her duty, the engaging manners and amusing conversation of Caroline rendered the sacrifice smaller every day.

CHAP. XCII.

Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux depens de celui qui l'écoute. LA FONTAINE.

WHEN Caroline Huntly had nearly attained the age of ſixteen, Mr. Morton, a brother of her mother, arrived from the Eaſt Indies with a large fortune, and a broken conſtitution. He was acquainted with the intimacy and friendſhip that had ſubſiſted between his ſiſter and Mrs. Nevile, and expreſſed a great ſenſe of obligation to the latter for the attention ſhe had paid his niece; of whoſe beauty and accompliſhments he became ſo vain, that he wiſhed to have her continually with him. But as the number of company he entertained, and the magnificence of his entertainments did not ſuit the preſent complexion of Mrs. Nevile's mind, and as Caroline never liked to dine at Mr. Morton's without her, he endeavoured to perſuade the young Lady to live altogether with him; telling her, ſhe ſhould have a ſplendid equipage, a large ſum for her

her perſonal expences, and the entire direction of his family. This ſhe poſitively refuſed; but promiſed to uſe her influence with Mrs. Nevile to viſit him oftener than ſhe had hitherto done.

Among Mr. Morton's moſt conſtant viſitors was a Mr. Ruby, a man of immenſe fortune, and ſufficiently handſome to make him, whoſe vanity ſurpaſſed even his wealth, think himſelf the handſomeſt man in England. This Gentleman lived in a ſtile of oſtentatious hoſpitality that has hardly ever been equalled in this Iſland. He had a little before expreſſed an intention to marry, and as his moſt conſtant gueſts, whom he regarded alſo as his moſt ſincere friends, had often aſſured him that no woman in the kingdom, and *in her ſenſes*, would refuſe his hand in marriage, it became a matter of great deliberation and nicety with him on whom he ought to beſtow it. He heſitated between Lady —— —— and Lady —— ——, two young women not only of the moſt illuſtrious birth, but the moſt admired for beauty of any in Great Britain. His preference of

thoſe two was approved of by all the gueſts to whom he communicated it, but none of them would venture to adviſe on which he ought to fix, leſt Mr. Ruby ſhould have a bias for the other. When he firſt ſaw Caroline at the houſe of Mr. Morton, her beauty made a very deep impreſſion on his fancy. He ſtrove for ſome time againſt this ſudden paſſion; he could not at once think of preferring a ſimple ſpinſtreſs to the higheſt connections in the kingdom. But he dreamt every night of Caroline, and he ſpoke of nobody elſe to his confidential gueſts. They no ſooner perceived on what he was determined, than they told him, one after another, "that the unbounded friendſhip they had for him obliged them to declare, that the wiſeſt meaſure he could adopt was to aſk Miſs Huntly in marriage; that ſhe was without exception the prettieſt girl in Great Britain, and evidently in love with him; that this was an eſſential point, and fell to few men's lot. What ſignified birth and great connections in compariſon with mutual love and laſting happineſs?" &c. &c. &c. Mr. Ruby was thus confirmed in

his

his reſolution, and told his friends that "as he knew that Mrs. Nevile and Mr. Morton were ſincerely deſirous of Miſs Huntly's honour and happineſs, he had no more doubt of their approbation than of the young Lady's own; but he wiſhed to enjoy the firſt ſparklings of delight and ſurpriſe that would glow in the lovely countenance of Caroline on hearing his propoſal, before he mentioned the glad tidings to them."

Caroline, who inherited the ingenuouſneſs of her mother's character, was alſo diſtinguiſhed for that kind of natural frankneſs which the French term *naïveté*. Mr. Ruby, who watched for an opportunity of explaining himſelf to the young Lady, found her one forenoon ſitting alone in her uncle's library. That the whole might be ſettled before Mrs. Nevile and Mr. Morton, who had walked into the garden, ſhould return, he loſt no time in declaring his paſſion, which he did in the moſt laconic manner; and while with an aſſured and ſmiling countenance, he ſaid that he ſhould be happy to receive her fair hand at the altar, he held forth his own with that gra-

cious air, which ſome people of great importance in their own eyes aſſume when they mean to be obliging to thoſe they conſider their inferiors.

Caroline, who had ſtared with ſome degree of aſtoniſhment in the man's face while he was pronouncing his ſhort love-ſpeech, no ſooner perceived his approaching hand, than ſhe threw her own, with great quickneſs, behind her back, ſaying, "I beg to be excuſed."

"I do aſſure you, Miſs Huntly," ſaid he, "that I am ſerious."

"Indeed, Sir," anſwered ſhe, "ſo am I."

"What I mean, Madam," reſumed he, "is a *propoſal of marriage*."

"I underſtood it ſo," replied ſhe.

"Do you mean to refuſe my hand in marriage, Madam?" ſaid he, with aſtoniſhment.

"Yes, Sir," anſwered ſhe, without emotion.

"This ſeems quite unaccountable!—But "pray, Miſs Huntly," added he, after a minute's reflection, "have you formed a reſolution *never* to marry?"

"No, Sir," replied ſhe.

"Then,

"Then, Madam, permit me to aſk if you have any particular reaſon for refuſing me."

To this ſhe anſwered in an humble tone, that ſhe muſt acknowledge ſhe had.

"May I preſume to inquire," ſaid he, with an ironical accent, "what that reaſon may be?"

She mildly anſwered, "he might if he pleaſed."

"Then pray, Miſs, what in the name of wonder is it?"

"It is," replied ſhe, "becauſe I do not like you well enough to marry you."

"Not like me well enough! that ſeems very odd. But pray do you like any other man better?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the ingenuous girl, "a great many."

The ſuitor retired abruptly, and on joining his gueſts, who were aſſembled to wiſh him joy, he informed them that Miſs Huntly was *out of her ſenſes*, deſiring they would aſk no more queſtions on the ſubject.

In the mean time Mr. Morton's health continued to decline, he was adviſed to paſs the enſuing ſeaſon at Montpellier, and he earneſtly

earneſtly requeſted that his niece might accompany him. Mrs. Nevile at that time had expectations of the General's arrival in England, and in anſwer to the hint he had given of his intention, ſhe had written to him that he might rely on finding her in London; but, after adviſing Caroline to comply with her uncle's requeſt, ſhe prevailed on Mrs. Nielſon to accompany her. Soon after their arrival at Montpellier, Mr. Morton's health ſeemed improved by the journey and climate, but he was liable to relapſe on the leaſt irregularity, and a change of ſcene and variety of company was neceſſary to keep him in ſpirits.

The beauty of the niece and hoſpitality of the uncle rendered his houſe agreeable not only to the Britiſh, but to the beſt company of the towns in which they reſided. They remained in France near two years, generally in ſome town of the South, except during three of the hoteſt months which Mr. Morton loved to paſs at Paris.—About the end of the ſecond year, he inſiſted on going there earlier than formerly, and while *winter yet lingered on the lap of May*, he

he was there seized with complaints of an alarming nature. Caroline wrote such an account of this to Mrs. Nevile, as convinced her he was in imminent danger. Her relation the General had been detained abroad much longer than he expected, but had arrived in London a considerable time before she received this letter, which she immediately shewed him. He was then recovering from a severe fit of the gout; and he regretted that he could not attend her to Paris, where she was determined to go, in the view of being of use to her young friend on the present occasion. Mrs. Nevile was accompanied however by a confidential friend of Mr. Morton, who had received the same account of his danger. On their arrival at Paris they found Mr. Morton in a very weak state, but still perfectly sensible; he informed them, that by a will which he had made before he came from England, and placed in the hands of trustees, Caroline was left heiress of all his fortune, burdened with certain legacies to some other relations.

Mr. Morton did not long survive this declaration. Mrs. Nevile and Caroline returned

turned to England immediately after his death. Mr. Morton's friend, who was alſo named one of the executors of his will, remained to arrange certain affairs, and then followed them.

This great acceſſion of fortune made no alteration in the manners or character of Caroline; ſhe was as much diſpoſed to ſubmit to the opinions and act by the directions of Mrs. Nevile as ever; the warmeſt wiſh of the young Lady's heart was to ſoften the ſorrow, and her chief ambition to gain the approbation of the friend of her mother. The General had been prepared to love Caroline by his regard for the memory of her father, and by the affectionate ſtile in which he had often heard Mrs. Nevile ſpeak of her: her appearance and behaviour ſoon confirmed the prepoſſeſſion he had in her favour. After their return from France, Mrs. Nevile took a very genteel houſe, and enlarged their eſtabliſhment in the manner ſhe judged becoming Caroline's fortune and ſituation. She alſo extended the circle of her own acquaintance, comprehending within it ſeveral of Caroline's relati-

ons;

ons; for she had remarked a strong desire in the young Lady to be on a footing of kindness with all of them, and a reluctance against maintaining reserve or coldness, even with some of whose conduct she had reason to complain. The friendship of Lady Northerland she was induced to cultivate by the pleasing manners and genuine worth of the woman. Mrs. Nevile and Caroline remained on the most pleasing and confidential footing from the time of Mrs. Huntly's death, until that on which Caroline was left at the house of Mr. Anguish. By looking back to the Eighty-sixth Chapter, the reader will see by what means Edward was brought into the presence of Mrs. Nevile and the General, and how very much both were surprised at seeing him. The cause of their surprise was an excessive resemblance, which both remarked in the youth to Colonel Nevile.

CHAP. XCIII.

Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque;
Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat metuatne. Hor.

EDWARD was now about the same age that Colonel Nevile had been when he left his wife at Paris; the Colonel's height and shape likewise were much the same with those of Edward; those beloved features, and that elegant form which had remained imprinted on her mind since that time, seemed again to be presented to the eyes of Mrs. Nevile as soon as Edward entered.

After looking on him with astonishment, she darted her eyes to the General, who rightly interpreting her look into a demand whether the resemblance did not also strike him, he answered that it did. But Edward not understanding this, and perceiving Mrs. Nevile to be grievously agitated, imputed it to the uneasiness which his presence imparted. After a considerable pause, he said, "I am afraid, Madam, that my presence

diſturbs you; perhaps I have been ſent for through miſtake."

"His voice alſo!" exclaimed Mrs. Nevile.

"His very voice!" repeated the General.

Edward hearing this, and wondering what could be the meaning, remained in the room.

"Are you of this country, Sir?" ſaid the General; "Were you born in England?"

"I know not by what right you aſk, Sir," replied Edward, hurt at the abruptneſs of the queſtion; "but as I wiſh to ſatisfy this Lady in every thing in my power, I will anſwer all the queſtions *ſhe* puts."

"Were you born in England!" ſaid Mrs. Nevile.

"It is my misfortune, Madam," anſwered Edward, "not to know where I was born, nor who are my parents; but the earlieſt thing I can remember, is my being in England."

"Your name is Edward?" ſaid Mrs. Nevile.

"Edward, is my Chriſtian name, Madam."

"I underſtood it to be your ſurname," rejoined ſhe.

"Many

"Many have underſtood it ſo," ſaid he; "becauſe by that alone I have been uſually "called; but my ſurname is Evilen."

"Evilen!" repeated ſhe, and then with great agitation ſhe continued—"But you ſay you never knew your parents—do you know how you came by that name?"

"My ſtory, Madam, is a miſerable one, perplexed with obſcurity; how you come to take any intereſt in it I cannot conceive; but I will tell you all I know of it myſelf. I have been informed, that I was abandoned by thoſe who had the care of me when an infant, and left with a poor woman, who was under the neceſſity of delivering me into the hands of the pariſh officers, by whom I was put into one of the houſes ordained for the reception and maintenance of deſtitute children; there I remained for ſeveral years, and have often heard what I have juſt told you from the miſtreſs of that houſe and from others belonging to it, who alſo informed me that the name Edward Evelin was wrought on a cap."

"Oh heavenly powers!" exclaimed Mrs. Nevile, "Pray continue, pray continue."

"The name Edward Evilen," continued he, "was embroidered on the cap I wore, when left with the poor woman, who delivered it, with many articles of an infant's clothes, to thoſe who had the direction of the inſtitution, and the ſame name was likewiſe engraved on the box that contained them, which I remember to have ſeen."

"Have you that cap? have you that box?" ſaid Mrs. Nevile, with a wild and quick voice.

"No, Madam," anſwered he, "I have neither; all I have of what was delivered to the directors of the workhouſe, as belonging to me, is a ſmall locket which was tied around my neck, and which I have carefully kept."

"Where is that locket?" ſaid Mrs. Nevile.

"Here it is," ſaid Edward, opening the breaſt of his waiſtcoat, and ſhewing the ſmall golden heart, which, from ſome idea that it had belonged to his mother, he conſtantly carried about him.

Mrs. Nevile with trembling hands ſeized it, preſſed the ſpring, and when ſhe diſcovered the little golden plate with half the cypher of the letters N. G. engraved upon

it, throwing her arms in extacy around the neck of Edward, she exclaimed, "You are, you are my long loſt"——her voice failing, she fainted in his arms.

The General called for assistance.

Caroline was in the adjoining room, and had overheard part of what had passed; she rushed in, and was followed by Mrs. Nevile's maid.

"Press not around her," cried the General; "let her have free air, she is overcome with joy,—she recovers."

Mrs. Nevile opened her eyes, her recollection returned gradually, she saw Caroline, the General, and the maids; but Edward, having placed her on a couch, had moved behind when the General called to give her air, and was supporting her head, so that she did not see him when she began to recover. After looking at every face, she said in a plaintive accent, "Alas! it was a dream."

"I hope," said the General, drawing Edward forward, "it is reality."

Mrs. Nevile gazed with delight in his countenance, and on a second glance of the locket, unlooſing a ribbon that was tied around her neck, she drew from her boſom

the

the golden heart that contained the counterpart of the cypher, and applying the one half to the other, "They fit exactly," cried Caroline, who knew every circumstance of Mrs. Nevile's story, and had often wept over the locket while they were related; "they fit exactly," cried she.

"They do, indeed," said Mrs. Nevile, raising her eyes and hands to heaven.

"I remember your mentioning to me," said the General, "a mark resembling a mulberry near the elbow of the right arm of your son."

"That may be long since effaced," said Caroline.

"Such marks," resumed he, "never are effaced, they remain through life."

"Not always perhaps," said Caroline.

Edward, whose breast was agitated with tumultuous passions, and who had been on the stretch to seize the meaning of the mysterious scene in which he was an uninstructed actor, no sooner heard what fell from the General, than, unbuttoning the sleeve of his coat, he stript his right arm to the elbow, and the mark appeared, which, as soon as Mrs. Nevile saw, she eagerly

preſſed her lips upon it; then throwing again her arms around Edward's neck, ſhe exclaimed with rapture, and at intervals, "O my ſon, my ſon, whom I have ſo long mourned—what happineſs! to find thee reſtored—to find thee thus—the image of thy gallant father—Ah, my Nevile! why art thou not preſent to ſhare the joy of this bleſſed moment?" Every perſon preſent ſympathiſed with the rapturous effuſions of Mrs. Nevile.

Edward's ideas were abſorbed in wonder and the moſt delightful ſenſations. But the recollection of her huſband checked the joyful expanſion of Mrs. Nevile's heart, and caſt a cloud over the ſunſhine that had begun to diffuſe itſelf over her mind. She profoundly ſighed, and tears flowed down her cheeks. All perceived and reſpected the cauſe of her grief. At length the General wiping his eyes, addreſſed her in theſe words: "Lament not, deareſt Lady, the glorious fate of my nephew; he and his intrepid companion, the gallant Huntly, exerting themſelves like Britiſh Officers, fell on the field of honour,

and ſunk to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!"

This

This apoſtrophe rouſed the deſponding ſpirits of Mrs. Nevile. With emotion ſhe ſaid, "Excuſe, my brave and honoured friend, the weakneſs of a woman;" and then added, in a more ſolemn voice, and with her eyes directed upwards, "O ever wiſe and gracious Providence, forgive my repining at thy decrees, and render me ever thankful for thy mercies!" Having pronounced this, ſhe again embraced Edward, and afterwards Caroline, who ſtood bathed in tears at the mention of her father.

The General, fearing the effect of ſuch violent agitation, endeavoured to perſuade Mrs. Nevile to go to bed, which, after a ſhort conference with Edward, ſhe agreed to, and retired with Caroline.

The General then accompanied Edward to Mrs. Barnet, whoſe joy was little inferiour to that of the mother, when ſhe was informed of what had paſſed.

The following day, Mrs. Nevile waited on Mrs. Barnet. This was the firſt time thoſe two virtuous women had ſeen each other; the ſcene between them was affecting; the one pouring out bleſſings on the other as

the preſerver and protector of her ſon; the other exalting the merits of that ſon, declaring that he had been a continual ſource of happineſs to Mr. Barnet and herſelf, ever ſince they had known him; "which," added Mrs. Barnet, "would have overpaid all we have done, even although he had not ſaved our lives at the imminent riſk of his own in the noble manner he lately did."

It was afterwards diſcovered, that the miſtreſs of the workhouſe in which Edward had been received when an infant, was ſtill alive. Mrs. Nevile, Mrs. Barnet, the General, and Edward waited on her; Edward knew her immediately, and ſhe ſoon recollected the features of the boy, who had been ſeveral years under her care. Edward had little to thank her for; but he was of a diſpoſition to forgive injuries. Thoſe who ſaw the manner in which he behaved to her, would naturally have believed that ſhe had treated him with tenderneſs in his childhood. The woman burſt into tears and wept bitterly, partly from a conſciouſneſs of not having deſerved the kindneſs ſhe received. She had carefully kept the box

which

which had been delivered to her with him, and which ſhe now produced. Mrs. Nevile ſeized the box with eagerneſs, and bathed with her tears the plate on which the name Edward Evelin was engraved, a name that gave birth to a thouſand tender recollections; and making a preſent to the woman, which ſhe had not merited, ſhe took the box into the carriage with her.

Mrs. Nevile was for ſome time indiſpenſibly expoſed to numerous viſits and formal congratulations on this extraordinary occaſion; but ſhe found real comfort in the ſociety of Mrs. Barnet, who met her advances with reciprocal eſteem and cordiality.

In the mean time, the General became every day more pleaſed with Edward's company and converſation, the appearance and manners of the youth, in themſelves captivating, derived additional charms in his eyes, by recalling the memory of a nephew whom he had loved affectionately, and whoſe death he deeply regretted. He at length declared, that as he had long formed the reſolution never to marry, he intended to leave the greater part of his fortune to Edward.

CHAP. XCIV.

—— Facili fævitia negat. Hor.

AMIDST this flow of proſperity, Edward's paſſion for Caroline was ſtill a ſource of ſolicitude. Nothing is more diſtruſtful and timid than ſincere love.

In ſpite of the encouraging hints of Mrs. Waller, he ſtill feared that the ſolicitude which Caroline had ſhewed for him during his illneſs proceeded entirely from a ſtrong ſenſe of obligation in a mind naturally benevolent. He was ſtrengthened in this apprehenſion by remarking a greater degree of reſerve in her behaviour to him from the time that the General ſpoke of him as his intended heir. This alteration did not ariſe from the ſpirit of coquetry, of which Caroline was devoid, but from the delicacy and becoming pride of the female character. Her ſentiments were the ſame, but his ſituation was very different.

Mrs.

Mrs. Nevile remarked this alteration in Caroline's behaviour towards her ſon, and gueſſed the cauſe. She knew that he never had made any declaration of love hitherto, and thought he would now be reſtrained by Caroline's apparent coldneſs.—She hardly loved Edward himſelf better than ſhe did the daughter of her friend; ſhe thought them formed for the happineſs of each other, was conſcious that a great ſhare of her's depended on theirs, and ſhe ſaw both in a ſtate of painful ſolicitude, from miſtaking or not knowing each other's ſentiments. She determined to put an end to this miſtake and their ſolicitude.

She took an opportunity one day, when Edward was with her alone, to mention Caroline in a manner that would lead to the *eclairciſſement* ſhe wiſhed.—He could no longer reſiſt pouring the effuſions of his heart into the breaſt of his mother; he declared his love for Caroline with all the fervour of paſſion and the openneſs of truth, enumerating her fine qualities with enthuſiaſm; avowing, that all the fair proſpect that had been ſo ſuddenly opened before his

eyes,

eyes, the honour of being the ſon of the moſt gallant of men, the felicity of calling Mrs. Nevile his mother, and the friendſhip of the General, would not prevent him from being wretched without the heart of Miſs Huntly.——

Here their converſation was interrupted by the General himſelf, who called for Edward to accompany him in his morning ride as he had promiſed.

Caroline had been writing letters in an adjoining room, when the converſation between Mrs. Nevile and Edward began; ſhe had heard the whole pretty diſtinctly, and with the moſt pleaſing agitation.—But when the General was announced, ſhe had ſtepped to a diſtant apartment, carrying her writing utenſils with her; for though ſhe had heard what paſſed by accident, ſhe wiſhed to avoid being thought a liſtener. When the General and Edward were gone, Mrs. Nevile went to the room where ſhe knew Caroline had been, and thought ſhe ſtill was. She was at firſt ſurpriſed at not finding the young Lady, but could not help ſmiling on perceiving that ſhe had carried

away

away her pen, ink, and paper, and had left no trace of having been there that morning. A little afterwards, Mrs. Nevile followed her into the room to which ſhe had removed, and found her ſealing her letters, and with an aſſumed air of tranquillity, endeavouring to conceal emotion.—She roſe to ſend a footman, as ſhe ſaid, to the poſt houſe with her letters, but in reality, that Mrs. Nevile might not obſerve her agitation,—"There is no occaſion, my dear, for your leaving the room on that account," ſaid Mrs. Nevile, ringing the bell, "here comes Tom."

After the footman had gone with the letters—"I wiſh to have ſome converſation with you, my dear Caroline," ſaid ſhe, "about Edward; the air of coldneſs you have aſſumed to him of late renders the poor youth quite miſerable. After having ſhewn him ſome *little* partiality, when nobody knew who he was, it would appear rather whimſical ſhould you take a diſlike to him merely becauſe he is now known to be my ſon; you can have no doubts of his love, or if you ever harboured any, they would have been removed by the paſſionate declarations

he

he made to me this morning—and which you would have overheard, had you been in the green room where you uſually write; indeed I wiſh you had, my dear, becauſe"—

Here Caroline perceived ſomething in Mrs. Nevile's voice and countenance, which convinced her that ſhe ſuſpected or rather knew the real ſtate of the caſe; on which, her countenance all glowing with bluſhes, ſhe threw her arms around Mrs. Nevile's neck, and in broken ſentences uttered: "I did—I did overhear—you know I did—and well you know that Edward—that the ſon of my beſt and moſt beloved friend—poſſeſſes my whole heart."——

When Edward next ſaw Caroline, all coldneſs and diſtruſt was fled; her looks and manner were expreſſive of eſteem and affection, and his tongue at length told her that tale of love which hitherto ſhe had read only in his eyes.

It might have been feared, that the prejudice which the General had formerly harboured againſt matrimony might have formed an obſtacle to the expected union of Edward with Caroline; but he had become

almoſt

almoſt as fond of the latter as of his nephew; and his diſlike to matrimony was ſo entirely ſubſided, that after he became acquainted with Mrs. Barnet, he declared, that if he had met with her when he was of a marrying age, he ſhould certainly have propoſed marriage to her, provided he had not been actually under orders for another ſervice.

In this ſtate of affairs, without farther detail, the reader muſt foreſee that a marriage between Edward and Caroline would be ſoon determined on; but when every thing was arranged for that purpoſe, an unexpected, though not a very extraordinary incident made it be poſtponed for a conſiderable time.—Mr. Barnet happened to be invited by ſome of his old city acquaintance to a corporation dinner. At this ſumptuous feaſt, he found in the ſame courſe his three favourite diſhes, namely, Stewed Carp, Turtle, and Veniſon, any one of which, as he himſelf uſed to ſay, were ſufficient with a few other plain diſhes for his dinner at any time. But unfortunately on the preſent occaſion, meeting with all the three at once, he indulged ſo much in each that he was

ſeized that ſame evening with an indigeſtion, of which he died next day.

Mr. Barnet had always had a horror at the idea of making a will—he thought that after ſuch a meaſure, *it ſtood to reaſon* that he ſhould immediately die. It ſurpriſed many, therefore, when a will was found among his papers, dated ſeveral years before his death. Mrs. Barnet had taken pains to convince him that a perſon's being prepared for a journey did not abſolutely oblige him to ſet out directly. And that he himſelf, on the contrary, would have more comfort, and probably would live the longer, on account of having made certain arrangements which ſhe pointed out as highly expedient; that he had only to mention them to his Attorney, who would draw up a deed accordingly, after which he would have no farther trouble than to ſign it. Nothing could be a greater proof at once of Mrs. Barnet's addreſs and benevolence, than her being able to carry this very delicate and difficult point. By this will, Mr. Barnet bequeathed five thouſand pounds to Mrs. Temple, ten thouſand divided in various

 proportions,

proportions, among several of Mr. Barnet's relations who were in narrow circumstances, and one thousand to certain families in his neighbourhood which were known to be in peculiar distress.—When it was first mentioned that a will had been found, every body, being persuaded that Mrs. Barnet only could have had sufficient influence to prevail on her husband to make one, many concluded, that she of course would be very well taken care of. "Yes, yes," said some, nodding their heads, "let her alone; she is a sensible woman, she knows what she is about!" &c. &c. But when it was afterwards known that there was no legacy for herself, and that her jointure remained what it had been fixed by her marriage contract, without the least addition, though it had been always thought too moderate, those sagacious people were much astonished; and Sir Mathew Maukish was heard to declare, "that although many people passed, for a time, for more understanding than they had, yet they generally betrayed themselves by some foolish action at last. As for his own part he had always thought Mrs. Barnet a very weak woman."

Without

Without troubling herſelf about what the opinion of others might be, and without a wiſh for a larger income, Mrs. Barnet was only ſolicitous to employ what ſhe had in the moſt uſeful and benevolent manner. She lived reſpected by every ſenſible and virtuous perſon who knew her, happy in the affection of her daughter, in intimate friendſhip with Mrs. Nevile, Mr. Temple, the General; and in ſeeing the increaſe of Mrs. Waller's family and that of Edward, in which ſhe took an equal intereſt.

Some time after Edward's marriage with Miſs Huntly had taken place, Mrs. Barnet had a very intereſting converſation with the former, in which many paſt ſcenes were alluded to; at the end of which, ſhe expreſſed herſelf in theſe words: "You ſupported adverſity, my dear Edward, even during childhood, with the ſteadineſs of a ſtrong and virtuous mind; I hope and truſt that you will maintain the ſame in proſperity. Although you are now in ſun-ſhine, I hope you will never forget what your feelings were while you was in the ſhade. I hope you will never forget that you were

once

once poor and friendleſs; that you have experienced the bitterneſs of neglect; that your young heart has ſwelled with impotent indignation at the ſcorn of vanity, and the contempt of pride. Remember that many worthy people are now in the ſituation in which you were formerly; that one of the views of Providence in their being ſo ſituated is, perhaps, to give occaſion for the exerciſe of benevolence, and of the virtues of charity and generoſity, ſo acceptable to Heaven. That you will never be led by faſhion into the paths of vice, nor allow indolence to obſtruct the efficacy of your virtues, there is more reaſon to believe than ever, my dear Edward; becauſe the beſt ſecurity for a man's good conduct, as well as happineſs through life, is the poſſeſſion of a good-humoured, ſenſible, accompliſhed, and virtuous wife."

The reader may have a curioſity to know what became of ſome of the other perſons mentioned in this narrative. Lord Fillagree, having by the death of his father become Earl Torpid, returned to Italy, and to a woman who had lived with him in that

country as his miſtreſs, but who was ſo attached to her own country and relations, that ſhe would on no account leave them; whereas his Lordſhip having no partiality of that nature, but an unſubdued hankering for her, was obliged to go back to Italy, where he reſides with the whole family, conſiſting of her grandfather, her mother, her brother, and two ſiſters; the three latter being all younger than his Lordſhip's miſtreſs.

Mr. Carnaby Shadow having ſpent all the fortune he ever had in poſſeſſion, and moſt part of what he had in reverſion, having failed in all his projects of repairing his fortune, or even acquiring a maintenance by marriage, now laughs at the fools who are drawn into that ſnare, and declares that he is determined to die a batchelor. He is occaſionally gratified by his being ſeen lounging with Men of Quality, a few young people of that rank ſtill admitting him into their company; ſome from compaſſion, others from their need of a hanger on. From the latter he is expoſed to frequent mortifications, which he bears on ac-

count of their coming from thoſe who are alſo a ſource of his vanity. He is ſupplied privately with money by Edward and Clifton, neither of whom knows that he has applied to the other; but both are endeavouring to put him into ſome ſituation where he will be little expoſed to temptation, and where he may exiſt in a manner leſs deſpicable.

Long habit has rendered the ſociety and amuſements of the capital neceſſary to Wormwood; yet he is continually railing againſt the noiſe and the ſmoke, *fumum et opes ſtrepitumque Romæ*, and praiſing the tranquillity of the country, where, however, he cannot remain three days without being ready to expire with wearineſs. His moſt intimate acquaintance are Mr. Temple and Edward, who both diſcover much real benevolence beneath the apparent miſanthropy of his converſation.

Mr. Clifton was detained longer abroad than was expected by an indiſpoſition with which his mother was ſeized at Dijon, during which he behaved with the moſt affectionate attention; and after the danger was over,

over, while Lady Anne was confined by a long ſtate of convaleſcence, he rejected all his uſual amuſements, and dedicated his whole time to her, converſing with her when it was proper, reading to her when ſhe could liſten, and ſtriving by every means he could contrive to ward off that languor and depreſſion of ſpirits to which ſhe was at this time peculiarly ſubject. This had a happy effect on the character of both. By his continued endeavours to ſtrengthen the mind of his mother, Clifton not only ſucceeded in that, but he himſelf became of a character more ſedate and ſteady, without being leſs amiable. He had kept up a conſtant correſpondence with Edward during his mother's indiſpoſition, and did not leave the Continent until her recovery was complete.

They arrived in London a ſhort time after Caroline's marriage; and, to the felicity of poſſeſſing the woman he loves, Edward joins that of finding in the generous and beloved companion of his childhood, the friend he can truſt.

THE END.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 175, line 6, for *Eward* read *Edward*.
226, —— 22, insert *a* before *fancy*.
231, Motto, for *bosom* read *bojoms*.
292, line 9, for *an* read *a*.
—— 10, erase *improper*.
342, —— 10, and wherever the name occurs, for Sir *George* read Sir *Charles*.
356, —— 18, erase *himself*.
384, —— 21, place a comma after *not*, and erase the punctum after *yet*.
400, —— ult. for *into* read *to*.
410, —— 19, for *land* read *landed*.
463, —— ult. for *tending* read *tended*.

VOL. II.

Page 21, Motto, for *cuput* read *caput*.
111, line 11, put *as* after *often*.
151, —— ult. for *on* read *with*.
208, —— 17, put *friend's* after *his*.
248, —— 2, for *Marquerite* read *Marguerite*.
320, —— 5, for *that* read *because*.
373, —— 9, erase *and possibly can*.
384, —— 5, for *shall be* read *is*.
394, —— 5, after *as* read *she*.
454, —— 22, erase *when he first saw Caroline*, and substitute the words *at this time*.
523, —— 24, for *and grammatising* read *anagrammatising*.
532, —— for *privilege* read *privileges*.

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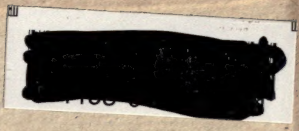

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